

Liberty

JULY 29, 1944

10c

**Book: YOU'RE ONLY
HUMAN ONCE**
by Grace Moore

A Prima Donna Tells All—and Then Some

**THE MENACE OF
THE "MOTHERS"**



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Frederic Mizon

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You will find them bettered by all the skill we have acquired in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic rubber tires — the world's record. Advantaged, too, by our twenty years' experience in developing synthetics.

But most important of all you will find them to be truly representative of the value and quality that have made Goodyear tires the world's first choice — *because they are built to protect our good name.*

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GOODYEAR

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LIBERTY

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Who ever heard of a "drowsy mosquito"? And how could it commit murder and steal a million dollars? It sounded like an ordinary mosquito to the nurse. Yet when she went to swat it, someone fired two shots at her! 24 hours later her wealthy patient was murdered! In a secret will he named Perry Mason his executor—and

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Whom would YOU have believed? HINCKLEY SLOAN? The police found no body, no footprints. Yet this haughty old actor insisted he had seen a dead man on the lawn! PROFESSOR HUNTOON ROGERS? This famous crime expert believed Sloan! THE DEAD MAN? Smiling and healthy, he in-

sisted he was very much alive! THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE? It telephoned four times, mumbling "Watch out for that butler!"

Finally the bewildered Hollywood police don't dare believe anybody! And then Huntoon Rogers springs his trap!



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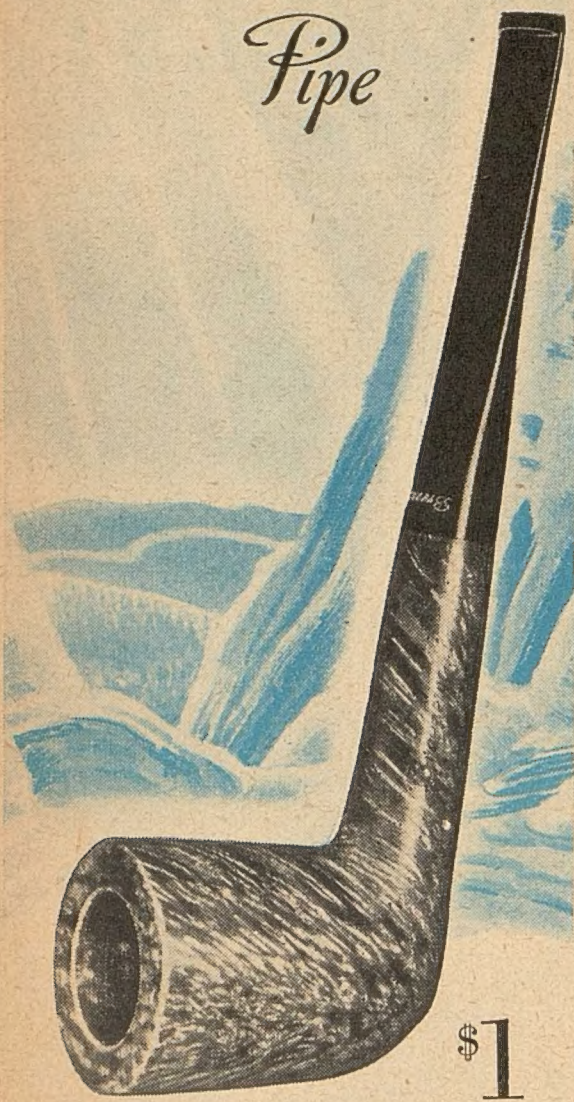
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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

TRUE-TO-LIFE?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You asked for opinions on Miss Schweitzer's story (June 10 Liberty). Here is mine. I thought I was reading a true-to-life story, until I reached the closing few paragraphs.

Well, she wanted to write fiction, did she not? She had it there. However, I liked the story, anyway.—E. Y. Strong.

UHRICHVILLE, OHIO—I sincerely hope that Gertrude Schweitzer will compliment not only Liberty Magazine but the reading public by writing more wholesome, refreshing clean stories like The Things You Remember.—Neva M. Molesworth.

SOUTH PACIFIC MAIL

NEW GUINEA—I just read an issue of Liberty the date of which I do not know, because I only found a few pages of it lying in a foxhole. I would like to put in some remarks which I hope make all Sinatra fans grit their teeth and pull their hair.

I have been over here in the Pacific for three and a half years and hardly a day



has passed but that we have heard Bing Crosby's voice. His songs have inspired us and brightened the dark days we have spent here. As for Sinatra, he should be called "The Noise" instead of "The Voice." We have even switched to Radio Tokyo when that overrated "Noise" starts to sing. But when Bing Crosby sings, if you turned the dial you would end up with a broken arm. I'm for you, Bing, and so is all the gang here, too!—Karl A. Monday.

TANK-TOWN TOPIC

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—The incoherent blurring of Gertrude L. Walkley (June 3 Vox Pop) screeches out for a reply. Her acrid epistle, in which she untactfully attacks the clever Miss Renée Brenner, shows clearly that she is struggling desperately to lift her mental capacity above the inhibitions of the tank town of Ionia, population—6,392.

No doubt she is well meaning and sincere and merely badly misguided, because her letter does show that she favors democracy. However, she would have a democracy told how they may vote, and who their candidates may be, with one purpose in mind—namely, to keep us free of dictatorship. Here, from an ardent advocate of a democratic form of government, we have manifestations of undemocratic thinking.

Mr. Roosevelt's election for a third term

represented the will of the American people, who voted with neither coercion nor persuasion. And let me assure Miss Walkley that Franklin Roosevelt will take his just place alongside Lincoln and Washington.—Eddie Rocco.

WINGED FEET AND A PRAYER

CORINTH, MISS.—The article What Makes Him Run So Fast? (June 17 Liberty) was very interesting. There is no doubt that prayer has helped Gilbert Dodds win his races. While reading the article I was reminded of the explanation given by a



negro boy who told of outrunning a bear and reaching safety at the end of a mile race. He said that he prayed constantly as he ran. Over and over, every step he said, "O Lord, you pick 'em up and I'll put 'em down!"—W. Thomas Young.

SHANE GRADUATES

DENVER, COLO.—Am glad Ted Shane has gotten out of kindergarten on his cross-words. We can get the easy words in daily papers; we expect more from Ted. Here's hoping he gives us more real ones.—E. Lindburg.

AN AIRMAN AIRS HIS VIEWS

ENGLAND—Of all the articles in Liberty one only meets with my utmost anger—Six Airmen Look at Their Future (May 6 Liberty). Either your Carl B. Wall has given the public the wrong impression, or those boys down at that 26 base are damn selfish.

There is not one man flying in the United States Air Forces who did not volunteer for the job. Sure the going is rough; certainly it's hell sweating out a raid wondering if your number is up or not. But a hell of a lot of my friends are serving in other branches of the Armed Forces doing their jobs—giving them as much hell as we in the air.

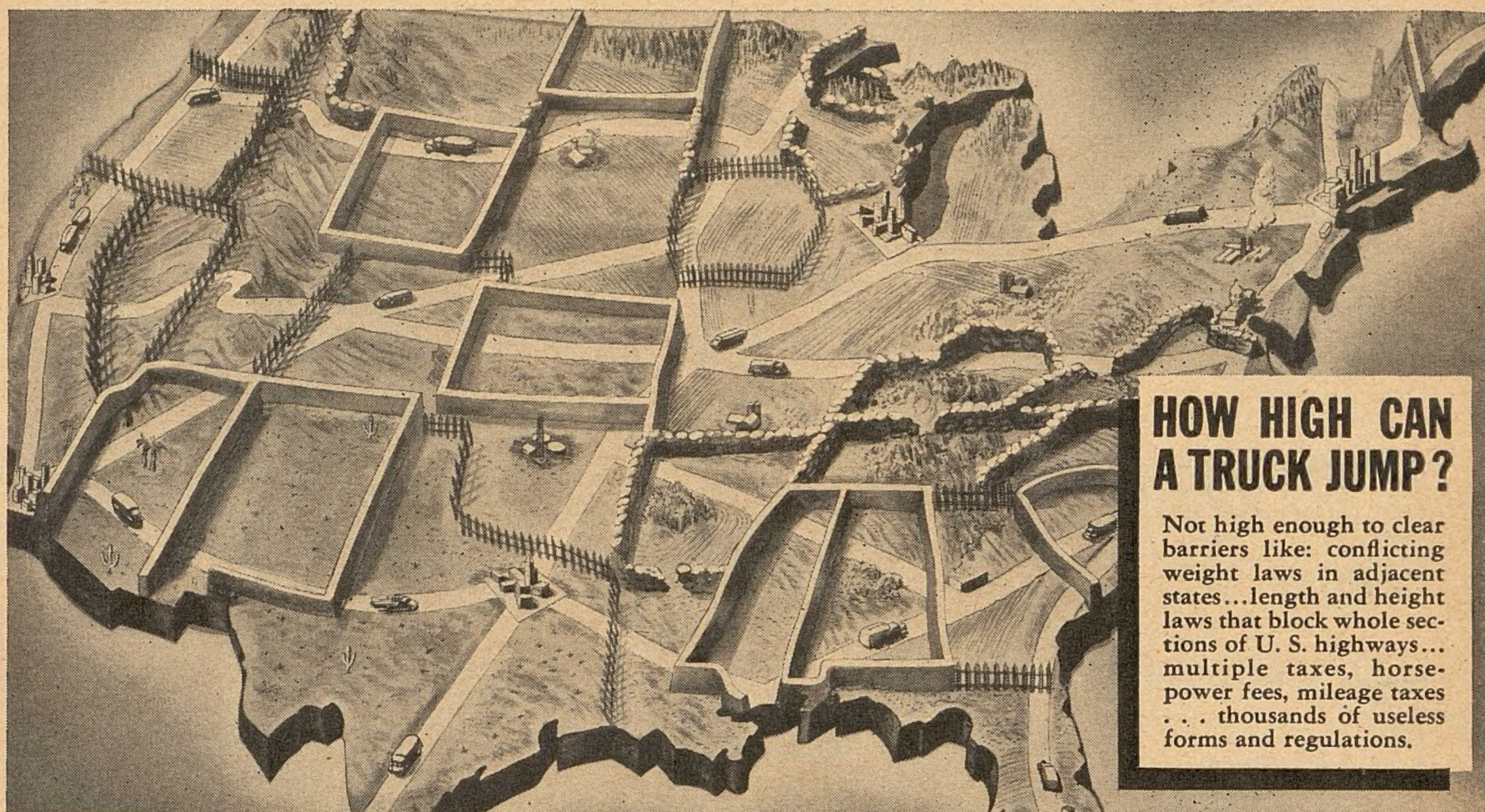
I'm in favor of the government setting up some type of agency to help us get back to normal when this is over. But to single out any one group of individuals for particular attention certainly is not being fair.

I hope my fellow brothers in arms take no offense when they read that article. Perhaps some of them will realize that this article is only the opinion of six men, not the Air Forces in general.

At present it's raining, but I'm in a nice warm comfortable building. I know
(Continued on page 10)

POST-WAR PROBLEM

THAT DEMANDS YOUR ATTENTION TODAY !



HOW HIGH CAN A TRUCK JUMP ?

Not high enough to clear barriers like: conflicting weight laws in adjacent states...length and height laws that block whole sections of U. S. highways... multiple taxes, horsepower fees, mileage taxes . . . thousands of useless forms and regulations.

Production Goes Down, Prices Go Up, Material and Manpower are Wasted Every Time Trucks are Blocked by These Useless State Barriers

A FEW FACTS Every American Should Know

- 54,000 communities in the U. S. depend entirely upon highway transportation.
- Truck freight—even over long distances—often beats the U. S. Mail!
- Special truck taxes exceed 1 1/2 million dollars a day.
- In peace time, 1 out of every 10 paychecks comes from trucking.

YET SUCH LAWS STILL REMAIN ON MOST STATUTE BOOKS

A RMY AND NAVY heads saw that State barriers are a serious threat to the war effort. As a result, some of the hampering State laws have been suspended for the duration. But—ONLY for the duration. They're still on the books.

That can cause havoc after the war.

Remember, practically everything you eat, wear, or use comes to you all or part of the way by truck. What hampers trucks hurts you.

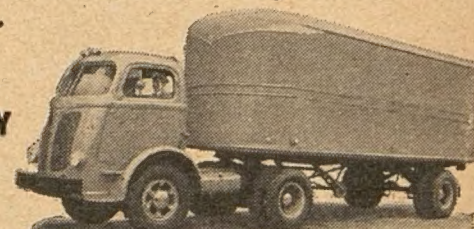
Somewhere along the line trucks transport 98% of all farm produce. Manufacturing, too, is literally geared to highway transportation. Interrupt trucking, and you upset America's entire economic structure.

Now is the time to end punitive restrictions once and for all . . . so that when peace comes there will be no breakdown in the nation's highway transportation system.

* * *

Send for new booklet, "Smash the Bottlenecks." Tells what you can do to help.

THE **AMERICAN TRUCKING** INDUSTRY
AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

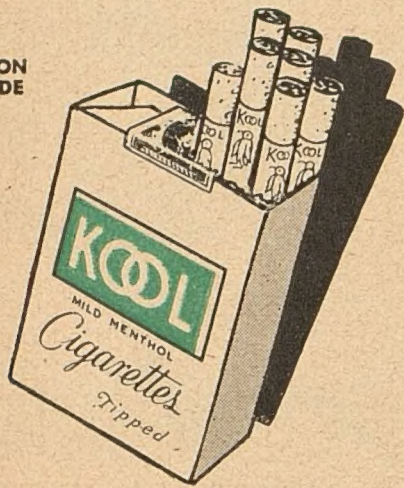


EVERY MILE FREIGHT TRUCKS ROLL BRINGS VICTORY CLOSER

Jeepers!
What a cold
you caught
last spring!



UNION
MADE



So you asked
for K.P.
(*"Kools, Please!"*)
and found 'em
soo-o-thing!

If KOOLS
were so
ap-pealing
then...



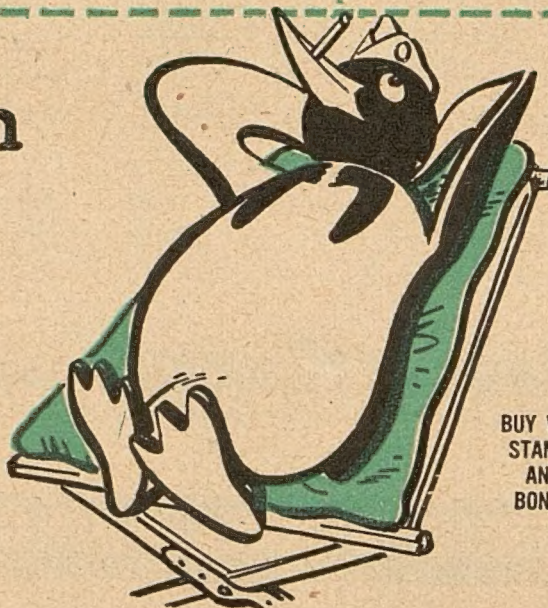
When your throat was raw



See here, private,
why not smoke
'em all the time?

Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS

for good!



BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS



THE MOON WAS RED

By Dana Sage
Liberty's Book Condensation

Sancho, the South American Indian who speaks basic English, and Don O'K Adams, his boss from New England, go on the dangerous trail of a disappearing lady. They make an unbeatable team. Furthermore, they have furnished a rousing readable story.

RAID ON RABAU

By Lieutenant Walter Petravage
as told to Master Sergeant J. Archer

The Jap stronghold of the South Pacific is still there, but it has almost disappeared from the news. Here's the story of the first big raid which began the neutralization of Rabaul.

OUTPOST STOCKHOLM

By Blair Bolles

The OWI wages a world-wide war of wits against the enemy. Here—straight from the confidential files—is the story of how the Battle of Sweden was fought and won.

McELROY'S MAGIC MADHOUSE

By Barney Nagler

A profile of the world's fastest telegraphist who builds bad news for the Axis with juke boxes and flies the Army-Navy "E" for efficient inefficiency!

RUSSIA'S WOUNDED FIGHT AGAIN

By Helen Weigel Brown

Contrary to rumors, it is not the Russian way to callously regard soldiers as expendable. The battle to save the wounded is proceeding in Russia as relentlessly as the battle against the Nazis.

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE COMMITTEES

By Gerald Movius

Here are the heirs presumptive to committee chairmanships if the Republicans win control of Congress. These men and their legislative outlooks are worthy of study.

HOMECOMING

By Eli Colter

The poignant story of a soldier who returned—mentally shattered from the war—and the unexpected welcome he received that did the job a psychiatrist couldn't do.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

By Robert Ormond Case

The pattern of three lives depended on Sam's analysis of Mort's problem, and he alone could determine whether the final scene would be reconciliation or—murder!

Love... was her crime



Love... was her punishment

DURBIN passionately creating
her greatest role... as Abigail...
who became "Jackie"... to live in
the shadow of a merciless love!



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

DEANNA GENE
Durbin Kelly

in W. Somerset Maugham's

Christmas Holiday

with RICHARD WHORF DEAN HARENS
GLADYS GEORGE DAVID BRUCE
GALE SONDERGAARD
Produced by FELIX JACKSON



Directed by ROBERT SIODMAK Associate Producer, FRANK SHAW As written for the screen by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

JULY 29, 1944

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Lather or Brushless

LAST WORD IN QUALITY



(Continued from Page 6)

of a hell of a lot of boys in other branches of the Armed Forces who are cold, wet, and miserable.—1st Lt. Stanley H. Lipman.

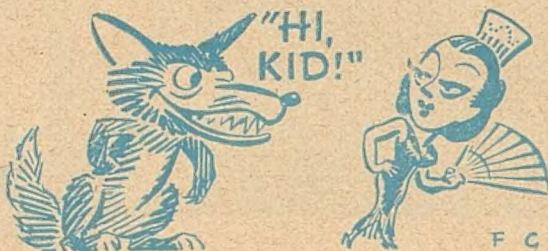
THAT MAN

MARYVILLE, Mo.—In Vox Pop (June 17) Richard Taylor can't see why we all shouldn't like the Roosevelts. He says he is sixteen years old. From babyhood to the present he has known no President other than Roosevelt. I think Richard sums it all up nicely in the third paragraph of his letter which begins: "I don't think . . ."—C. S. Allen.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

WOODWARD, OKLA.—Vox Pop of June 17 carried a letter from Sgt. Howard Nelson Wray lauding South America and its prospects. He made several fine points, but one serious error.

I have just returned from Mexico City, where I contacted many industrial figures.



Mr. Wray may find it interesting to know their point of view regarding postwar planning with North American interests.

1. They definitely resent the "big-brother" attitude we display.
2. They do not want North American capital or financing.

However, they are aware of the "genius" displayed by our North American youth, and look with relish upon any of them who would contribute to their welfare.—Margery Trinz.

TEENER'S HEARTTHROB

CORBIN, KY.—This is a request for an article on Farley Granger, the heartthrob of millions of teen-aged youngsters. Won't you publish a story on his life, also a technicolor photo of him?—Margaret Carroll.

ITALIAN FRONT

ARDMORE, OKLA.—I have just finished reading John Daly's Does Liberated Italy Still Love Us? (June 17 Liberty). I make no denial of the possible inefficiency of the AMG or its probable inability to stop black markets in Italy (we cannot stop them even here). I do wonder, however, just how much a people who were fighting us only a short time ago, can expect in the way of liberation. I am not radically vindictive, but I remember that it took many American lives to get Italy on our side. Even now they are fighting us in Northern Italy.

I have sympathy for any war-worn people—the women and children and old men. However, I am not aware that we promised the Italians "the world with a fence around it." Maybe they are more fortunate than many of our soldiers in Germany and Japan who are inside a fence, in many cases a fence of death.—C. L. B.

CINDERELLA HUNTER?

F. P. O., SAN FRANCISCO—Have just finished reading the editorial, You Can't Kid the G. I.s by Paul Hunter (February 19 Liberty), in which he talks about putting himself in the shoes of the average G. I. Considering myself an average "G. I.," I would say: (1) That Mr. Hunter's article stinks, (2) that he votes the Democratic ticket straight, regardless of who's on it, and (3) that it's impossible for him to get into the shoes of the average G. I.—even in imagination.

I might add that I'm not a registered voter, due to the fact that I was only twenty years old when I came into the service.—P. S. C/M 3/C.

WAS YOU DERE, MARKEY?

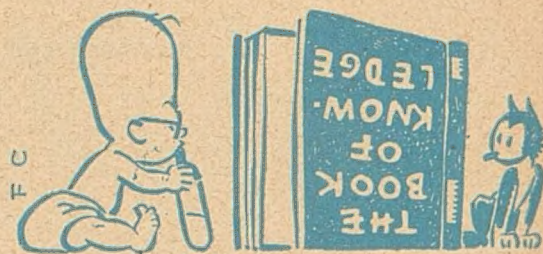
SOUTH PACIFIC—I was very much angered after reading your article The Revelation of Kwajalein (April 22 Liberty).

I do not know what the attack looked like from a thousand feet skyward. But as I was in one of the first boats to reach Namur Island I can honestly say it was no push-over, as author Morris Markey stated. Had he been present for the three days that we buried dead Japs he would not have made the rash statement that "there were few Japs to be found anywhere." As to the paragraph that amused author Markey so much, in which he says he saw one group of Marines swimming while others were taking a few pill boxes—well it takes away any honor from the men who gave their lives.

I am quite sure we will be able to find room in our L. C. U. P. if Morris Markey wants to come ashore the next time.—David H. Stehle, PFC U. S. M. C.

REID IS SOME "KEED"!

FORTUNA, CALIF.—This is in answer to both Renée Brenner (April 15 Vox Pop), and Richard Taylor (June 17) for their boosting of a fourth term for President Roosevelt. I'm seventeen, and I would just like the world to know that there are some pre-voters in this land who have adult common sense. I'm sick of all this ballyhoo for a fourth term. Frankly, I think it is characteristic of the younger set to be extreme and unthinking. It



seems dangerous for people of my age to defy tradition. There is too much of a socialistic trend in the world of today as it is, without subjecting our precious democracy to the peril of being shattered to pieces by this kind of thinking.—S. A. Reid.

CORRECTION

BALTIMORE, MD.—The story Johnny Gets a Furlough (June 17 Liberty) should really be titled Johnny Gets a Leave. In the Army you get a furlough. In the Navy it is a leave.—A Navy Wife.

Is our face red!—Vox Pop Editor.



ENDURING

The mellow charms of great melodies live on—
through changing times and tastes.

So it is with Old Grand-Dad—the mellow melody
of bourbon at its best.

It sings of golden grain, ripening in the sunshine;
of patient years spent in soothing oak; of good
fellowship, good times, good taste—so gloriously

good that the tongue is loath to lose each linger-
ing drop.

Thus has Old Grand-Dad become Head of the
Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you why!

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A "First" in Aerial History

If the flight we are going to tell you about had taken place in peacetime, it would have received newspaper headlines from coast to coast. But because it was a military flight during war, it had to be kept secret until recently.

It is the story of an emergency flight in a Douglas C-47 transport (similar to the DC-3s used on the air lines) to two weather stations located north of the Magnetic North Pole. At one of these stations (which must remain unnamed) in the northern part of Baffin Island, a U. S. Weather Bureau observer was ill. The other, Fort Ross, located on Somerset Island in the Far North, was in desperate need of supplies. Months would be required to reach them by dog sled. And their weather reports, which they were sending by radio, were vital in charting the weather as it sweeps from west to east—weather that eventually affects military operations in Europe.

The task of reaching these posts was put up to the Air Transport Command. The A. T. C. in turn handed the job to Northeast Airlines. The crew included Captain A. V. R. Marsh, Captain F. B. Chalifoux, Navigator J. Sewall, Radio Operator L. Hughes, and Flight Engineer W. Peacock—all awarded Air Medals after completion of the flight.

Nearly 10,000 miles were covered in thirteen days. The ill Weather Bureau observer was returned to civilization and two observers were left in his place, together with additional radio equipment. Fort Ross received its supplies. Operations were resumed from a northern base where fuel and servicing were available.

The flight was over uncharted wastes in an area never before visited by airplanes. There were no airports; at both stations the inhabitants had leveled a crude runway in the hard-packed snow. Whenever the plane stopped, the two motors were left running—had they been cut off they would have frozen up almost instantly. The landing gear, which normally retracts by hydraulic means, had to be pulled up by three men; it was so cold it wouldn't unlock. Temperatures ranged as low as 45 degrees below zero. And the ordinary compass was useless because of the proximity of the Magnetic Pole. Navigation was accomplished by astro compass, using the sun as a guide.

After completing their missions, the crew flew around the Magnetic Pole and made notes on the general terrain. It was a great "first" in aerial history.

"Pistol Packin' Mama"

When a single bomber destroys fifteen enemy airplanes in a single engagement, that's news. And a record, too. The ten-man crew of a Consolidated-Vultee four-engined Liberator bomber called Pistol Packin' Mama did itself proud on a successful bomb run on a German aircraft



The B-25 Mitchell bomber, armed with fourteen .50-caliber machine guns and a 75-mm. cannon, is proving itself against the Japs in the Pacific theater.

factory at Regensburg and returned safely even though the plane was badly damaged. Major General Nathan F. Twining, commanding general of the Fifteenth Air Force, presented the Distinguished Flying Cross to each member of the crew—one posthumously.

Swarms of Nazi fighters attacking with rockets and cannon did their best to destroy our bomber, but Pistol Packin' Mama wasn't given that name for nothing, and the enemy came out badly.

So exceptional is the record of fifteen aircraft destroyed by one plane in one engagement, we believe you'd like to know the crew. The pilot was Second Lieutenant Gilbert F. Bradley of Superior, Arizona. Others were Staff Sergeant Paul S. Biggart of Valparaiso, Indiana, who shot down four German planes before a German shell struck his compartment, killing him instantly; Staff Sergeant Herbert R. Clements of Sister Lakes, Michigan, nose turret gunner; Staff Sergeant Irving J. Mills of Fall River, Massachusetts, tail turret gunner; Staff Sergeant Roland J. Prescher of Delavan, Wisconsin, right waist gunner, who was wounded; First Lieutenant Kenneth E. Ebersole of Duncansville, Pennsylvania, bombardier; Technical Sergeant Joseph W. Montagna of Metuchen, New Jersey, top turret gunner; Staff Sergeant Franklin A. Grubaugh of Ada, Ohio, ball turret gunner; Second Lieutenant Anson F. Hughes of Sac City, Iowa, co-pilot, who helped keep the disabled plane in the air and on course, and Second Lieutenant Joseph P. McMenimen of Cambridge, Massachusetts, navigator.

For our money, the crew of Pistol Packin' Mama gets this week's On the Beam tribute for a job well done.

The Seventh Air Force

How would you like to command an air force in an area 16,000,000 square miles in extent—five times the size of the United States?

That is the big job of Major General Willis H. Hale, commanding general of the Army's Seventh Air Force in the Central Pacific.

And if you want a tip from us, don't let the more spectacular fireworks across the Atlantic take all of your attention away

from the Pacific. The Seventh Air Force bears watching.

It used to be that when you thought of the Army, you thought of land operations—and that included the operations of the Air Forces overland. But the Seventh Air Force has little land on which to maintain its bases, and its targets are mere specks in the vast expanses of the Pacific. Using landplanes exclusively, the Seventh is setting new overwater records.

For one thing, it is operating longer bombing missions than those in any other theater. The longest was 2,769 miles and the average is more than four times the distance from London to Berlin. To make it tougher, there aren't any intermediate landmarks on these missions—the usual check points, such as rivers, mountains, and railroads, are nonexistent. Navigation must be perfect. Targets are pin points on islands which themselves may be smaller than the factory area of some targets in Germany.

It was the Seventh that blasted the way through the Marshalls and the Gilberts. The goal is—you can guess—one stepping-stone after another leading up to the Japanese mainland. And good progress has been made.

In much of this vast war area the climate is wonderful but the weather is awful. It is rapid-changing and treacherous, and dependable forecasts are rarely available. Often the shifting weather "fronts" extend so high that they can't be flown over, so the pilots have to fly in driving rainstorms a few feet off the water. And the B-24 Liberator bombers which spearhead the attacks against the Japs often operate off landing fields which are so small that even the manufacturers say it's impossible. But the pilots make it and the losses have been surprisingly few.

Just keep your eye on the Seventh. It doesn't rate the big headlines accorded the Eighth Air Force based in England, but the magnitude of its task is nonetheless spectacular and important.

Air Force Guide

On July 1 there appeared in the bookstores a book called AAF. It is an official guide to the Army Air Forces and can be highly recommended as the most complete story of the A. A. F. ever to break

into print. Compiled by official sources and published by Simon & Schuster (\$2.50), it tells what the A. A. F. is, how it is organized, what the individuals do, how they are trained, how the A. A. F. operates, and is replete with excellent photographs and drawings. If you have sons, husbands, relatives, or friends in the A. A. F., you couldn't get a better picture of the whole set-up than you can get from this one volume. General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces, has supplied a foreword.

Beech Aircraft Corporation

There is no greater proof of the need for a strong civilian aircraft industry than in the production of airplanes during the present war. The roots of almost every successful airplane in combat today are embedded in prewar private industry. More than one war-inspired airplane which has received ballyhoo publicity in the press during the past few years never got into production; they were flat failures.

One of the best illustrations of civil designs being developed into useful war airplanes without wasting money on fruitless efforts to develop new designs quickly is a twin-engined transport plane, the 18-S, built by Beech Aircraft Corporation of Wichita for small air lines, private owners, and commercial organizations before the war.

Out of that single airplane design have come a half dozen or more different military airplanes.

The 18-S Beech sired the popular AT-11, a bomber trainer on which most crews of our multi-engined bombers have learned the ropes. The Navy bought its own version, the SNB-1, for similar purposes. Next out of the same design came the AT-7 for navigational training with a crew of five. The Navy's version is the SNB-2 for its navigators. Then came the F-2, Army

high-altitude photographic mapping airplane for multiple-lens camera work; the JRB-1, target control and observation airplane for the Navy; and the C-45 transport for Army personnel and the JRB-2 for Navy transport work.

During all the years of its existence, Beech Aircraft never paid a dividend. All of its profits went into development. But the investment has paid dividends in warplanes, for not one of the above military types could have been successfully developed in the short time required. The basic groundwork had all been done during peacetime. At any rate, it would seem that the 18-S had done its job well. It will reappear after the war as a small transport for feeder air lines and industrial uses.

Liquid-Cooled Engines

Rarely does the Army Air Forces go all out with superlatives to describe an industrial product. So when it permitted the Allison Division of General Motors to announce that "the most powerful aircraft engine in the world" is now at the service of the A. A. F., you can draw your own conclusions.

It means that this country has stepped out to the front ranks in developing liquid-cooled aircraft engines, a type of engine which the British had made great strides with during the past decade.

The new Allison is given a maximum rating of approximately 3,000 horsepower. It is known as the V-3420, and it will increase the engine power of single-engined aerial fighters by several hundred horsepower.

A twenty-four-cylinder engine, it has exactly twice the piston displacement of the present standard Allison twelve-cylinder engine which powers such fighting planes as the Lockheed Lightning P-38, the North American Mustang P-51, the Invader A-36,

Bell Airacobra, and Curtiss War Hawk.

The V-3420 was started back in 1937, but was shelved for several years in order to push the output of its proved twelve-cylinder brother. When production of that became satisfactory, development of the larger engine began in earnest in 1941. Three years later, it has passed all tests. Since many of the parts are interchangeable with the smaller engine, mass production can move forward rapidly. It's a tribute to American engineering genius. It's also a historic step in American air power, for our development of liquid-cooled engines lagged far behind the radial air-cooled engine for many years.

The Feminine Touch

A smart, charming and petite young lady (she's only four feet eleven inches) has just launched upon a man-sized assignment—to redecorate and redesign many of the airport terminals of Pan American Airways' Latin-American Division. She's Pamela May Drake who is re-creating all of the color and atmosphere of Latin America in the airway passenger stations along a route that will attract many thousands of air tourists after the war.

So when you drop into Merida in Mexico's Yucatan, or San José in Costa Rica, or San Salvador in El Salvador, you'll find tapestries, furniture, lounges, and murals all attuned to the native art of that section. Elaborate passenger accommodations—dining rooms, bars, terraces, and other facilities—are being provided.

Miss Drake worked her way through the University of Washington's School of Fine Arts as an interior decorator, has been in advertising and copy work in Honolulu and various U. S. cities, and won her Latin-American assignment by decorating Pan American's station at Lockheed Air Terminal at Burbank, California.

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

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FRANKLY, you wouldn't want your car to go that fast. BUT...

If and when car engines are produced that approach this kind of performance, Texaco will be ready with the gasoline for them... *a gasoline that is more than a match for your motor.*

For example, in our Research laboratories, Texaco scientists have produced super-fuel concentrates with power ratings *four times that of the 100-octane* gasoline used by our fighting planes.

These concentrates require super-engines to utilize their power. They are too powerful to be used efficiently

in any existing engine. But they do assure you of this:

Come what may in motor car design, Texaco has the motor fuel "know how" to match it. For the fine engines coming in the future . . . Texaco will have an even finer gasoline.

Right now fighting fuels come first. But when the war ends we can promise you a greater Sky Chief gasoline that will surpass anything you've dreamed about in smoothness, pick-up and power.

May that day come soon.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

COMING! A BETTER *Sky Chief* GASOLINE

... more than a match for your motor!



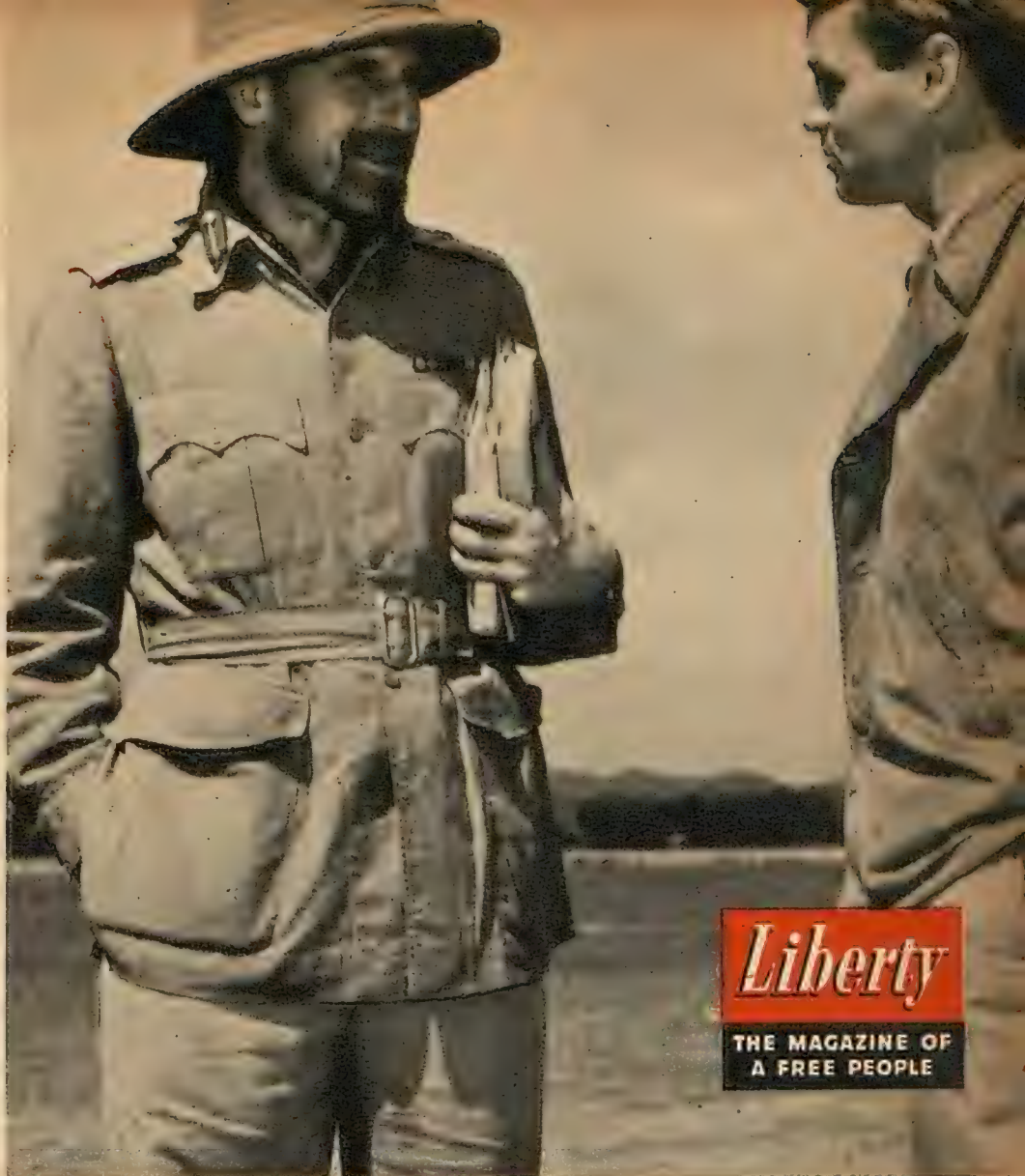
GLIDE INTO THE



UNKNOWN

A daring and terrifying operation was the landing of a glider-borne army by night behind Jap lines in Burma by Colonel Cochran's First Air Commandos

BY BOB CONSIDINE



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

U. S. AIR FORCES PHOTOS

"The Wing and the Beard"—Colonel Cochran (right) and General Wingate.

PICTURE a black night in the heart of a Burma jungle, 200 miles behind the Japanese lines. You are hunched on a plywood seat in a roaring, whirring, drumming glider. There are more than fifteen other men in the same glider, streaking down at that black jungle at 100 miles an hour. Behind you are many other gliders, gigantic bats in the night.

You don't quite know what is in store for you down there. Yellow-eyed machine gunners? Probably. Enough of a landing place? Probably not. Is it worth all this? No time to think, now.

Your glider whistles low over the black trees and drops into the ghostly glade. Its heavy landing gear hits once and the big engineless craft bounds back ten feet in the air. Then it comes to earth again with a horrid ripping crash that sends it into a heap of debris at the end of the glade. Men scream and moan in the dark. You crawl out, drunken and unbelieving, and you run to your appointed place—to fight the enemy you can't see.

You wonder why he doesn't shoot you down. You wonder why you are not decapitated by the landing gliders. As you stumble across the rutted glade, they come at you unseen and soundless—until they hit the rough earth or pile with ear-splitting crashes into the wrecked gliders now lying all over the glade.

There is no stopping them. The big C-47 transport planes have

cut these gliders loose, and down they must come. There are little lights on the tattered landing field now, as men frantically try to guide them. One glider rips into the trees of the jungle. There is a soul-piercing scream, then silence. Another and another land perfectly and men race out into the shroud of night with guns poised. Then one glider streaks into the jungle with a sickening crash. Its great lumbering cargo—a bulldozer—catapults forward at 100 miles an hour, goes straight out the front of the big aerial truck, and cuts an avenue through the jungle trees. Yet it doesn't touch either pilot or co-pilot! Another glider comes in, and out of it are dragged many mules. Some are dead, shot to death in mid-air because in their madness they broke loose inside the dropping glider and had to be destroyed before they destroyed all.

A dirty, disheveled young American colonel, John Alison, one of the first men to land on this dramatic night, now issues instructions to the crew of the radio glider, who have hastily repaired the heavy damage suffered in landing. They flash his order 200 miles to the waiting ear of the organizer of this historic and incredible adventure—Colonel Phil Cochran. It warns Cochran to call back a second flight of gliders before they are cut loose from their transport planes. There is work to do on the glade before it can receive another winged thing from the air.

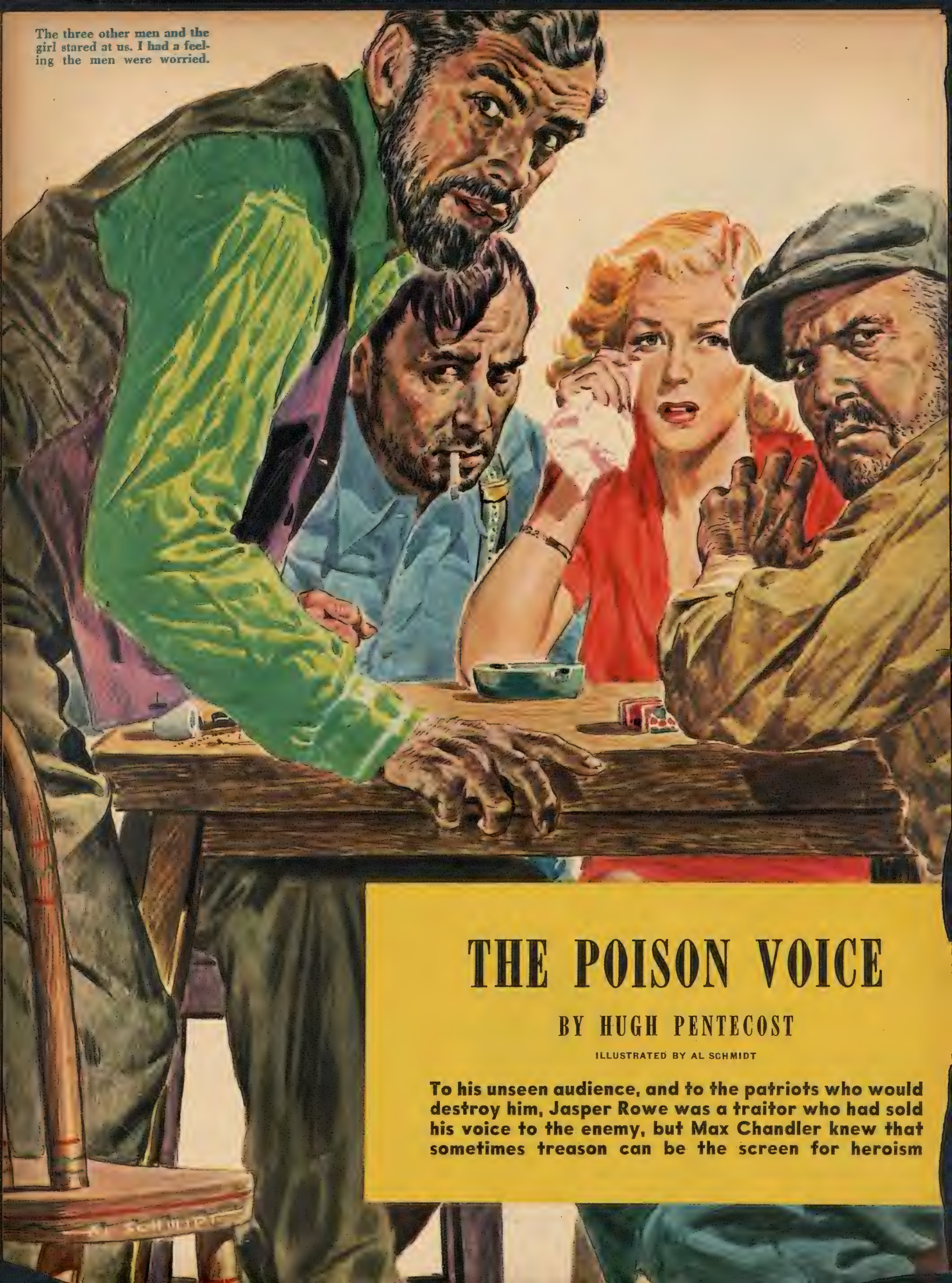
Work to do? An appalling amount. The glade must be cleared of wreckage. The jungle must be hacked back. An airfield must be built before another night comes! Someone hears a distant shot, and the sweating, ghostly men in the glade, working and cursing softly as they clear away the glider wreckage by brute strength, think again of the Japs. They know there are Japs on all four sides of them, somewhere—perhaps closing in silently on them this very instant. But the work goes on. Under a dim light a British surgeon amputates the mangled limbs of a badly wounded man. Another gasps. "This is where I hit. This is where I die." And he dies.

LATE the next afternoon, the first transport plane landed on an airfield which only a few hours before had been a tangled glade. Mothlike hospital ships flew in, picked up the wounded, and flew out. Men, food, ammunition dropped out of the skies. Before the Japs knew it, the Allies had established a big field athwart a valuable Japanese supply line. When the Japs tried to bomb it, Spitfires and P-51 Mustangs rose to scatter and confound the bombers. When the Japs tried to move up ground-force supplies to attack it, squadrons of B-25 Mitchells took off and blasted the Japs with 75-mm. cannon.

(Continued on page 61)

Air commandos and a wrecked glider at the "Broadway" landing field.





The three other men and the girl stared at us. I had a feeling the men were worried.

THE POISON VOICE

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

To his unseen audience, and to the patriots who would destroy him, Jasper Rowe was a traitor who had sold his voice to the enemy, but Max Chandler knew that sometimes treason can be the screen for heroism

THIS fellow Jackson stood by the rail, looking up into the night sky. I noticed he hung onto the rail tightly, and whenever he let go, his hand shook.

"I wish the moon would come out," he said.

"You're nuts," I said. All we needed was a little touch of moon to have the Nazi dive bombers blowing us to hell.

"What's the matter?" Jackson said. "Afraid of a little bombing?"

"I can do without it," I said.

"I could use it," he said. "We get an attack bonus if they come at us in the harbor and we're almost there."

"That's great," I said. "Only I don't get a bonus, not being part of the merchant marine. I'm just an innocent bystander, so, if you don't mind—"

"I don't mind," he said, laughing. "Not this trip, anyway. This trip I want to be certain of getting ashore." His voice sounded harsh. I put it down to nerves. I didn't blame him. Mine were playing plenty of tricks on me. Suddenly Jackson turned his head to look down the deck. "Why in hell does that jerk colonel have to keep his radio going? Do we have to listen to that tripe?"

Till Jackson mentioned it I hadn't realized how irritating the radio was. I couldn't see the colonel, but I knew he was sitting on the deck with the portable radio beside him. I knew Max Chandler was sitting on the other side of the radio.

It was crazy for the colonel and Max to be listening to that broadcast. It was strictly enemy baloney. I knew that, and yet—well, I'd just as soon not have heard it.

"The attack has come too late," the voice on the radio said. "We have had ample time to prepare for it. You will find that out when the beach blows up under your feet, my friends. Your mine-detecting experts will fail you, for we are using new plastic mines that defy detection. You are being sent to slaughter by incompetent leaders. You have waited too long. We are ready for you."

"Plastic mines my eye!" Jackson said.

"They could make 'em," I said.

"Oh, sure, sure," Jackson said ironically. "They've been talking about death rays, and super-poison gases and Lord knows what else since the war started. It's bunk. Our scientists are always four laps ahead of theirs."

"I love to hear you say that," I said.

"You know who that broadcaster is?" Jackson asked. "Jasper Rowe! An American—born in Brooklyn! I'd like to get my hands on him," he added grimly.

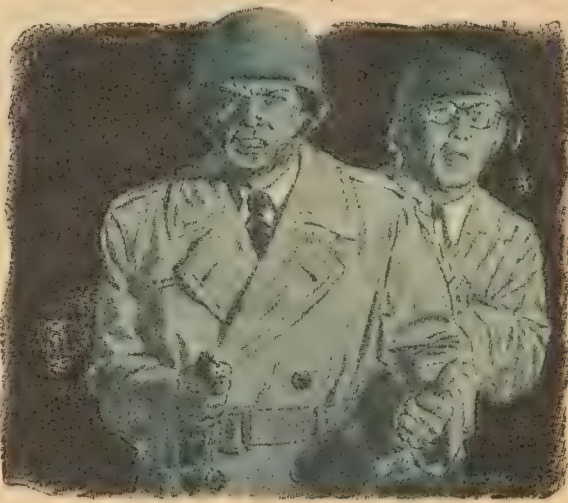
Personally I didn't care about getting my hands on Jasper Rowe. The woods were full of these expatriate Americans and Britishers working for Herr Goebbels. Some day our side would catch up with them. Right then what I did care about was getting my feet on solid ground again, plastic mines or no plastic mines.

I don't like boats traveling in waters mined by the enemy. I don't like boats that may be bombed any moment, with only one antiaircraft gun manned by a crew of kids who looked as though they weren't old enough to shave. War is exciting, but I like to hear about it secondhand, sitting at home with the radio close enough by so I can turn it off when I get a bellyful. You can't turn it off—the war, I mean—when you're right at the fighting front.

I always said that working for Max Chandler would be the death of me. Ever since Pearl Harbor I'd been working for Max. Before the war he'd been broadcasting from abroad, for World Wide. After Dunkirk, he came back to the States to try to wake people up to the danger ahead. People didn't want to listen. They preferred listening to Wheeler and Lindbergh and that crew. Then Pearl Harbor.

Max tried to enlist and got jolted back on his heels. He was too valuable as a broadcaster. There were enemies on the home front to fight. That was Max's assignment. For two years we traveled the country, Max, Lee Ames, his lovely secretary, and I. We got into plenty of jams, because Max was no cream-puff fighter. Then at last he got what he wanted—got sent back to the war zone. Lee came as far as London with us. Max and I went on.

Here we were, maybe only an hour away from the beachhead. At home I was a sort of bodyguard, travel agent, libel expert, special bartender, and Lord knows what else for Max. Here I didn't see quite what my function was. I had cameras and a clearance to use them. I wished I were home, or at least back in London, with



Then Max had the flat little automatic leveled at the whole group.

Lee. That was funny, because I knew the only thing Lee was wishing was to be with Max. Tall, golden, tailored Max, with his chiseled features and his straight determined mouth, was all Lee lived for. And Max never gave her a tumble. There was no place in his life for romance while the war was on. He's a one-thing-at-a-time guy.

"Listen to that jerk!" Jackson said.

The colonel's radio was still going. "Most of you are never going to see home again. If you're not shot by some cleverly concealed sniper, if you're not blown to pieces by a personnel-killing booby trap, if our artillery fire from the hills doesn't finish you, there is death lurking in every cup of cool water. Crawling, typhus-bearing lice are waiting for you. You will be stalemated, as you were at Cassino, at Anzio. Weapons you have never dreamed of will be used against you. Secret weapons your scientists—"

"There he goes again!" Jackson said. "Lord, how I'd like to catch up with him!"

I walked down the deck to where Max was sitting. "Do you have to listen to that stuff?" I asked.

"Don't you like it, Rod?" he asked. There was irony in his voice. "It's more interesting than you think."

"I feel the way that guy Jackson feels," I said. "I'd like to get my hands on Jasper Rowe."

"I used to know him," said Max. "He was Berlin correspondent for the Globe before the war. Not a bad guy."

"O. K., kid all you want," I said sourly. I went back to the rail where Jackson was.

"We're getting pretty close," Jackson said. "Keep your eyes peeled for a blinker light."

"You don't mean they signal with lights!"

"How else?"

"Doesn't that make us a sitting duck for the nearest enemy sub?"

"If there's one around," Jackson said calmly. "I've been torpedoed three times already on this run."

I had to admit my hat was off to these merchant seamen. The ship we were on was part of a shuttle service from the main base to the beachhead. Thirty or forty ships made the run back and forth every day. The Nazis usually knocked off four or five of them. There was no escort, you see. These merchant seamen got torpedoed, dive-bombed, strafed. And there were no Purple Hearts to go with it, no citations.

These guys get no pay when they're laid up or on leave, no benefits for their families if they get knocked off, no bonus after the war. Believe me, they earn the extra dough they make.

Jackson's voice came out of the darkness, harsh and bitter. "I suppose somebody's already told you about me," he said. "From that you'll understand why I hate this guy Jasper Rowe so much."

"Nobody told me anything," I said.

"I didn't start out in the merchant marine," he said. "I was in the Army. I was a sergeant when it happened."

"When what happened?"

"When I turned yellow," he said. His voice shook. "It was in Tunisia. I was in command of a patrol. We were supposed to work our way behind the enemy lines and put a gun emplacement out of order. We had a portable radio so the C. O. could get in touch with us if the situation changed. Got a cigarette?"

I gave him one. He snapped a lighter on, shielding the flame with the front of his jacket.

"We got back of the lines all right," he said. "We had to cover an open space of about five hundred yards after dark to get to the gun emplacement. We had to wait a spell, hidden in a cave. The guy with the radio turned it on. We didn't get our C. O. We got Jasper Rowe. He was talking about plastic mines, how they couldn't be detected. He got under our skin, see?"

"We began to wonder what chance we had of covering that five hundred yards with plastic mines all over the lot. We decided to go around a rocky ledge, about three times as far, where we figured they wouldn't have been able to lay mines." He spat over the rail. "I was in charge. I didn't follow orders. Well, we ran into a force about ten times as big as ours when we tried the ledge, and we had to run for it."

"We didn't put the gun out of business. Later, another of our patrols did the job. They went over that five hundred yards of open space we'd ducked, and there weren't any mines, plastic or otherwise. I got a dishonorable discharge."

"Tough," I said.

"So I got in the merchant marine. But I'd like to meet up with Jasper Rowe."

A COUPLE of hours later we tied up at an improvised dock built by the Army engineers. Max and I went ashore with the colonel, his portable radio, and half a dozen specialists who'd made the trip. Stevedores began unloading the ship in the darkness, aided by the crew. She would try to make it out of the harbor again before daylight—before the Nazi bombers could catch her where she couldn't make a run for it. I didn't see Jackson again—not then.

We were quartered in what was left of an old hotel on the outskirts of town. I was just beginning to settle down to a nice long sleep when Max woke me up.

"We're getting under way," he said. He looked fresh as a daisy. Two hours' sleep and Max looks like I do after twelve! He had on a trench coat and a tin helmet pushed back on his blond head. I grumbled

(Continued on page 50)



The "mothers" protested against arming our merchant ships. They plan demonstrations of this sort against fighting through to victory.

The MENACE of the "MOTHERS"

This article is a warning to patriotic mothers that certain "mothers" groups seek to exploit their wartime worry and grief to foment racial strife and disunity

BY RUSSELL WHELAN and THOMAS M. JOHNSON

A SERIOUS danger threatening America's wartime unity and morale, in the opinion of government agents, is the program now being hatched by certain so-called "mothers" groups to spread doubt and dissension among us during the tense days of the European invasion and the national political campaigns.

Our inquiry into the "mothers' country-wide activities, made with the assistance of official and private investigators, reveals a national movement well under way with these major aims:

An immediate armistice and a negotiated peace with the Hitler and Tojo governments.

Election of a "nationalistic" President and Congress pledged to keep America out of any international arrangements.

Discouragement of our military program by appeals to the women of America "to help stop this senseless slaughter of your sons and ours"; and by casting aspersions on our leadership and spreading doubts about the virtue of the Allied cause.

These "mothers" groups should not be confused with those legitimate organizations of women whose sole aim is to minister to the comfort of our service men and women. Such conduct themselves in the honored tradition of the Gold Star Mothers of the First World War.

No, the ladies to whom we refer are



Lois de Lafayette Washburn, accused seditionist, isn't aping the Hitler salute just for fun.

the ones who staged those hysterical demonstrations in Washington against Lend-Lease and Selective Service, and of whom Senator Carter Glass said: "I think it would be well to inquire whether they actually are mothers. For the sake of the race, I certainly hope not." Some have been associated in the past with defendants in the Washington sedition trials like Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling and Lois de Lafayette Washburn, who was front-paged throughout the country giving the Nazi salute and thumbing her nose at the federal courthouse.

Today their program calls for parades, mass meetings, and public demonstrations against the war, to be staged up and down the land by apparently real mothers rising "spontaneously" to recall the world to the sanities of peace.

There are a dozen of these groups which pretend to speak for the mothers of America in these dark hours. All received their original impetus from a radio talk by the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin on December 11, 1939. At that time he announced the formation of his National Legion of Mothers and invited his hearers to "write either to Father Coughlin or to Social Justice, to be put in touch with responsible leaders and regional organizers, as well as honestly and wisely counseled by the beloved Radio Priest of Royal Oak."



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Agnes Waters flays a House committee on a conscription issue. She is mentioned as the "mothers'" candidate for President.

Replies flooded in and the "mothers" were on their way. They were rabid supporters of the America First Committee in its great days, but when war came they abandoned their clamorous public meetings and adopted more secretive techniques for enlisting members and money. But now they are up to their old tricks. They have been assured by their lawyers that the present statutes covering sedition may be violated with relative impunity; and they have noted the government's disinclination to prosecute any but the most flagrant cases.

You may have been admitted to their current poison pipe line if you have heard:

That Colin Kelly was the first American to sink a Jap battleship, but that Ikey Cohen was the first American to get five new tires.

That American paratroops are forced to subsist entirely on soda crackers.

That every transport returning from the battle zones is packed to the gunwales with "basket" cases.

That our fighting men are committing suicide by platoons in the Aleutians and in Panama.

That a million American boys will die in the assault on Hitler's European Fortress.

Certain "mothers" groups were circulating these and similar select bits of military "information" within forty-eight hours after the Nazi radio in Berlin had first broadcast them to the world.

HERE is the way the meetings of these organizations usually go, according to reports of several investigators: The meeting is called to order by the president, whom we will designate as Mrs. A, a veteran of the great days of Coughlinism and a firm friend of Bundists and native Fascists. After the invocation, delivered by a clergyman, the seventy-odd men and women (mostly women) rise and sing God Bless America. Then—

Mrs. A: The meeting is open for discussion. As you know, we are all working hard to have Father Coughlin restored to his constitutional right of addressing Americans over the radio, and of publish-

ing Social Justice. How many of you have sent in letters to the Papal Delegate at Washington demanding a fair deal for Father Coughlin? (*There is a show of hands*) Splendid! And how many of you have caused at least five such letters to be written? (*Another show of hands*) That's good, but we all must do it. And don't forget to insist on the removal of that Archbishop Mooney in Detroit. (*Boos and hisses*) Yes, we know Mooney—the man who threatened to send Father Coughlin to Alaska if he didn't quit his fight for real Americanism.

Mrs. B: Mooney! He's right in league with the Jew bankers and the Communists. Now I have some real news for you. We all know how Jacob Schiff and other rich Jews financed Lenin and Trotsky. Well, who do you suppose these Mexican farm workers are that the government is bringing over the border? They're Russian Communist organizers—that's what they are! Direct from Moscow! (*Cries of "Hear! Hear!"*)

Mrs. C: I don't doubt it a bit. Who else could be stirring up those Negroes this way? Making them want to vote and all. And telling us that Negro blood in the blood bank is just as good as ours any old day. It wouldn't surprise me if the next generation produced calico babies.

Mrs. D: Yes, and aren't they taking Chinese blood, too, and even Jap blood? If you ask me, Roosevelt and the Jews are trying to mongrelize the whole white race. I think he's using the niggers and the Communists to make himself dictator of America first, and then the whole world (*Cries of "You said it!" and "Hear, hear!"*)

Mrs. E: Yes, if that drunken Churchill doesn't beat him to it.

Mrs. F: I think all of them are just stooges for the Jews—Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt. Take the bunch we got down there in Washington—Frankfurter, Rosenman, and this Morgenthau. . . .

Miss G: Morgenthau! I'm glad you mention him. Here is something very secret and very important. Do you know that Morgenthau gave orders to all his tax collectors to pay special attention to the income returns of everybody who has ever

raised a voice against the Roosevelt administration? Yes, sir!

VOICES: Hear! Hear!

This sort of talk is, of course, sweet, familiar music to Herr Goebbels. It is remarkable, too, that from these "mothers" there issue few words of encouragement for the men on the fighting fronts. And hardly ever is a syllable uttered in favor of the war bond or Red Cross drives. In fact, the tenor of the meetings is to discourage the war effort at every turn.

BUT they don't just sit around and tell each other lies and libels. This poison is meant to be spread. One can easily imagine the effect on an uninformed mother with a son on a fighting front. Literature distributed at the meetings includes the outpourings of virtually all the twenty-nine "martyrs to the cause" who went on trial in May charged with "conspiring to undermine the morale of the armed forces." Among popular items are Roosevelt's Jewish Ancestry, an old propaganda item from Germany, revised by Robert Edmondson, one of those tried for sedition; Messages to the Masses, by Elmer J. Garner, of Wichita, Kansas, a sedition defendant who was found dead in his bed during the first stages of the trial; and Fact-o-gram, organ of the Constitutional Education League, edited by Joseph Kamp, a disciple of Lawrence Dennis, author of The Coming American Fascism. Dennis is also a sedition defendant.

In requesting Attorney General Francis Biddle to investigate "Motherism" in America, Mrs. Faye Stephenson, president of the Congress of Women's Auxiliaries of the C. I. O., on May 14 named four women's organizations for alleged collaboration with Fascists. These four are the United Mothers of Cleveland; the Mothers of Sons Forum, of Cincinnati; the American Women Against Communism, of New York; and Chicago's We, the Mothers, Mobilize for America, Inc. Mrs. Stephenson accused these groups of creating national disunity, fomenting racial strife, and planning to disrupt the national political conventions. She said they had

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BEWARE THE NAZI PEACE BAIT

WITH the war in Europe in its climactic stage, the center of gravity is shifting from the military outcome to the even more momentous questions of what will follow. In the confusing welter of talk about war aims and the winning of the peace after the war is won, one point seems to stand out clearly—the point that this war is being waged, on the part of the Allies, to put an end to German aggression and make it impossible for Germany, under whatever rulers, to plunge the world into a third global conflict.

To bring about a crushing defeat of the Wehrmacht is one thing. To convert such a defeat into an actual victory of the Allied cause is quite another. There can be but one historical measure of the true extent of an Allied victory—the scope and durability of the peace that is to be shaped after the fighting is over. Any basic misstep in the fashioning of that peace would only mean that the fundamental issues remained unsolved, to be fought over again, and that the terrific price of military victory was paid in vain.

For months the European Advisory Council in London, consisting of representatives of the Big Three, has been busy deliberating the many aspects of the future peace. Its deliberations are necessarily shrouded in secrecy. For one thing, its decisions if broadcast at this stage of the conflict would be pounced upon by the Nazis as excellent propaganda material for consolidating their home front and strengthening the German people's determination to resist. For another, it definitely would not do, now, to give publicity to any points of disagreement among the principal Allies, for it is on precisely these points that the Nazis base their continued hope for a compromise peace.

The Nazis, too, for many months have been busy deliberating the questions of peace, not only in their own councils but with their principal satellites, since this is one of their methods for holding the satellite nations in line. In such deliberations they are guided, to some extent, by what they can find out about Allied political intentions. They are able to gain some knowledge of the deliberations in Allied councils in much the same way our leaders obtain fairly accurate information on what is decided in Nazi councils.

HOW is it possible for one side to gain knowledge of what is happening in the secret councils of the other?

Owing to rapid advances in the field of communications during the past two decades, espionage and counterespionage have played a more important part in this war than in any other. During the first war years Hitler's fifth column contributed substantially to Nazi victories. But as the war progressed, Allied intelligence services made great strides of their own.

The various intelligence services of the United States and Great Britain mesh into a smoothly functioning machine that gathers and sifts all information concerning the enemy before it is placed before those responsible for the conduct of the war, militarily and politically. While the great bulk of reliable military intelligence today is obtained by air reconnaissance and adroit questioning of prisoners, information of a political nature is largely gathered by experts stationed in neutral

countries, who in turn maintain informants deep inside enemy territory. There are times when details of events occurring in the seclusion of Berchtesgaden reach Allied sources with astonishing rapidity.

All this work is of course conducted in deepest secrecy. The men and women engaged in it are shrouded in the cloak of anonymity. Sometimes, however, information may be helpful in giving the American public a deeper understanding of the vital international issues involved in this war. In such cases it may be allowed for public discussion.

Thus it was known for many months

The Germans are counting heavily on selling the Allies a compromise peace at a psychological moment. The terms are alluring—until they're analyzed

that at Berchtesgaden a line was being formulated that most definitely did not conform to the well-known gyrations of the Nazi mind. This new line was that the Master Race doctrine had had its day, and that, except for war exigencies, the peoples of Europe were to be treated as equals. It is quite likely that the Nazi master minds deliberately allowed these reports to leak out. For, when time went on without the slightest reaction from the Allied camp, the Reich propaganda machine got busy planting stories on the novel theme in the neutral capitals of Europe.

The bait was not taken. On the Allied side it was merely reiterated that Nazi iniquity was spattered in blood all over the map of Europe. The wolf now posing as a sheep had disfigured the European scene too often not to be recognized at once for what it was.

Not until Allied invasion plans began taking definite form did the real purpose behind those planted stories rise to the surface. In March of this year a German agent made a sudden appearance in Madrid. He had no official diplomatic status, but the credentials he carried purported to show that his tentative advances had the backing of those in power in the Reich. His mission, according to him, was to sound out on the possibility of getting together around a conference table and trying to pull the world out of the bloody mess that it was in. Evidently at some stage of his efforts he dropped his guard, for presently the news wires hummed with the story that Reichsmarshal Göring was expected in Madrid with tangible peace proposals.

Allied quarters let it be known that unless Göring should carry with him an offer of unconditional surrender, they would be utterly uninterested in the Number Two Nazi's comings or goings. This brought the typical Nazi reaction. Göring, Berlin declared hurriedly, had not had the slightest intention of going to Madrid or anywhere else; the story was absolutely without foundation.

But the unofficial German negotiator was recalled from Madrid. Immediately

upon his return Reich Propaganda Minister Goebbels himself delivered a radio address in which, significantly enough, he stated that there was no chance of a compromise peace until the Wehrmacht and the German people had proved their powers of resistance during the fateful battles of 1944.

It is worth noting that Goebbels said, "until the Wehrmacht and the German people," etc.

In short, the Nazis are dangling the fruit of a compromise peace before the German people as an object worth fighting for. They still believe in the Wehrmacht's ability to weather the furious assaults of 1944. They count on the infliction of enormous Allied casualties and a resultant war-weariness in Allied countries. At what they will consider the psychological moment, they intend to come forward with their peace proposal.

A great deal of effort was expended in Berchtesgaden in preparing the domestic ground for these peace terms. The best diplomatic brains of the Third Reich were consulted. The Reich Foreign Office, the Supreme Command of the Wehrmacht, and the Nazi Party leadership had to reach a complete understanding on the momentous subject. Even the quisling regimes of the various puppet states had to be initiated into the scheme and their provisional adherence secured. But, foremost of all, the terms had to be made attractive to large sections of the Allied peoples.

WHAT are these terms on the acceptance of which at the proper moment the Nazis still seem to count heavily?

Roughly, and shorn of all diplomatic embellishments, they represent the following:

1. What Germany wants for herself or, as the Nazis undoubtedly will put it, for Europe:

A European federation of equals. Each member of this federation will be free to choose its own political form of government, but all economic and trade barriers within the federation will be removed. The federation is to include not only the currently German-occupied countries but also the remaining European neutrals. The federation will repair all war damage within its borders without calling for outside assistance.

2. What Germany is willing to concede to Russia:

The western frontier of 1939, with certain modifications in Russia's favor, notably on the Polish issue. A permanent guaranty of the inviolability of this frontier by all major powers, including the proposed European federation. A Russian economic and industrial orientation in the direction of Asia, meaning China.

3. What Germany is willing to concede to England:

Continuation of the British Empire as currently constituted, with certain minor modifications involving small island possessions such as the Channel Islands, etc. A permanent guaranty of this empire by all major powers, including the proposed European federation. Adherence to this empire by such non-European nations as prefer to do so.

4. What Germany is willing to concede to the United States:

A completely free hand throughout the Western Hemisphere. American security

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

DRAWING BY ARTHUR SZYK

requirements in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

5. For Japan—whatever she can salvage.

On the surface, and especially in the eyes of people yearning for a speedy return to peaceful conditions, these terms may look pretty reasonable. With certain alterations here and there which no doubt could be negotiated, they even look inviting. That is precisely the way their framers intended them to look. To give the devil his dubious due, Berchtesgaden has not completely lost its psychological touch.

All efforts toward eradication notwithstanding, the Nazis continue to maintain smoothly functioning espionage and information services in Great Britain and the United States. These agents are difficult to spot and apprehend because they shy away from direct military espionage, devoting themselves mainly to the easier and much safer task of keeping their principals informed on the changing trend of thought and on public reaction in both countries. Thus Berlin is well aware of the continued existence of a section of the English people who view the war largely from the point of keeping the British Empire intact. A permanent international guaranty of that empire is shrewdly calculated to impress them.

BERLIN likewise knows that a great many Americans are still greatly confused with regard to the real issues of this war. The Germans are also informed about a strong trend in American public opinion that likes to find a practical preventive of future European wars in which the United States might be involved. The proposal of such a preventive by means of a European federation, together with security safeguards for the Western Hemisphere and the British Empire, is counted upon to make a strong appeal in the United States.

Furthermore, Berlin knows that there exist widespread circles, in Great Britain as well as in the United States, who look upon alleged Russian imperialist ambitions with but thinly veiled suspicion and fear that Russia, if given her own way, might become a potent danger to world peace in years to come. The Nazi terms referring to the Russian side are plainly designed to strike the fancy of such circles.

Altogether, the wily Nazi fishermen count upon making their bait attractive to a sufficient number of people in Great Britain and the United States to compel at least a consideration of the German terms in the wake of disturbing Allied casualty lists.

As there always is a possibility that such a German maneuver, if and when made, might meet with at least partial success, it would seem a good idea to take analytical stock of the Nazi bait well in advance of its being extended. The only logical approach to such an analysis is to pose the all-important question: What are we fighting for?

If we are fighting for a breathing spell between holocausts, for a few years of synthetic prosperity at the expense of impoverished nations, for perhaps a decade or so of corking good time, to be followed by another world upheaval in the course of which we would have to pay many times the price we are paying now—then the German idea of a compromise peace is well worth serious consideration.

(Continued on page 53)



TAKE A LETTER, CUPID

BY A. S. FLEISCHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

**When a sailor thinks he isn't the marrying kind,
the well-timed introduction of a competitive wolf
can sometimes make him change his mind**



U. S. N. Destroyer Base
San Diego, California
12 October

Attention: Desk 14

U. S. N. Recruiting Station
383 Madison Ave.
New York, 17, N. Y.

DEAR MADAM: I'm the sailor you recently released for sea duty. When you took over my desk you must have found my red address book in the bottom drawer on the right. Please mail it to me as soon as possible as it has a couple of good San Diego addresses in it. Don't let Red Miller at Desk 10 get his hands on it. Thanks.

William Carlson, Y1c, U. S. N. R.
P.S.: Tell Chief Badley hello for me. I suppose he had to assign a couple of you Waves to my old job to keep the work moving.

New York
17 October

William Carlson, Y1c, U. S. N. R.
U. S. N. Destroyer Base,
San Diego, Calif.

Dear William: I'm enclosing your little red book of addresses. Please don't think me too forward for taking the liberty of adding my name to your prodigious collection. I'd love to hear from you, as I feel that there's a sort of bond between us. As I sit in your chair and "pound" your Remington I'm filled with curiosity about you. I do wish we'd been able to meet before you left New York. You will tell me about yourself, won't you?

Do I detect some resentment in your letter—about my replacing you, I mean? Can't say that I blame you a bit. After all, just being in New York City is a thrill in itself. And duty that gives you liberty every single night in the week is scarcer than Jap prisoners. So go ahead and be angry at me, but after you blow your top we can be friends, can't we?

I'm pulling for you, Bill. Best of luck.

Susan James

San Diego, California
25 October

U. S. N. Recruiting Station
383 Madison Ave.
New York, 17, N. Y.

Dear Madam: Thanks for the address book.

William Carlson

New York City
2 November

Dear Bill: You needn't have written me at all if it was only to be nasty. You're acting like a badly spoiled child. I really think you're not nearly as hard as you're pretending to be.

As a matter of fact, I know a few things about you—not particularly good things, either. Red Miller, the handsome chap at Desk 10, tells me that you were the worst yeoman at the station. He says you're hopelessly bald. Also that you have a

build like a physical-culture advertisement (before) and one green eye and one blue eye. I think he's probably exaggerating slightly.

I won't hold your appearance against you; your letters will still be welcome. Well, Chief Badley is looking my way with a dangerously cocked eye so I'd better get back to the work heaped on Desk 14. As ever,

Susan

San Diego, California
13 November

Dear Susy: Tell Red Miller for me to go jump in the East River! He didn't exaggerate my description—he sabotaged it! Refresh his memory with this:

I'm the best yeoman that ever signed a shipping article. I'm six one, plenty of black hair on my noggin, short like a hairbrush. Both my eyes are brown.

I'll admit I have a mental picture of you. In short—green eyes, fallen arches, raspy voice, and receding forehead.

William Carlson

New York, N. Y.
18 November

Mr. William Carlson, Y1c, U. S. N. R.
U. S. N. Destroyer Base
San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Carlson: Your literary miscarriage of the 13th at hand.

In order to correct your unkind mental picture of me I'm enclosing a photograph taken in Mexico City before the war. You can't see my pedal extremities in the snapshot, but I assure you that they're not flat. I'm not amused at being called Susy. Don't bother to answer this letter. Good-by.

Susan James

At sea, 2 December

Dear Susy: Thanks for the pin-up picture. I'll have to admit it knocked me a little off balance. I had no idea I was being released for sea by so gorgeous a creature. For you it's a pleasure.

I really wasn't resentful of you at all. I was just teasing. Well, as you said in one of your earlier letters, we're going to be the best of friends. How I wish I were back in New York! There's a little French restaurant on East Fifty-sixth that I'd like to take you to. You'd love it. But guess I'd better stop thinking along those lines.

I haven't any picture of myself to send you, but if you are curious to know what a handsome brute (!) I really am, get Chief Badley to show you the group photograph of last season's basketball team.

I'm the guy who blinked as the shutter snapped. Cute, ain't I?

Did I write you I'm drawing my 20 per cent sea pay on a tin can? She's a fast little destroyer and I like her. Answer soon.

Bill

At sea again, 21 January

Dear Susy: I haven't received a reply to my last letter. Maybe you're still angry at

me for my remarks about flat feet, etc. I apologize as of way back.

Bill

New York City
13 February

Dear Bill: I had made up my mind not to bother writing you, but I suppose you'll keep dunning me until I do. I'm not being fooled, though, by the change in you since I sent my picture. Apparently your interest in women is only skin deep. Aren't you being gullible? It would have been simple for me to send you someone else's picture—don't overlook that. For all you know, I do have a receding forehead, maybe pointed ears too!

Things have been whirling at the recruiting station, but Desk 14 is holding its own. Red Miller has been very kind and helpful to me. He's shown me many interesting places, such as the Bowery, Central Park, etc. He's sweet.

There's a stack of service records waiting to be checked, so I'll have to sign off. I'll be looking forward to your next letter. As ever,

Susan

P.S.: Please don't call me Susy.

At sea, 1 April

Dear Susy: Your letter finally caught up with me. Boy, it was good to hear from you! And before I forget, I want to warn you about Red Miller. Don't have anything to do with him. He's an unadulterated wolf, but unadulterated. On top of that, he's a jerk. You can quote me on that. I can think of many other words to describe him, but I don't want to seem prejudiced. And also I'm a gentleman. The only good thing about the guy is his taste in women. That's how I know the snapshot you sent is you all right. He doesn't annoy anything but the best. By the way, I hope you still wear your hair swept up on top like in the photograph. I like it that way. Goes well with your upturned nose.

Of course, I don't know why I'm writing this way—you'd think I was going to marry you. I guess it's just as you said, there's sort of a bond between us, and that's why I want to look after your interests. But, frankly, I'm not the marrying kind. As soon as a girl gets to humming the wedding march, I start moving in the opposite direction. I know you're not that kind, however.

From the scuttlebutt I hear, we'll be heading back to the States before long. I'll probably get about ten days' leave—and there's no place like San Diego to spend it! (Did I thank you for my address book?)

Must close now, as I have to go on watch. Answer soon.

Bill

New York
27 April

Dear Bill: Your letter was quite amusing. But I'm afraid you misjudge me when you think I'm being deceived by Red. I know a wolf when I meet one—and Red is anything but. He's one of the finest men I've

"Your chest of campaign bars (fruit salad, as you called them)—your eyes so aflame—and you so handsome and gay."

ever known, and certainly one of the handsomest. As a matter of fact he and I have—you've guessed it—become engaged. You're the first one to know, as we haven't yet announced it. I think I'm very lucky. I suppose you'll think me quite silly, for your opinion of Red is so one-sided. It's too bad you didn't get to know him better.

I don't think Red would approve of our exchanging letters, so perhaps we'd better write finis to our enjoyable correspondence with this note. It's been fun knowing you, Bill, and the very best of good luck to you. Your friend

Susan

P.S.: I must confess that I've been considerably—if mystically—attracted to you. Just thought you'd like to know.

SPECIAL DELIVERY—AIR MAIL
San Diego, California
18 May

Susy! I'm shocked!

You could have knocked me over with the concussion of a BB gun when I read that you intended matrimony with that shallow-water sailor Red Miller! Such a move would be strictly from hunger—in short, catastrophic! Don't do it—don't!!!!

I'm hoping you haven't already said, "I do," as your last letter was dated April 27! I'm coming east! I gotta knock the idiotic notion out of your head!

Bill

P.S.: Tell that bonehead Red that he'd better start getting in shape at Stillman's Gym, as I aim to lay one on him!

AIR MAIL
New York City
21 May

Dear Bill: Your letter came as a surprise. You're certainly convinced that I'm making a horrible mistake. You almost make me think that you're—well, in love with me. Of course that's ridiculous, but you do act that way.

Red and I aren't married yet, but the date is set for June 9. I'm thrilled. I've always wanted to be a June bride.

I must rush off, as Red is waiting to take me to lunch. As ever,

Susan

San Diego
24 May

Dear Susan! Something terrible has happened! I can't get leave until June 15! You must postpone getting shackled to that flea-bitten yeoman at Desk 10. Otherwise I go AWOL. Yours,

Bill

New York
27 May

Dear Bill: Please don't go AWOL! You flatter me, but don't do it. It won't be necessary anyway, as Red has come down with a beautiful case of the mumps. We've had to postpone the wedding.

If you're so determined to see me, I expect to spend five days in Chicago with



my family from the 18th to the 23d of next month. The address is 2764 N. Sheridan Drive. You're sweet to take such an interest in me, but I don't think you'll be able to change my mind. As ever,

Susan

San Diego
1 June

Dear Susy: I'll see you in Chicago. In haste,

Bill

P.S.: Forget what I said about not being the marrying kind. I come from a long line of married ancestors.

At sea, 12 July

Su darling: I made it back to the ship just in time to pull out to sea again. But I'm a different man—I'm dazed. I still can't believe that you're actually twice as beautiful as that old snapshot you sent me. And I have to keep telling myself that I'm honest-to-goodness married to you—that you're mine for keeps—because it just doesn't seem possible that I'm that lucky. The minute I first saw you in Chicago I knew I wanted you more than anything else in the world. Well, I've got you and I'm tickled pink.

Don't let the five dollars I've enclosed puzzle you. Please give it to Red, after you break the news to him. You see, I made a foolish bet with him that I'd never get married. As you know, darling, I lost

the wager. It was worth it a million times, though.

Take care of yourself, and write often.
Bill

P.S.: I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, etc. etc.

New York
17 July

Bill darling! Your letter just arrived. I'm afraid it brought tears to my eyes. It felt so good to get a letter from my husband! And such a wonderful husband! I was so proud of you those five short days in Chicago—your chest of campaign bars (fruit salad, as you called them)—your eyes so aflame—and you so charmingly handsome and gay. And, darling, I was a June bride!

Billy—my husband—I've a confession to make. It's about the five dollars for Red. Please don't be angry with me, and remember that all's fair in love and war—and we're in both. I don't know just how to say it. Briefly, three weeks after you were transferred from this station Red Miller was transferred too. Darling, I've seen the man only once and can't even remember what he looks like! Your wife,

Susan

P. S.: Maybe it will help a little bit, darling, if I remind you this is leap year.

THE END

LIKE IN DAVID'S TIME

BY ISABEL WAY and RUBY THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

IT should have been ringed on the calendar, the day Quent Jumper rode into our dooryard.

It was a warm Sunday in the little breathing spell between lambing and shearing. Uncle Matt's two boys were away for the day, but the rest of us—my grandfather, Pop, my three uncles, and me—were there in the yard, waiting for the women to call dinner. And then this rider came.

We didn't know him at first, for the Jumpers had been long gone from these parts. We just saw that he was young and likable, sitting there in the saddle, grinning, with yellow hair all tumbled when he pushed back his hat.

"Hello!" he greeted, picking out Old Gabe as the head of the house. "I've come from the sheep growers down below. They've organized, this year, and put me in charge. Got a wool crop to talk about down there."

My grandfather nodded. Since the government had asked for more wool, sheep had sprouted all over Shinto Basin.

The newcomer went on: "The shearing plant can't handle the extra crop. The draft called some of their best machine shearers last year, so we want to get you hand shearers to take on extra. We'll make a schedule and—"

He stopped. He was staring—at my sister Tonnie, who'd just come from helping Aunt Rikki in the kitchen.

Now it's a funny thing about us Brightdays. Old Gabe, my grandfather, is a giant of a man, with thick curly red hair, and spirit enough, even at sixty-five, for a dozen men. Grandma, they tell me, was a shy, gentle thing, yet every last one of us menfolks had her dark hair and blue eyes and easygoing nature, while Tonnie, the only girl, is the spitten image of Old Gabe himself.

She's a tall girl, though slimmish. Right now her cheeks were flushed, and her bangs made little curls around her forehead, while the rest of her red hair hung in a thick braid over her shoulder. Her gray eyes looked wide at the rider.

"Hello!" he said to Tonnie, and she said "Hello!" too. Then he got off his horse. Tonnie started walking toward him, and said, breathless: "Dinner's on. I reckon you can eat first and talk business afterwards, can't you?"

Old Gabe cleared his throat to remind them he was head of the house. He said, "The business can be finished first. We'll pledge ourselves for the duration to shear the sheep of the folks who've looked down their noses at us, claimin' hand shearin' was dead and done for."

"They were crazy," the other returned, without taking his eyes off Tonnie.

Old Gabe chuckled. "The guvment may take them fancypants shearers to fight, but when my two grandsons rode down, the draft board sent 'em skulkin' back."

"Me, too," said the newcomer.

"Gee, mister," I popped out, "are you a shearer? A hand shearer, like us?" I was only twelve, but I was a Brightday, and born to it. "Are you, mister?"

He grinned. "Sure am, sonny. Learned it from my dad, like you will, and he got it from his father." Then he said, proud,

"Grandpa used to live in Shinto Basin, and he did a day's shearing that'll never be forgotten hereabouts!"

I saw Tonnie go rigid. I saw my grandfather stretch his big neck like an old rooster, to stare. He said, grim, "When a body puts foot under my table, I crave to know his name. You ain't give yours."

"I wanted to get your word passed on the shearing first," the other said, quiet. "I'm Quent Jumper. Grandson of Walt Jumper, who—"

Old Gabe's voice went into a bellow. "Who was the biggest liar that ever opened his yap! I want none of his spawn on my place! So get goin'!" And Pop and my uncles sort of closed in, to show they were behind Old Gabe.

NOW, it's like this with us and the Jumpers.

Us Brightdays have been shearers from way back. All hand shearers, and the fastest ever to run blades over a sheep's belly. When Gabe was twenty-four he sheared a hundred and forty-eight sheep in eight hours, a record never since reached in the Basin, though Walt Jumper claimed, in 1910, that he'd topped it by three sheep.

It wasn't possible. Walt was a fair shearer, but there wasn't anything in him that could come up to a Brightday. Yet he bragged all summer, so Pop and my uncles challenged him to a shearing contest, Walt against Old Gabe, that next season. But Walt died that winter.

It was bitter brew for the Brightdays to know that once another had beat Old Gabe. Looking at Gabe, who was taller and wider than any of his big sons, and feeling all warm with pride, you knew nobody on earth could call himself a better man. You hated them that tried. All of us hated Walt Jumper's memory. And now here was his grandson, Quent Jumper, in our own yard, still backing that old blowhard's lie.

No wonder Old Gabe bellowed, "Mount your horse and git goin'! Pronto! Off my land for good!"

But Tonnie whirled. She said, "Old Gabe, I've asked him to eat with us. If he's not welcome here, I'll eat with him off your land!" Then, to Quent: "That paint horse down there is mine. Will you fetch him?"

Quent hesitated, then he strode off, and Tonnie made for the house. Pop said, "Tonnie, you better not!" but she didn't hear him. She was inside, filling a basket, and in a minute she was back, and Quent was bringing her horse.

They rode off with never a backward glance, and nobody tried to stop them. When they were gone, Old Gabe looked at his hands helpless-like, then stalked toward the corrals, and didn't come back for his Sunday dinner.

HARD times began then for us Brightdays. Aunt Rikki talked with Tonnie, but it didn't do any good. Old Gabe went around like a thundercloud, scowling blacker each time Tonnie met Quent.

For they kept on meeting. Quent had been ordered off our land, so he'd wait till Tonnie joined him; then they'd ride

off, and Old Gabe would clench and unclench his big fists and curse.

You see, he'd never felt it proper for a man to lay hands on a girl, so Aunt Rikki had given Tonnie her spankings after our mother died, and now Tonnie was too old for that. She was a woman grown, almost nineteen, with a will as big as Old Gabe's own. If she willed to go with Quent Jumper, none could stop her.

We always sheared our own sheep first, to get the men's hands back in, and we were making ready for it when Tonnie brought the schedule from Quent. She put it on the table before Old Gabe at supper.

Quent had worked it out like he said, close and neat, telling us just what to do. And because he'd pledged his word, Old Gabe had to take orders from a Jumper.

Finally Old Gabe roared, "He's left Tom Reynolds off! I've sheared for Tom since we was both young!"

Uncle Little said, "Likely Tom's branched out, too. And he lives close to the shearing plant, where he could drive his sheep in easy. Looks like our work is all laid out in a bunch at the far end of the Basin."

Old Gabe stood up, jerked on his hat. "I've done Tom's shearin' this fur, and I damned well aim to keep on!" He barged out and we heard his old Ford snorting down the trail in the reckless way he always drove before gas rationing.

HE looked better when he got home, late that night. He said, "We'll finish our own sheep by Wednesday noon, then we got till the next Monday before we start on this schedule thing." A little silence, then he let us have it. "We're movin' down to do Tom's sheep for him, as per usual, durin' that time."

"How can you?" Tonnie cried. "Reynolds has twenty-five hundred head this year."

Somebody whistled low. Twenty-five hundred head, and we had about fifteen hundred ourselves. On a day-after-day average, Old Gabe, Uncle Matt and his boys, Pop and my Uncle Big, could shear between five and six hundred sheep. The two boys were green yet. If Uncle Little sheared, too, they could do better, but he usually couldn't.

Well, we could get our sheep done by Wednesday noon, all right, then move our equipment and set up the corrals at Reynolds' ranch. But that would give us just three days and a half to do the twenty-five hundred. We'd have to take Sunday afternoon to move across the Basin, ready to start the schedule.

Old Gabe banged his fist on the table. "What you whistlin' at?" he roared. "I done a hundred and forty-eight in one day, didn't I? And I can do it again! There ought to be some amongst you who can keep close to an old man like me!"

"Sure!" Uncle Matt said, and the others nodded, for not a one would let my grandfather down.

Things pepped up from that minute. We could have finished our own sheep in two days, I reckon, but Old Gabe said to save the zip for the big job ahead. And when we moved down to the Reynolds ranch, Wednesday afternoon, things were just like old times—everybody laughing, boast-

**A record, a romance,
and a reconciliation are
the results when Old
Gabe and Quent Jumper
match their skill in a
sheep-shearing contest
that proves them each a
winner**

ing. It was like we'd forgot about Tonnie and Quent Jumper. Like Tonnie herself had forgot, for she was as eager as the rest of us Brightdays.

When we started, Thursday morning, Tonnie and I tied fleeces and tossed them to the sacker. We were kept mighty busy that hot day, for my grandfather pushed himself and everyone else. Even Uncle Little sheared with us, and by night we'd taken almost eight hundred fleeces.

And then, when the moon rose, there was a ring around it, with two stars inside. That meant rain—and you can't shear sheep when their wool is wet.

Old Gabe said, "Leastways, we got two days before the rain strikes!"

"And seventeen hundred left to shear!" put in Tonnie. Then vehemently, right into Old Gabe's face, she cried out, "Oh, why did you ever try such a crazy fool stunt just to prove you'll not take orders from a Jumper? Now you'll show yourself up! You'll—"

"Hush that!" Pop said sternly.

Her face went white. Then she ran away and didn't show up till we were all in our tarpoleons. When she crawled into her blankets, nobody called out, "Good night, Tonnie!" in the old way. It was like we'd lost my sister.

ONCE our pastor preached on the shearing. He said it was a noble art from the days of David and before. I'd always remembered it, because I knew my family could have sheared for King David himself.

The way our menfolks work is sure something to watch. One will reach out and catch a sheep the wranglers have chuted into the pen. Then, with a flip of the forearm, he'll set the creature on its rump, catch the head under his left arm, and grip the body with his legs, while his right hand runs the shears over the sheep's brisket. The fleece, dirty outside, yet so white inside, will fall in one soft mass to the shearer's feet.

The Brightdays sure prodded themselves that second day, for the storm clouds were beginning to gather around the tallest peak. Then, too, we did the merino ewes, and in spite of Old Gabe's pushing, we were slowed down by those wrinkly skins, and we knew it—and Old Gabe seemed to hold it all against Tonnie.

Oh, he was bitter mad at her that day. I could feel his anger like lightning shock, and I felt sorry for my sister.

The rest of us could strip to our waists and catch any breeze that came through. Tonnie had to keep her shirt buttoned to the top button, and if her shirttail got outside her blue jeans, my grandfather would growl, "Fix yourself decent, girl, the way you was raised to!" Said it like she'd lost her good raising by knowing Quent Jumper.

Funny, though, Tonnie didn't get mad back. She'd tuck in her shirttail and grin, and after a while I realized that Tonnie wasn't there, except to handle the fleeces.

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Old Gabe's wether was half sheared when Quent started on his, fumbling.



CRUSADERS AGAINST CANCER

Medical science is fashioning new weapons to fight cancer, but it needs help. There's something each of us can do to combat this deadly scourge

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

THERE is hardly a person in America who has not been affected at some time or other by the tragedy which is cancer. Yet most of us think of cancer as the other fellow's disease. Though we have been told, time and again, that cancer accounts for every eighth death in this country, we still refuse to accept it as a personal menace. Consequently, we do little about it individually. And there is much that we can and should do.

Cancer kills about 160,000 people every year in America. Surely this is something for all of us to think about, and to do something about.

The things we can do are simple: first, make sure that we and the members of our families are examined periodically by a doctor; second, just take one per cent as much interest in defense against cancer as we naturally take in defense against any other menace which we know bids fair to kill one out of every eight of us.

Today there is news in cancer research. This news opens a new chapter of hope for cancer victims—hope born of years of untiring work by a handful of scientists who devote their lives to the study of this greatest of mankind's unsolved ills.

Just as the work of Sigmund Freud opened a new path to the understanding of neuroses and other mental ailments, so today's crusaders against cancer have embarked upon a new path in research which may penetrate the enigma of the disease.

In order to obtain a clearer understanding of what has been achieved by these crusaders, let us review, briefly, the problems with which they were confronted.

Cancer is a growth, malignant because it is not controlled by the natural laws of

the body which govern growth. There are many kinds of cancer, differing widely in appearance and behaviors. Some are external, others internal. Some grow rapidly, some slowly. While there are thousands of known types of cancer (in fact, as many as there are different types of cells in the body), they all have the common trait of *disorderly growth*.

Every cancer begins its life as a single cell or as a tiny group of cells. For reasons unknown, they start to grow independently of the rest of the body tissues. At first this new growth is very small and entirely local; but it does not remain so. As it increases in size it causes trouble. Why? For three reasons: its growth interferes with or crowds near-lying organs; it saps strength from the body because of its persistent parasitic demands upon the system; and as a result of its rapid growth its core decays and discharges poison into the body. Therefore if a cancer is not checked or removed it will prove fatal.

Since it is not caused by a germ or a virus, cancer is neither infectious nor contagious. It is not hereditary, although it has been scientifically proved that a *tendency* toward cancer can be inborn in certain people. The study of identical twins has thrown light on this point. In the majority of cases it was discovered that twins developed the same type of cancer at the same time in the same organ, and usually in the identical part of the same organ. That discovery has afforded scientific research an insight into a vital new field of study.

What causes cancer? Why do some people at certain times inexplicably develop a rampant growth within themselves, dis-

tingly hostile to the functions of their bodies? Why does the body permit such a gross offense against its well-being—and not only permit it but nurture and assist it?

Science is determined to find answers to these questions, and when it does, medical science will have defeated cancer, its arch-enemy.

The most recent important development to come out of research laboratories is an understanding of the relationship between the glandular system and the growth of cancer. This supplies a long-missing link in the comprehension of the disease itself.

The glands of internal secretion, otherwise known as endocrine glands, are organs which primarily control the growth and development of the body, human and animal. The human system is extremely intricate. The fact that the body grows at decreasing rates during the first twenty-odd years of life, and then, though it still consumes the same amount of nutriment, gradually ceases to grow, must be attributed to some extraordinarily well-functioning mechanism. This is basically an endocrine manifestation. Proof is that any disturbance of the endocrine glands results in an upheaval of normal growth. Examples are cases of obesity due to non-functioning of the thyroid glands, deformities due to deficiencies of the parathyroid, and midget or giant stature due to pituitary upsets.

Inasmuch as the endocrine glands are responsible for the growth of the body, they must in some way be connected with the growth of cancer. This is very easy to say—but science had to prove it. Assumption or guesswork wouldn't do. In medical

Laboratory experiments now going forward may mean the next big step in conquering cancer.



Dr. Clarence Little, noted cancer specialist.



research two and two can equal four only after each of the twos has been proved genuine.

Man, mouse, and microscope set to work tying together the evidence at hand, seeking the missing links in the chain of unanswered questions about cancer.

The mouse is best of all laboratory animals for cancer research. Mice have bodily and glandular structures sufficiently similar to those found in men, and can be used in great numbers and most conveniently. The laboratory mouse (a quite different animal from the familiar house or field mouse) has been inbred in various strains for hundreds of generations for use in a single cancer experiment. Mice breed with astonishing rapidity. They are sexually mature when only five weeks old, and the period of gestation is not more than three weeks. It is not unusual for a mother mouse to give birth to a litter of nineteen or more, and while still nursing her young, she can carry a new litter. A mouse one year old is comparable with a human being of forty to forty-five; a two-year-old mouse, to a human of seventy; and at three a mouse is a veritable Methuselah. In her lifetime a female mouse may produce more than a hundred young. Thus the research worker within a short time can have at his disposal unlimited quantities of experimental material, and all of identical hereditary and biological make-up. This is extremely important in studies of inherited tendencies toward cancer, or in observations of biological changes resulting from treatments and tests.

SOME forty years ago the first cancer experiments were made on mice. At that time it was discovered that cancer was not alone a human affliction but was prevalent in all animal, insect, and plant life; though the types of it are different, they all have the established cancer traits. And the cancer discovered in a mouse four decades ago has been transplanted surgically from mouse generation to mouse generation and is still alive today.

The recent promising developments in the study of cancer are the direct results of years of laboratory experiments made on such mice. A striking example is recorded by Dr. Clarence C. Little, managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and director of the Roscoe Jackson Memorial Laboratory. Dr. Little and his associates used three groups of highly inbred mice of different

Mice are ideal subjects for cancer experiments.



PHOTOS FROM CANCER CONTROL SOCIETY AND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Cancer is sometimes detectable by fluoroscope. Early detection makes it much easier to deal with.

strains. The sex glands were removed from half the mice in each of the three groups (which we will designate simply as A, B, and C) when they were only a day or too old. Ordinarily, when sex glands are removed from any young animal, the breast tissues and sex organs remain undeveloped. That is what happened to the A mice. When they died at the ripe old age of two and one half years they showed all the expected results of sex-gland removal.

Not so with the B and C mice. When only a few months old, these began suddenly to develop new breast and sex tissues just like normal mice. Eventually the B mice developed tumors of the breast. The C mice, instead, developed cancers of one or more of the adrenal glands. This was extraordinary, since adrenal cancers are very rare in both mouse and man.

Autopsies gave a clue to what had happened. The adrenals of the A mice had not reacted to the removal of the sex glands and had remained small and normal.

In the B and C mice the adrenals were greatly enlarged and had formed new additional cells; they had taken over the duties of the removed sex glands. The adrenals of the B mice were secreting a substance similar to that secreted in the female sex glands. In the C mice the adrenals were manufacturing a substance like the one secreted in the male sex glands. This induced upset in the glandular balance of the mice had caused certain strains of them to manufacture within themselves a substance which brought about the development of cancer.

These experiments led to important new clues to the why and wherefore of the disease. Most important of these was the linking of the hormones, substances secreted by the endocrine glands, to the problem of cancer. The first experiments in this direction were made two years ago, and it was discovered that cancer of the breast could be induced in certain animals by injecting an oversupply of ovarian

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Caldwell, badly wounded but still on his feet, had plenty of time to aim as Whit leaped toward him.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

CONCLUSION

THE reserves were mobilized by the time Whit returned to John's back room. Pete was there with the sheriff, who had been sufficiently impressed by Pete's F. B. I. credentials to come along and bring his deputy, Strong.

Everyone was busy when Whit arrived. John was making a final examination of the cache he had unearthed from behind the baseboard under his bed—four ugly blued-steel submachine guns; two sawed-off pump guns, and half a dozen revolvers—and the others, Kitty included, sat around a tremendous pile of cartridges on the bed, filling magazine clips with the ammunition.

Whit relayed Jackson's message to Casey. Casey said, "Good."

"How do you figure that?"

"It makes things easier. It means that we'll catch everybody at the ghost town, instead of picking them up in installments."

A shot by Walter Gates precipitates the final showdown in which Casey's forces successfully storm their objective and Whit barely escapes with his life

It will change our plans a little, that's all."

Whit said, "Well, whatever you do, Larson and I will have to start now. It's a long ride. You'd better let us take one of those tommy guns."

"All right, then. Try not to kill anyone if you can help it, but shoot first if you shoot at all. That goes for you too, Larson. Have you a gun?"

"Yep." Larson indicated its position.

Whit sneaked a quick glance at Kitty while Casey was talking. There were lines of strain about her mouth, but she stuck bravely to her work with the cartridge clips. Whit hoped that there would be no more talk of killing until he was out of there.

Casey looked at his beautiful watch.

"The rest of us won't start yet, but we might as well know what we have to do. Pete, you'll catch Gates' message in my room at three o'clock." Casey went on talking as Pete started to object. "You'll have to do it. I know you want to be in at the clean-up, but we've got to know when Gates intends to start operating again, so we can send messages on schedule, and you're the only one besides me who knows how to work the recorder."

"You're the boss," Pete said levelly.

"We won't need any one at the club now, so Strong will pick up Jackson and follow us, and Mrs. Whitney will take a message to Gladys. John and the sheriff will come

with me. Before you and Larson go, Whit, I want every one to hear exactly what we're going to do, so there won't be any slips."

He began to give his final instructions.

WHIT and Larson, in Whit's convertible, pulled up under an oak tree near Hotaling's corral. A light burned in Alex's house. Whit took the newspaper-wrapped tommy gun and the sling of spare cartridge clips from the floor of the car as he and Larson got out.

Alex opened the door, wearing nothing but a suit of long underwear. He said, "Come in, come in. What are you doing here this time of night?"

Whit said, "Anybody around?"

"Jest my stableman. What's the matter?"

"How would you like to help catch the men who killed your mare?"

Alex peered sharply at Whit. "What's that?"

Whit held out the piece of hide cut from the mare's body. "We found her up the river. The man who rented her was a federal agent, and the horse was shot when he was murdered. We're going after the men who killed him, and we need your help."

Alex looked at the strip of hide. His jaw tightened. Whit said, "I'll tell you about it on the way, if you're coming."

"I'll come," Alex said grimly. "Where are we going?"

"The ghost town up the river. We've got to be there by three o'clock."

Alex turned to enter the house. "Go tell my stableman to saddle up. It'll take me about a minute to git me a gun and a pair of pants."

GATES had made his last recording and was beginning to dismantle the recording apparatus when he heard noises. He switched off the light and went to the curtained window to listen. He heard Lorenzo's voice and he turned on the light as footsteps sounded on the steps of the church.

Sammy was grinning when he came into the inner room. Lorenzo followed Sammy, and Caldwell came last. Lorenzo's face, purple and swollen from Larson's beating, was even darker because of his rage.

"Look here, Walter," he said furiously. "What do you mean by sending your gunman after me?"

"I wanted to be sure you came."

The cold blue eyes chilled Lorenzo's anger. He said, "You could have told me why you wanted me, instead of sending this—this—"

He glared at Sammy. Sammy grinned.

Gates paid no more attention to Lorenzo. He said to Caldwell, "We're pulling out tonight, Jess. I've knocked down everything but the recording machine and the transmitter. We'll take the recorder apart now and the transmitter as soon as I send a message. The generator will have to stay."

"Where are we going?"

"Back to the coast. They're too close on our heels here."

Caldwell nodded. He took off his overcoat and dinner jacket, laid them on the cot, rolled up his sleeves.

Gates said, "Sammy, you go take up your lookout. I'll call you when we need you."

Sammy said, "Right," and left the room, grinning insolently at Lorenzo as he went.

There was no more conversation. Gates and Caldwell worked silently. Lorenzo sat on the cot and watched them, and a look of stubborn determination began to replace anger in his bruised face.

CASEY, John, and the sheriff were together in Pete's touring car. Casey and John sat in the back seat, and the sheriff drove. A gunny sack at John's feet clinked

metallically every time the car hit a bump.

The sheriff took his foot from the accelerator as he went around a bend in the highway. The car slowed. When approaching headlights had passed and were around the bend, the sheriff switched off his own lights and turned sharply left at a dim and weather-beaten signpost marking a rutty side road leading toward the river. He pulled ahead until the car was safely away from the main road before he cut the motor. They waited.

Several cars passed on the highway, most of them going toward town. Eventually a pair of fast-moving headlights came into view far down the road toward Reno. The car slowed as it approached the side road, turned off, and bumped over the ruts toward the first car. The sheriff switched his headlights on and off quickly, and the lights of the second car went out as it stopped. Two dark figures got out. The leading figure said cautiously, "Casey?"

"This way," Casey stepped into the road as Jackson and Strong came up.

Jackson said, "Who's here?"

"John and I and the sheriff. This is Harry Jackson, sheriff."

Jackson and the sheriff said hello. Jackson said to Casey, "Is this the clean-up?"

"This is it. There isn't time to go over everything now, but I'll give you the high lights before anything starts. John, break out those guns."

John groped in the gunny sack. There were muffled clinkings from the car while Casey's low voice spoke:

"Strong, you know what to do. If anyone comes down this road to investigate, stop him. Use your badge. If there's trouble, fire a couple of shots to warn us. Give him one of the riot guns, John."

Strong said, "Yes, sir." He took the sawed-off shotgun that John handed him.

"You know your job, sheriff," Casey said. "Remember that timing is what counts."

"Don't worry about me." The sheriff's voice was solid with assurance. "Better let me have one of yore scatter guns so I can watch the bridge, too. It'll be better than a revolver in the dark."

John handed out a second riot-gun. The sheriff tucked it under his arm.

Casey held his watch out and tilted it to the moon, but the light was too dim. He lit a match in the shelter of his coat. The other men watched his face. He blew the match out and said firmly, "Now. Let's go."

The sheriff tramped on the starter, and Casey and Jackson swung up on the running board as the motor started. Deputy Sheriff Strong watched the lightless bulk of the car lumber away into the darkness.

ALEX HOTALING brought Whit and Larson to the tunnel with twenty minutes left to get up on top of the bluff.

It had been a tricky ride in the dark, with only the thin moon and Alex's flashlight to show them the way, and the riders were grateful when at last they reined up at the tunnel mouth.

"Here we are," said Hotaling. "Now what?"

Whit said, "Could anyone get through from the other side?"

"Could, I guess. She's caved in here and there, but she wasn't blocked off last I knew."

"Then your job is to camp right here and wait. If anyone comes out of that tunnel, stop him."

Alex pulled his rifle out of the long holster under his saddle leather and swung to the ground.

"What's to keep me from going through and laying for these hoss killers at the other end?"

"Nothing, if you want to try it."

"I'll try it."

That was all. Alex tied his horse, switched

on the flashlight, and entered the tunnel. Whit and Larson watched the beam of light bob away into the blackness.

Larson said respectfully, "He sure must of loved that mare."

"I guess he did." Whit shifted the tommy gun on his shoulder. "Let's go."

They guided their horses off into the brush.

KITTY waited in the darkness of John's restaurant while Gladys relayed Casey's message to headquarters.

Gladys said into the phone, "Twenty miles west of Reno, on the river. It's about a mile from the highway. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . He couldn't; everything happened too fast. He wants men sent right away to close the roads in case someone gets away, and he wants the man at the ammunition depot arrested immediately. . . . Yes. . . . What time is it now? . . . Then it will start in thirty-five minutes. . . . That's all. Do you want— . . . I'll call you as soon as I get word. . . . I will. Good-by."

The receiver clicked on the hook. Gladys said, "Now we wait. Let's go in back where we can turn on a light."

"No." Kitty's voice had an edge. "I'm going, Gladys. I've got to be there."

"You can't, Kitty. There's only half an hour left and we have no car."

"I'll walk; I'll run; I'll do anything. I've got to go."

Kitty was at the door before Gladys caught her. She struggled to break free. Gladys said sharply, "Stop it. If you're going, I'll have to go with you, but we can't walk. Maybe we can get a car at the garage."

They were lucky. The garage had a car for rent. It was an old coupé, but it was in good condition and it moved along. They roared through Verdi at eighteen minutes of three by Kitty's watch, but then the highway began to climb and curve. Kitty, who was driving, had to slow the car to stay on the road.

After they passed Verdi she began to watch the mileage. She was going by her memory of Casey's instructions to the men, and she knew only that the turn-off was about ten miles out of Verdi and that it would not be well marked. Gladys finally saw the weather-beaten signpost and shouted. Kitty braked the coupé in a scream of skidding tires and yanked it around into the side road. They bumped forward fifty yards and found their way blocked by another car.

The distinct click of a cocked gun hammer sounded from the brush when they stopped. Then the click came again as the hammer was lowered, and Deputy Sheriff Strong stepped into the light.

"Didn't recognize you at first, Mrs. Whitney. You'd better shut those lights off. Who's with you?"

He was never answered.

The first burst of machine-gun fire in the distance sounded muffled. It was followed by louder reports, which were drowned immediately by the heavy chatter of a second machine gun. After that there was sporadic general firing, faint but clear on the still air.

Kitty jumped from the car and ran in the direction of the river.

Strong yelled, "Hey, come back here!" and took two or three steps before he remembered his orders. While he hesitated, Gladys dodged past him and ran after Kitty, calling to her to wait. The sound of gunfire swelled in the distance.

THE first shots were fired by Walter Gates.

Gates and Caldwell had completed the dismantling of the recording apparatus

(Continued on page 64)

Contrary to rumor, Kaufman and Hart, double-witted playwright team, are not Siamese twins. A man who knows them separates the inseparable—and it's fun

BROADWAY columnists are wondering if the next Kaufman-Hart collaboration will involve Miss Gertrude Lawrence. Both playwrights were searching for her a few weeks ago, but could find her in none of her usual haunts. Hart finally tracked her down. "She's leaving for England immediately," he told Kaufman over the long-distance phone. "It is very secret. She wasn't even allowed to say good-by." "What did she say?" inquired Kaufman gently. "Hello?"

The combination of Kaufman and Hart has become as familiar to Americans as ham and eggs. In the theater it is the hallmark of themes so timely, dramatic construction so instinctively perfect, and dialogue so crackling that in their particular field the collaborators are simply beyond competition. One magazine or another is always writing pieces about them. They are wonderful copy; both have said so many funny things that a writer has only to string a lot of them together to convince himself—and his editor—that he has turned out a sparkling and highly original piece of work.



SMITH FROM BLACK STAR

A gloomy Kaufman and sardonic Hart at a rehearsal—could it be one of their plays?

BROADWAY'S DOUBLE-PLAY BOYS

BY BENNETT CERF

Kaufman has been called "the gloomy dean of Broadway wits." He is nervous, short-tempered, abrupt. "I'm never sure," said one famous actress, "whether George is smiling at me or baring his teeth." Moss Hart soon discovered, however, that beneath Kaufman's acidulous manner there beat a heart of purest marshmallow.

Moss Hart himself looks like a benevolent Mephistopheles. His warmth and charm of manner have endeared him to hostesses all over the country. A hundred highly eligible girls have set their caps for him, but when it comes to matrimony, elusive is the word for Mossy. He entered the Stork Club one evening with Miss Jane Doe, a charming actress whom he was squiring extensively at the moment. A knowing wit remarked, "Here comes Moss Hart with the future Jane Doe."

Kaufman and Hart are ideal collaborators, neighbors in Bucks County, Pa., and inseparable companions. For a long time their lives were so closely interwoven that to talk about them separately involved an operation as delicate as the

parting of Siamese twins. In the past couple of years, however, they have gone about some separate affairs of their own. Hart wrote *Lady in the Dark* and *Winged Victory*; Kaufman directed *Doughgirls* and *Over Twenty-One*, and collaborated with J. P. Marquand in a dramatization of *The Late George Apley*. Before the team again enters upon an inevitable future collaboration, let us explore a few of their vagaries.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN is allergic to vegetables, dogs, hats, and typical New York first-night audiences. He favors bright-hued neckwear, snappy bridge and gin rummy games, croquet, and being by himself. He can disappear from crowded cocktail parties and stuffy dinner groups with the speed of a meteor. "He shies at the slightest display of emotion," confides Hart, "as most men flee from smallpox. At our first meeting I was wide-eyed with hero worship; Kaufman recoiled in horror. Later, however, everything worked out fine; we married and had several beautiful children."

Kaufman was born in Pittsburgh in 1889. He traces his ancestry back to Sir Roderick Kaufman, who, he claims, went on the Crusades—as a spy! As a young man, G. S. K. studied law a few months, loathed it, sold hatbands and ribbons on the road for a year, and loathed that even more. He then settled down for a while as a newspaper columnist, under the aegis of Franklin P. Adams, who had been deeply impressed by contributions he had received from G. S. K.

In 1917, Kaufman journeyed to Rochester to act as best man at a wedding. Another member of the bridal party was Beatrice Bakrow. Kaufman married her on the spot. The young couple were short on cash but long on hope, good humor, and friends who, like themselves, were bound for places in a hurry. Kaufman had caught the press agent of a swank metropolitan hotel cadging his material. The hotel made amends by offering the Kaufmans, free of charge, an elegant suite for the first months of their married life.

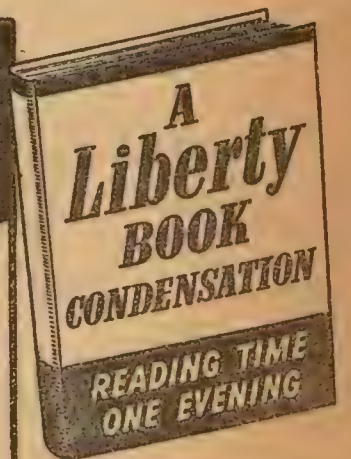
Mrs. Kaufman's introduction to the literary and theatrical set that she now rules in queenly fashion (in those days they were known as the Algonquinites) came when George and Frank Adams took her to a cocktail party, introduced her to numerous persons, and deposited her on a cane-bottomed chair in the corner. The cane bottom collapsed, and the new Mrs. Kaufman found herself im-

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You're Only Human Once

BY GRACE MOORE

The story of a small-town girl with a big-time voice whose indomitable zest for life carried her gaily up the hard path to fame. To vivacious, fun-loving Grace Moore it was a matter of course for Irving Berlin, on a trip to Paris, to sign her to a contract on a tablecloth at Ciro's, and for the doors of the Metropolitan and Hollywood to swing open.



ILLUSTRATED
BY
FREDERICK
CHAPMAN

EVERY prima donna has to write her memoirs. It's part of the tradition. But most prima donnas do it at a ripe old age when no one can say them nay. Then, a woman can be as sentimental as she will about her own day and age, giving scorn and damnation to the present.

The hell with that. It will be a big surprise to me if I ever get old, but if at that time I come around to reminiscing that students unhitched the horses from my carriage and drew me through the streets in triumph—let me, but strictly for home consumption. Now, while I can still wade through my mistakes and while I can still hear the echo of the boys in camp saying "Come on, Grace, come on, encore, encore!" I want to satisfy this peculiar human and prima-donna-ish itch. The praise is in the current record—so is the blame. I've been hot-headed, ambitious, and Irish; lace curtains one day, the curse of the banshees the next.

I started as a star, and having been one now for twenty years, I look back on a fine stretch of time. In it the whole scope of opera has changed. During that period, those two Frankenstein monsters of the Machine Age, the moving pictures and the radio, have in turn first isolated living music from its great public and then returned it to them with a vigor and robustness unprecedented in musical history.

Quite objectively I can look back on the movie, *One Night of Love*, filmed in 1934, and see what it meant in terms of music. It took grand opera to the ends of the world and brought a new public into the opera houses. Here was not only personal triumph. Here was a new lease on life for the music I loved.

When I started I had a natural lyric voice, light but with good warm appeal quality. There's no sense in either false modesty or false pride; a pox on both those insincerities if you want to get anywhere. So, because I

do have tenacity and an unflinching ambition, I can say this or that about my voice, almost as if I sat listening on the outside. It wasn't a great voice then. There may be some who will still say it isn't. But I do have a voice that has made people listen. Even with its imperfections, it has been an instrument of communication, which is, after all, the object of all art. But whatever my voice is, I've gone along with it, and the going has been something.

I was born in Slabtown, Cocke County, Tennessee, in what I fondly like to imagine was a rose-covered little log cabin. My family insists that, picturesque as that may sound, it isn't true. "It was an ordinary modest shingle house," says Father, "the like of which you can find by the millions throughout American small towns. Don't go making it anything else."

But the real background of my childhood was Jellico, Tennessee, in the heart of the lovely Cumberland Mountains. We were four children by then—Martin, the twins, Estel and Emily, and myself. Perhaps I ought to mention here that I was christened Mary Willie Grace.

Working with a single-track purpose, Papa was able,



by the time the family had grown to eight children, to buy the big white Macombe house on Jellico's nicest street. It was the first place that was big enough to house us all, and our first real home.

Everything in my life has been a long way from Jellico, yet everything starts there. I always felt a little apart in my own family and in the town, and I created a terrific imaginary world to sustain me.

The greatest difficulty I had in adjusting myself to Jellico was in my superabundance of what one might call animal spirits. I was a skinny, long-legged, ugly girl, good at sports, much disliked by other girls, but a pal to all the boys in the neighborhood. Emily, my only sister, was lovely and feminine and not energetic. Since the softer side of the family was well represented by Emily, I was able to join with my brothers in the more energetic phases of Jellico life. We roamed the mountains, camped and cooked out during vacation days, and sometimes made our own vacations when it was too lovely outdoors to be tied to a desk inside.

But even when I achieved the limelight of captaining the basketball team, I came a cropper from too much Irish ancestry. We were playing on our home ground and a red-headed girl came with the visiting team. It was a great day for the family, and they had front-row seats to cheer me on. All was going well until the red-headed opponent tripped me up and then violated all laws of basketball and Hoyle by tickling me. I took her by the beautiful head of red hair, she grabbed me by the waist, I pinched, she kicked, I lost my dark blue bloomers, and the game was called off.

Mama and Papa managed to get me home, where they read me the riot act about being a lady. I promised I'd try, but soon afterward I was again a public scandal (and definitely no lady). The circus had come to town, and my brothers and I, playing hooky, set out for the big tent. We were so caught in the aroma of sawdust and

romance that we went to work for the circus for the sum of ten dollars apiece and glory.

Our jobs were wonderful. My brothers were hired to be clowns and I to ride an elephant during the big parade. A razzle-dazzle blonde painted my face, hung a spangled dress on my uncurved length, and squeezed my feet into gaudy shoes with rhinestone heels. I was given the biggest elephant at the head of the parade. Waving a flag in one hand and a horn in the other, through which I boomed at intervals "Follow us for the Big Show starting at one o'clock," we set out. What magnificence! Trumpets blared, the band noisily huffed and puffed at a Sousa march through crowded Main Street, the curbs were lined with everybody I knew. Suddenly I found myself in front of Father's store. Even the elephant was stopped short by the stony look of horror on my father's face as he looked out and saw me.

"My God," he screamed, "it's Grace!"

Not being a man to hesitate when principles are involved, Father flew into the street, reached up and yanked me off the elephant. Once again I had failed to master the A B Cs of proper Jellico behavior.

THERE was no music in my life at this time except our church singing. I loved hymns and dreamed of getting into the church choir. I wanted to sing because singing made me feel alive and happy. But I knew that, to attain recognition in music, I had to study it. I had mentioned the possibility before to Father, but he had dismissed it as a passing interest. I knew he felt it might be wise for me to go to some kind of school until I reached the sedate and ripe age of sixteen, at which time I could marry the beau I had in the offing.

Ward-Belmont College in Nashville had a department for the study of voice, piano, harmony, sight reading, and French, and I suggested to Father that I go there. He agreed, poor man, probably with a silent prayer that all might go well.

My life at Ward-Belmont did not last long. I sneaked out one night, with another girl, to go to a dance at Vanderbilt University. Misfortune again. Here was my nemesis. The next thing I knew I was back home in Jellico.

But Ward-Belmont had not been, as I saw it, a total loss. It convinced me that I wanted a singing career above all else. In the class there I had heard my own voice, for the first time, reaching and prolonging fairly high clear notes. The shock had nearly stunned me. Even though I "prematurely" returned home, I felt that I could, perhaps, sing myself out of the narrow restrictions of my life into a bigger, more generous world. I was determined to try.

War against Germany was declared by President Wilson the day I returned to Jellico. I must admit it was merely a newspaper headline to me then. I started in on the "serious" business of checking up on music schools. I battled Papa with all the persuasion and stubbornness I could muster. Then, because he seemed immovable, I decided to go off by myself to the Wilson-Greene School of Music in Washington. I borrowed the money from a family friend and announced to my family that I was off to the station. Father gave in, returned the borrowed money, and, deciding to put the best face on my departure to save further public display of my difficulties, set out with me for Washington.

I worked hard at the Wilson-Greene School. I absorbed the seven hours of daily study like a thirsty sponge. I liked the girls. Best of all I loved the concerts and theaters to which we went, heavily chaperoned. They opened up a bright, heady world, far from the straitened one of Jellico.

The most important event of my life that year was hearing and meeting Mary Garden for the first time. In Jellico I had swallowed word for word every story the Musical Etude had ever printed about her. When we were taken to hear her at her concert in Washington I was trembling with nervous excitement.

The whole group of girls from the school went backstage to meet Garden after the concert. Face to face with her, no words came from my tightened throat. Impulsively I threw myself on my knees and kissed her hand. She smiled and asked me if I was a young singer.

"Yes," I blurted out, "and you are my goddess." She took the extravagance graciously. Patting my cheek, she looked at me with a long, penetrating glance and said, "We shall meet again one day."

I went home that night with my dreams for a career fortified by a new resolve. I asked for a conference with Mrs. Wilson-Greene and mumbled something of my desire to her. Her answer was a promise that the next season I would be given opportunity to try my wings as the assisting artist on one of the programs which the visiting concert stars gave under her management. I returned to school that fall with one purpose in view—serious preparation for the promised chance on which hinged the door to a definite beginning.

One morning Mrs. Wilson-Greene took me to the National Theater, where I auditioned some songs for Charles Wagner. He agreed to let me be the assisting artist at Giovanni Martinelli's forthcoming appearance. The afternoon finally came. A full house awaited the famous tenor, but the only people aware that this was the biggest moment of my life were the girls from the school, my teachers, and my beau, loyal Fisher Hepburn.

Martinelli sang magnificently, and I can still remember how he looked, as I stood quaking in the wings awaiting my turn. When I crept unsteadily onto the stage that dismal February afternoon and let out my small soprano in the sententious aria *Ritorna vincitor* from *Aida*, it must have seemed like a ludicrous squeak after the soaring Martinelli voice. The next morning when I read the criticisms one paragraph engraved itself on my mind, and the last three words gave me the courage I needed.

"Yesterday," it read, "at the National Theatre a concert was given by a lion and a mouse! The lion was the famous tenor Giovanni Martinelli—the mouse, a young lyric soprano from Tennessee who showed promise."

Mr. and Mrs. Greene, seeing the turn of events and aware of my family's opposition to any thought of a serious career, sent for Father. He came—and there followed a terrific scene. For the first time I openly declared my intentions. Papa was shocked and horrified. How could a Southern girl of any "standing" even dream of going on the STAGE! Eager only to end the whole shameful session, I promised to finish the term and think over my decision during the next summer vacation in Jellico. However, I felt that the promise had been torn from me under duress and I feared that once I was back home the family would beat down my resolve. It was now or never to me, and I determined to break away at once.

One night in the rain I just walked out of the school. I drove to the Poinciana Hotel and registered under the plumes-and-grease-paint name of Genevieve Morena. I locked myself in the tiny room, called Fisher Hepburn, announced my escape, and requested a loan.

BECAUSE I had no idea of how to get around in New York, the plan was that I should wait in Washington while my friend and confidante, Blanche LeGarde, obtained a legitimate release from the school. She would then go ahead to the big city and signal me to follow. One day the call from Blanche came and, with my borrowed three hundred dollars and my courage, I found myself on a train headed for New York.

That first day in New York two people came into my life who remained there through the years. One was Ruth Obre, who met us for luncheon at Schrafft's. She was later to marry three famous husbands, the last, André Dubonnet of the French *apéritif* family. That first typically tourist day also brought Clifton Webb within the scope of my experience. That afternoon, from behind the footlights, he first danced his way into my admiration.

The plan of campaign organized by Blanche and Ruth was that I should set out to look for a job early the next day. Taking their advice, I showed up at the Packard Agency bright and early. I camped there for most of a week. Finally I did get inside the boss's office. He put the inevitable question: what was my experience? I was prepared. Confidently I answered that I had been touring the West Coast in the operetta, *The Lilac Domino*. He answered simply, "That ain't so, for that's our company." After a week of waiting to get in, I now waited to get thrown out. Instead I was permitted to sing. I sang.

"Nice voice, good figure, pretty in a fresh country way," was the laconic verdict. "Take her name," he added to the secretary.

I went out jubilant. I was so encouraged that I wrote my family at once, telling them of my whereabouts and emphasizing my determination to stay in New York and seek a career.

The answer was the appearance of Father, early one morning, storming the bastille of that female hostelry where I was domiciled. There, I made a final compromise. I agreed to try to do only the "classics," such as Shakespeare, since at least these were more ladylike. I promised to apply to David Belasco at once for the leading role in *Romeo and Juliet*.

WITH my first job I found the courage to leave the austerity of the Martha Washington and take a studio with Blanche LeGarde, Ruth Obre and a sculptress named Lilian. That first job, while it was not grand opera, brought food and fun. It all came about one night when we were strolling around Greenwich Village. We walked up the street past the Black Cat. We stopped and looked in. A talkative master of ceremonies was in the process of offering a little vanity case as prize for the winning song sung by any girl in the place. Suddenly Blanche, in a wild-goose mood, dared me to try, virtually pushing me through the entrance onto the floor.

There I stood. There was nothing to do but sing, so I sang Herbert's *Kiss Me Again*. Everything went off splendidly until I reached the last "kiss me, kiss me," when the final "again" was stifled by a young man who stood up with an "I sure will" and kissed me. The Black Cat howled with pleasure. The manager, pleased with the applause, offered me a week's trial as the club's singer, at thirty-five dollars, with dinner and supper and a guaranty of no kisses. He also introduced me to the young man who had helped me bring down the house—and a job: Walter Dean Goldbeck.

Walter Goldbeck was to become one of the best friends I had in those early days in New York and later the first husband of Ruth Obre. Walter, in addition to being a fine painter, was the possessor of an excellent voice. He introduced me to his Italian music teacher who was "good and cheap," he said.

With a job, food guaranteed, and a music teacher, I felt permanently on the way.

I threw myself completely into my vocal studies—which, with Goldbeck's music master, meant shrieking at the top of my lungs for many hours each day. My voice had grown. But something was wrong. I know now that instead of permitting my voice to grow and become enlarged naturally, I was being forced into a terrific vocal fatigue. The result was inevitable. One day, in the middle of a lesson, my throat muscles tightened and I could not sing a note. My teacher was completely unalarmed. Closing the piano, he patted me on the shoulder and advised me to rest for a few days.

Orme Campbell, whom I had known in childhood, offered me a cabin in his Canadian camp for as long as I should need and want it. Before going off I went to see Dr. Marafioti, then the physician for most of the Metropolitan Opera singers. It is often so difficult to point to this person or event and say, "He [or it] wielded the greatest influence in my life." But Dr. Marafioti certainly was a great influence in my life then, and I desperately needed his forceful directing genius. It is unfortunate that because he was the throat doctor at the Metropolitan, he was never taken seriously as a singing teacher.

On my first visit to his office, Dr. Marafioti studied my throat thoroughly and in a casual professional voice said:

"Signorina, you may never sing again. Your future recovery lies in rest and complete silence. Come back to see me in three months and *boco allupo*."

Before I left his office he gave me Jean Christophe to read. "Take that with you," Dr. Marafioti said. "It will give you courage. Music is a hard road."

Today I do what Dr. Marafioti so wisely did to me then—I give Jean Christophe to any young music student who comes to me for advice.

I retired to my Canadian retreat, where for three months

I lived a solitary and silent existence. At the end of that time I returned to New York and Dr. Marafioti. He looked at my throat in silence, then took me to the piano and asked me to repeat after him the Italian words, *Io, ti segui come iride di pace lungo le vie del ciel*. As he played the music, he cautioned me to speak softly, with no effort. From then on we started a daily routine, sometimes twice each day, at the Fifty-ninth Street studio. I never sang, but only recited Italian poetry or the words of songs as the doctor played the musical notes on the piano in varying keys. After three months of this speaking experiment, Dr. Marafioti had me start vocalizing, and then, one day, we began, in a simple, almost speaking voice, the *Ah, quell' amor* aria from *Traviata*.

My throat muscles were growing stronger each day. Finally one day Dr. Marafioti took me by the shoulders and said, "I believe you are safe now. With discretion you can begin your career. I know you need money, and a friend of mine is bringing Mr. F. C. Whitney, who managed *The Chocolate Soldier*, to hear you sing."

Mr. Whitney arrived and signed me for the ingénue lead in the Whitney play *Suite Sixteen*, at seventy-five dollars a week, rehearsals to start at once!

I HAVE always been dogged by the paradox of being a star before I was a beginner. I have had to go through all my apprenticeships in full public view and with top billing. In musical comedy, in opera, in the movies, over the air, I played a lead without preliminary training, outside of singing. In escaping the basic theater approach to these métiers I found myself in an even more complex difficulty: the necessity of working for perfection while being expected to have it.

Suite Sixteen opened in Syracuse. I was not a howling success. It was only when my role called for a bit of sham hanky-panky that I managed to make any impression at all. I lit into my song, *First You Wiggle—Then You Waggle*, with complete abandon. Syracuse responded with thunderous applause. I was surprised and pleased at my success, although a trifle irked that it came from hip-swinging rather than from more solid histrionics.

Our play never really caught on, though, and one Wednesday night we were called together and told that the show would close the following Saturday. I again started the rounds of Broadway booking offices. Each evening I reported to Marafioti's studio for a lesson. The good doctor tried to scrape the wiggle-waggle song off my vocal cords.

Finally I was sent over by a mutual friend to see John Cort, who gave me a singing role in a play called *Just a Minute*, which lasted about that length of time. It was followed by *Up in the Clouds*, which netted me another leading role and some more opportunity to travel. However, this time our travels skirted Broadway closely. We played the subway circuit, and Bob Benchley of *Life* got up to see us. His review was worth a dozen orchids. "There are two young people," he said, "in *Up in the Clouds* who will one day be stars: Grace Moore and Skeets Gallagher."

I first got to Broadway in *Hitchy-Koo*. Jerome Kern gave me his lovely and amusing song, *Oh, Moon of Love*, for my special number in the show. However, neither of us reckoned on Julia Sanderson, star of *Hitchy-Koo* and undoubtedly an estimable woman, but firm in that fine old tradition that would permit no one the possibility of overshadowing her. It constituted a virtual palace revolution for Jerry Kern to wiggle the song out of her reach that day and into mine. I sang the romantic melody about the magic of the moon while eight of the famous golden beauties stood behind me and with dead-pan faces chanted, "What the hell do we care about the moon!" Julia could do nothing about it, and we were one of the hits of the show.

New York opening night, at last. It was not the Metropolitan Opera, but it was the New Amsterdam. I was not the star, but I was the star's understudy and had a song hit of my own to sing. On Thanksgiving Julia Sanderson got indigestion. I was given a chance to replace her for that night and thus made my first starring entrance on Broadway.

After the performance I was introduced to T. Markoe

Robertson, who invited me to go along with him to a supper being given the show girls of *Hitchy-Koo*. It was a fabulous party, my first taste of the big-time show world. The champagne flowed like water; there was a thousand-dollar bill under each plate; the gaiety was electric and high-pitched.

After the *Hitchy-Koo* opening, life became a whirl of wonderful people and new friends. I was often invited into the world of serious musicians. Whether it was at Alma Gluck's or the John McCormacks', there was a magic new world for me of the great names in music. Mischa Levitzki would sit and play Chopin for me. He was melancholy and romantic and we were happy and imagined ourselves in love.

Neysa McMein and Dorothy Parker had a studio on Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, where I first ran into Alec Woolcott, F. P. A., Heywood Brown, Marc Connelly, Bob Benchley, George Kaufman, and Bob Sherwood. They made up the Algonquin Round Table, so called because they all lunched together at the Hotel Algonquin and tore the world apart and put it together again loudly and pungently along with their food. Occasionally F. P. A., who became a great friend, would take me to one of these luncheons. Mostly I would sit back, drinking in every word and swept up in hero worship of these men so much a part of the life of that day.

Those Broadway days in the early '20s were made up of many farewells. From the topmost peanut gallery of the Metropolitan Opera I heard Geraldine Farrar sing her last *Carmen*—a "first" for me, since I had never before been inside that shabby, magnificent plush-and-plumes building.

Caruso's serious illness had begun, and I never did hear him sing at the opera. However, I did get to hear him "in person" in spite of all. Down in the basement of the old Hotel Knickerbocker was a little chiropodist's office belonging to Lilian Blynn. I started going to her because I was music-struck enough to want to get closer to the musical great, even if through a mutual chiropodist. One day I was really rewarded.

"I can't take you now, Miss Moore," said Lilian. "Caruso is coming, and I have an appointment."

"Caruso!" I said, my mouth hanging wide. "Oh, Lilian, please let me hide behind that screen and just get a peek at him."

Lilian was a little skeptical about the ethics, but I finally prevailed. I hunched behind the screen and waited. Soon the great man came in. He seated himself on the chair, took off his shoes and stockings, and then in his wonderful voice, in clear rising golden tones, chanted, "Lily-yan, Lily-yan, feex my leetle toes."

When *Hitchy-Koo* closed I was given a part in the Ned Wayburn review called *Town Gossip*. It had an accordion existence in Boston, both opening and closing there.

I came back to New York, flipped through my bank roll, and decided that with the few hundred dollars on hand from two years of work I was ready to travel.

I TOOK that trip in 1921 long before I could really "afford" it, because that was precisely the time I wanted to take it. With all the money I had in the world I bought a round-trip ticket for a Mediterranean trip lasting thirty-one days each way, with enough stop-offs to cure any fervent Cook's tourist. George Biddle, one of my current fiancés, popped up unexpectedly on that trip because he was determined to put our engagement to the acid test of thirty-one days of cramped shipboard living. George couldn't have picked a better litmus paper. By the time we had reached Marseille, both he and I had been willing on two or three occasions to commit the other to a watery grave and would have done so but for the intercession of kind friends.

After this taste of Mediterranean life, I became incurably hungry for more of it. But I had to return to New York with the cruise in order to go back to work to replenish my funds. The next year found me again across the Atlantic where I wanted to be. This time, however, I headed straight for Paris.

I think that to get under the surface and really appreciate the beauty of any country, one has to go there poor. I was poor, all right, but I was treated to a taste of the

social hospitality of Paris that was doubly surprising when you consider how young and uncelebrated I was.

My social life in Paris started from the very first night I arrived. Frank Crowninshield and Condé Nast came to my *pension* near the Bois de Boulogne to take me to dinner at La Pérouse on the Seine. Elsa Maxwell was there too that night, and after dinner we went to a supper party given by Captain Molyneux.

It was an important party for me, for it was here that I first met not only our host, Edward Molyneux, but Elsie De Wolfe, Cécile Sorel, and Millicent Hearst—persons who were to become an intrinsic part of my life.

I also met my very first duke. He invited me to drive out with him the next morning in his yellow Mercedes so he could show me the sights of Paris. The first morning stretched into a succession of excursions, and each day we would start out, first to St. Cloud for an apéritif on a terrace leading to the Royal Park, and then off to a tour of historical spots. This beautiful idyl ended when I discovered that he had put two of the most vicious police dogs I had ever seen outside my hotel-room door and then installed himself in a room at the corner of the corridor. I called the police and asked them to remove both dogs and duke and sighed as I thought that at least I had gotten quite a bit of sight-seeing done before the duke had gone to the dogs.

IN 1921 Elsa Maxwell and Molyneux opened the first fashionable night club ever started in Paris. Called Les Acacias for the street on which it was located, it was opened with Clifton Webb and Jennie Dolly as the main attractions.

Molyneux created a new gown for Jennie Dolly every night, outdoing himself for the opening with a slinky cloth of gold with the cape covered with real gardenias, which Jennie would pluck and toss out to the men as she danced around with Clifton during the introduction music.

In spite of the gaiety, I led a double life that season in Paris. I lived frugally in my little *pension*, devoting most of my days to work and study. I found this period of Parisian life full of intellectual ferment and inspiration. Diaghileff and his ballet held balletomanes enthralled night after night. There were galleries to visit, and of course there was always the Opera.

My first sortie to the Paris Opera was made in great style with affluent friends who invited me to share the center box in the golden horseshoe. That's why, even as a poor student, I remember the lights and sparkle and elegance. I love that place, with its magnificent staircase, the high-domed ceiling with its blazing chandelier. Opera becomes really grand when sung here. It has an inevitable destiny in this huge place. All the tragedies, the big booming calamities of the opera repertoire, find a fit sounding board in the walls, echoing from the maze of its cellars to the top of its haunted roof.

The freedom, the Rabelaisian merriment, the typically Parisian ability to turn art and sex and living into a bubbling Olympic jest came to a head each year in the Quatre-Arts Ball. On that occasion the whole of the city was turned over to the students. The police heard no wrong, saw no wrong, reported no wrong.

As much a part of the traditions of the ball as the ball itself were the little private dinners given by the various ateliers before the main event. Thanks to Jascha Heifetz, Neysa McMein, Dudley Field Malone, and I not only got to the ball, but to one of these very select little dinners that preceded it.

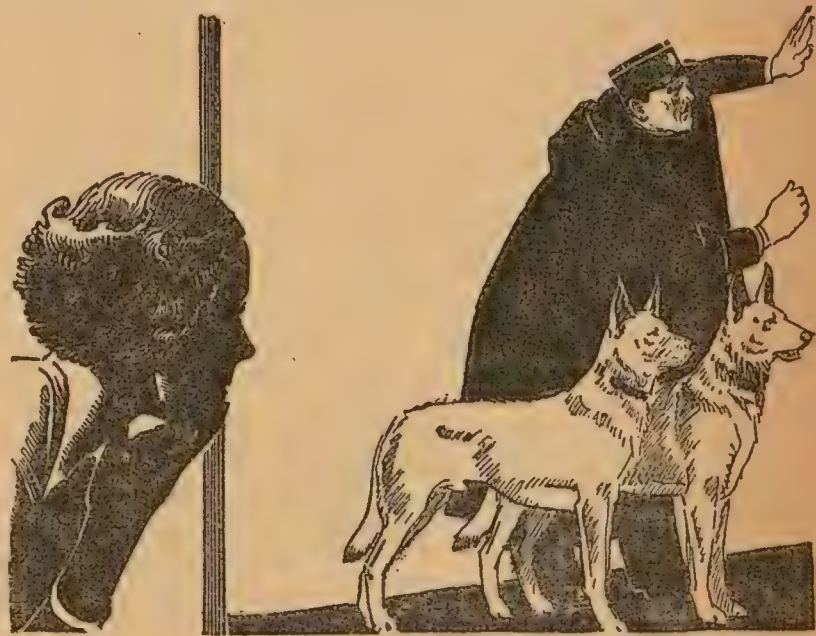
After the dinner, Neysa, Jascha, Dudley, and I went over to the ball proper at Luna Park. Knowing that there were arbitrary rules about the costume, we had dressed accordingly. This particular Quatre-Arts Ball had as its subject Scenes from Old Pompeii, and when we finally got up to our box and looked down below, we saw a fantastic Bohemian world that seemed more like an animated picture from an unexpurgated Lucius Apuleius than a scene out of modern Europe.

Below, the crowd swirled in a mad, riotous display. But it was a pageant of beauty. I saw Sorel hoisted, in the half-nude, on the shoulders of the students to the delight and cheers of the crowd. One costume was more revealing and more irreverent than the next, and the

horseplay there was on a par with pre-reform Minsky's.

Neysa was leaving Paris on the early boat train the next morning, and we managed to get back to the Hôtel Mirabeau about an hour before she had to catch it. In the scramble to get off, we found we couldn't remove the Pompeian brown paint. Neysa finally made her exit from the Mirabeau looking as splotched as if she had a scrofulous disease, wearing two stockings but only one shoe, no hat, and heavily laden with a basket of strawberries and flowers.

One night at a dinner given by Dudley Field Malone, I met Mary Garden again, for the first time since the Washington schoolgirl episode, and she remembered me! She told me I ought to study Louise, inquired about my plans, and promised to arrange an audition at the Comique for me. Albert Wolff was at the piano and played for me himself. I stood by the side of the upright on the empty stage of the Comique and sang *Depuis le jour* from Louise as Mary had advised. When I had finished singing, Wolff looked up at me and said, "My dear, you



have a beautiful voice, but you don't know what you are singing about. Go out and live and then come back and sing it for me, and I will tell you what career you shall have."

My friends were pleased with Wolff's enthusiasm about my voice. Now, they said, if I just kept working hard and followed the routine I had laid out for myself, I would achieve the operatic career which I had so definitely in mind.

However, there was an unexpected detour directed by the state of my diminishing bank balance. The 1923 version of the Music Box Revue was being cast in New York, and I was recommended for the prima-donna lead by Bob Benchley and Hassard Short. Irving Berlin, on a trip to Paris, invited me out to Ciro's for lunch. There, across a glass of red wine, Berlin offered me the role in the show. The contract was signed on the tablecloth in Ciro's—for which the headwaiter insisted that Berlin pay.

MY return to New York for the first Music Box Revue was the drawstring that pulled my whole life into shape. I felt that now I was really going forward: that here was Broadway at its best, and that in being given an opportunity to sing Irving Berlin's simple, lovely songs that suited my voice, I had found the right niche at the right time.

Irving Berlin and I sat up until dawn the night the Revue opened and waited for the morning papers. He read the notices aloud to me, and I remember trembling with excitement and nervous indigestion. When he came to Alec Woolcott's criticism: "... hats were thrown in the air and cheers resounded from one end of Broadway to the other and a new star was born," I broke down and cried.

Is there anything more gala than being a young star with her first taste of success and fame? To my three-room apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street came some of New York's most fascinating people. The first day that Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence landed in America

they were brought to my apartment to tea by Will Stewart. Dorothy Parker, Cole Porter, F. P. A., George Jean Nathan, and Elsie De Wolfe were on hand to greet them. June Walker and Marc Connelly did a tap dance on the two-by-four parquet around the piano, and Bea and Gerty sang a duet, off key.

One night I was asked to sing at a benefit performance, sponsored by Minnie Maddern Fiske, for the S. P. C. A. Bea Lillie appeared too, and it was the first time I realized what an incomparable clown she is. Bob Benchley contributed to the hilarity—and the good cause—with one of the first of his now famous monologues on the sex appeal of the baby. The whole affair, at twelve fifty a seat, was an enormous success, even if Doug Fairbanks didn't come. When I had approached him in advance to buy some tickets, he said that instead of paying twenty-five dollars for two seats it was better to buy a horse and be kind to it!

Early in 1924, at a dinner at Sir William Wiseman's, I sat next to Otto Kahn. I knew that he had been to the Music Box Revue opening and had expressed enthusiastic approval of my voice. Now, at this dinner, we spoke of my operatic ambitions, and with a generosity I shall never forget he said that if I was really serious he would arrange a meeting at the Metropolitan. April 10 at four thirty was the crucial moment. I looked down at my little audience—Mr. Kahn, Gatti-Casazza, Ziegler, Bodanzky, and other directors—and could sense their nervousness and restless inattention. But fortunately, it has always been characteristic of me that the tighter the spot, the more effective the results. I pulled myself together, and singing better than I had sung at any time or place before, I finished that first audition with success.

Everyone was most charming and enthusiastic, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza told me that I had the potentiality of becoming a Farrar, but that I had to work to achieve it. My work began to pile up. There was the routine of the Music Box Revue, constant study, and the persistent undercurrent of my ambition. Soon the strain began to tell. I became nervous, confused, and unhappy. Marafioti thought I ought to try a new "cure" just coming onto the market. So he sent me to a friend of his for psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis was in the early stages of its development, and this man was doing pioneer work in it.

IT SEEMED to me a wacky experience. One day we spoke in Italian, the next in French. He told me many things about myself—some of which were apt, some confusing. I was six women in one, he said, ranging from six to sixty, and would remain like that. He also said that I was happy only if I had someone in love with me or was giving affection—but the answer to that is, who isn't? The doctor finally confessed that he knew me but could not unravel me, and that he himself had psychoanalyzed me to the point where *he* had fallen in love. I now had the new little problem of helping the doctor to pull himself together.

That spring, after his final proposal by cable from Paris, my engagement to George Biddle was publicly announced. George's mother came to New York to visit me and was very gracious about the whole matter. Francis Biddle, our present Attorney General, also called on me. He was charming but outspokenly dubious. Irving Berlin had a business slant on it—box-office sales, he said, had shown a terrific increase since the announcement of my engagement to Biddle. So, with a little of this and a little of that to determine my judgment, I sailed for Paris and George.

That summer in Europe after the first Music Box Revue was a holiday jaunt. I saw my first entire performance of the opera *Louise*, and I was so caught up in the music and spirit of Charpentier's masterpiece that I determined that the singing of *Louise* would be the goal of my operatic ambitions.

Jane Thomas joined us, and we went off to the Lido on my first trip to Venice. George and I were beginning to tiff, but we never came to a real knock-down-and-drag-out decision until Venice—which is, incidentally, as fine a place to end a romance as it is to start one. When George and I parted in Venice I didn't want to leave Europe. I felt that to go back to the Music Box Revue for another year would be disastrous for me. I wanted

to stay on and study. I cabled Sam Harris to release me from my contract. His return cable said that Berlin had written some songs especially for me and that he regretted he would have to hold me to my bargain. So, in a stew of contradictory emotions and ambitions, I returned home.

The second Music Box Revue was staged by John Murray Anderson. Frank Tours, who had been musical conductor of the earlier Revue, was back again. But more than to anything or anybody else in that second Music Box Revue my memory and affection turn to Fanny Brice, with whom my friendship then began.

Fanny was the wife of Nicky Arnstein who was condemned to Sing Sing. Fanny was used to sticking her chin out and grinning; but only those of us who worked with her night after night knew the torture she was going through. She kept the truth from her children and told them their father was in Paris. At Christmas Fanny somehow managed to have a pair of rabbits that the children had specifically requested from their father shipped from Paris. However, when the box was opened, what seemed like millions and millions of rabbits—like an endless chorus line of Rockettes—tumbled out of the crate. The journey had been long and, rabbits being rabbits, nature had taken its course. Daddy, Fanny explained to the children, had been more than generous.

The Music Box Revue was slated to close in Chicago after a brief tour in the spring of 1925. Before we left New York, I decided to approach the Metropolitan for another audition. I had enough money in the bank to begin studying abroad, and I felt that if I didn't do it now, it would be never. Otto Kahn was in Palm Beach,



but I telephoned him and asked if he would be good enough to arrange another hearing. It was done.

I had lived in such high hopes after the first audition that what happened at the second almost crushed me. All that was given me that afternoon, at the conclusion of my songs, was a cordial but firm "Thank you." I was dazed. I waited on a bench inside the Thirty-ninth Street entrance, and when Mr. Ziegler came out I begged for a moment in his office.

Ned Ziegler was very kind to me, firm and candid in his advice. "Your voice," he said bluntly, "has lost color, resonance, and pitch. Probably it comes from singing the same songs night after night. It isn't as good today as it was a year ago."

I could only nod my head at him in agreement. "Why not stay in operetta?" he said. "You have had a sensational success, you are a highly paid singing star on Broadway—surely that in itself is a great career."

I called Otto Kahn on the long-distance telephone and with tear-choked voice told him the result of the audition. He tried to console me, murmured something about it probably being for the best, but I would not listen. Before I hung up I told him that in spite of everything everyone had said, I was definitely leaving Broadway for Europe and study, and that I was willing to wager him one hundred dollars that within two years I should have my Metropolitan Opera contract.

I finished out my contract with the Music Box, deter-

mined to get hold of all the money I could. By a stroke of luck, I met Lilian Rosedale Goodman, who had just written a song she wanted me to sing. That song, *Chérie, je t'aime*, proved a sensational success. I took a contract for two weeks at the Palace Theater in New York, sang my fool head off on *Chérie*, and, with the money I already had saved, came away with a nice tidy sum.

Well, now it was good-bye, Broadway, hello, France. My bridges were burned and the road ahead might lead to no place at all. But at least I was doing what I wanted to do, and that in itself was good.

Not being able to afford to live on the Riviera in the heyday of its winter season, I became a Riviera-ist in the summer, when "no one" went. And because my friends and I had so much fun there out of season, we created in time a season of our own.

My very first taste of the Riviera had come in the cruise made some years earlier. When I quit Broadway, I thought of it at once as an ideal place for inexpensive quiet and study. I had written Mary Garden and she recommended her operatic coach, Richard Barthelemy, who lived in Monte Carlo. Then, knowing my limited finances, she offered the use of her apartment there.

THUS I returned to the Riviera, a bewildered young student who slept each night in the famous Garden gold-and-green bed with a fantastic gold eagle on top and a gold brocade cover, doing my own cooking and washing amid rococo splendor.

Barthelemy started working with me on *Manon*, various songs of the French repertoire, and the French language itself. The usual life of Monte Carlo remained a closed book, and it was to be a long time before I even got near the Casino. What social life I did have was centered around the musical events of Monte Carlo. I remember Yvette Guilbert, particularly, who sang there at sixty. She was ageless and in her person seemed to represent the whole French style.

One night toward the end of the winter my friends, the Louis G. Kaufmans, came to visit me. Ciro's was opening that evening, and they invited me to join them, planning to go on later to the Casino. I had never played the tables and was reluctant at first, but Louis and his wife Daisy, who loved to play roulette, pooh-poohed and insisted. "Maybe," Louis said, "you'll have beginner's luck." He showed me the routine and then lent me a thousand francs with which to play. I was off.

I had a hunch about number five. It's my lucky number, so I played it. It won. I left my money there. It won again. With my heart doing queer swan dives inside of me I simply sat there and repeated five until, in utter nervous exhaustion, I had won 43,000 francs.

The 43,000 francs changed the color of my life. I decided to remain on the Riviera, where my money would go farther than anywhere else. Clutching my ill-gotten though welcome gains, I rented the little pink villa called Villa de Cèdres that stood on the grounds of the famous Hôtel du Cap itself. I wrote Ruth Goldbeck to come down and share the villa and expenses with me, and she accepted.

What a wonderful life we had! You were in paradise—with the rocks from which you could dive, the most magnificent swimming in the world. If you didn't want to swim, you could fish off the rocks instead, or you could rent a car for a nickel and travel along the Grande Corniche, high above the sea, with the snow-covered Maritime Alps towering protectingly in the background. You could stop at one of the little fishermen's wharves and order a succulent bowl of bouillabaisse for fifty cents. We started sending postcards to everybody we knew, telling them that while there was rain in the rest of Europe, here there was sun, swimming, and us. Come one, come all.

Our friends took us at our word. Soon our little colony included Anita Loos and John Emerson; Donald Ogden Stewart, Alec Woollcott, Harpo Marx, F. Scott Fitzgerald and his Zelda, and Charlie MacArthur. Dr. Marafioti came there with his family, and I had the added advantage of a teacher as next-door neighbor. Barthelemy would commute from Monte Carlo for my oper-

atic coaching, and between my study with him and my scales with Marafioti, my life was strenuous and concentrated.

Much of the raciness of these days came from the pixy pranks devised by MacArthur and Fitzgerald. One night the two enticed the orchestra from the Hôtel Provençal over to the Fitzgerald villa for a nightcap. They lured them into a room, gave them a bottle of whisky, and then locked the door. On the other side of the locked door, Fitzgerald and MacArthur propped themselves up with their own bottle in two easy chairs and relaxed for an evening of song.

"Play," they would bellow through the door. "Play and we'll let you out." The men inside played one song, then another. Their captors were insatiable. The music grew weaker and weaker as the poor players waited for the two to tire, retire, and permit them to do likewise. The impromptu command performance lasted until dawn, when the musicians were released with a thank-you-for-a-nice-evening from the boys.

Moranzoni joined our musical colony that summer. Because of his connections with the Chicago Opera, Moranzoni was a close friend of Garden, and I consulted him on the possibilities of arranging an audition with the diva. When Alec Woollcott discovered that an audition was being planned, he cornered me and confessed that he was anxious to meet Garden himself, because a magazine wanted him to do an article on her.

I went to Garden's beautiful villa and I did an aria from *La Bohème*, then an aria from *Juliet*. At her insistence, I sang the aria from *Louise*. She listened carefully and advised me to start studying the role of *Louise* at once and promised to arrange an audition with Masson and Ricou, her friends, who were directors of the Opéra Comique, when I was ready.

Before leaving Garden's villa that day, I broached the subject of Woollcott, whom I described as a brilliant American writer and critic and a renowned raconteur. She had, she said curtly, never heard of him. I pleaded Woollcott's cause, threw in Harpo Marx as an added inducement, and then said good-bye.

A FEW days later I received a call inviting Woollcott, Harpo, Townsend Martin, Moranzoni, and myself to lunch. When the great day came and we were finally in the Presence, Alec, suddenly and surprisingly, became intimidated as I had never seen him before (nor ever after again). Garden, instead of being flattered by the silent worship, was merely bored.

She decided to hold forth at the luncheon table herself, since no one else was doing it. She climaxed the afternoon with one great Garden story. As a young American student she had been permitted to attend every rehearsal at the Comique for a new opera called *Louise*. Eager and ambitious, she studied every word and gesture.

On the night of the third performance she sat in an obscure corner of the theater. There was a long and tedious intermission after the second act. Suddenly Albert Carré, the director of the Comique, was seen dashing through the theater, looking for an American girl called Mary Garden.

"You have to go on as *Louise*," he said. "I've been told you've learned the role." The soprano, he hastened to explain, had laryngitis. They rushed Mary out of her tailored suit and prepared her for the third act.

When the curtain went up she turned and faced the backdrop curtain where the scene of Paris is painted with all the little lights that go on as evening falls, and said to herself, "Mary Garden, this is your moment. Tomorrow Paris will be at your feet!" Then she turned around, faced her audience, and started the great aria, *Depuis le jour*. At the conclusion that Paris audience cheered itself hoarse.

Shivers ran up and down our backs. Alec was pop-eyed with admiration.

"My God," he said, "what a story! What a beginning!" Garden turned and looked at him directly with a fixed stare and said in a charming and insidious way: "But *that*, my dear Mr. Woollcott, is a story which you cannot use in any magazine."

Our little season on the Riviera that year was officially

closed with the farewell dinner we gave for Alec and my beau from Paris, Chato Elizaga.

We decided to give them a farewell Dutch Treat dinner under the stars on the dirt terrace of the now marble-paved and famous Eden Rock. The gala dinner consisted mostly of a Mediterranean platter and Vin Rose, the light red wine of the country. Probably the most original toast of all was proposed by Zelda Fitzgerald. She stood on the table and said, "I have been so touched by all these kind words. But what are words? Nobody has offered our departing heroes any gifts to take with them. I'll start it off." Whereupon she stepped out of her black lace panties and threw them to the two honor guests.

Alec, dear prim soul, was too shocked to make more than a pretense of reaching, and Chato naturally caught the prize. Chato said that he could thank her only by jumping from the highest rock, with the panties clasped close to his breast to protect him from harm. Then, being a man to suit foolish action to word, he jumped. We all dashed down the rocks after him, and soon everybody was in the water, still fully clothed.

Suddenly we saw Alec emerge completely naked out of the shadow of an overcast moon. He walked over to where he had left his straw hat, solemnly put it on his head, lit a cigarette from the case that had been left there, and walked with great dignity up the path to the hotel. We watched with fascinated horror this effect of salt water on the alcoholic content of Vin Rose, loath to remind the puritanical Alec of his embarrassing loss of clothes. We didn't see him again that season. He had departed for Paris by the time we could get the end of the story from the room clerk. Alec, we were told, came up to the desk and with habitual pomposity said in perfect although not overfluent French, "*Donnez-moi la clef.*" Then, *clef* in hand, he vanished to the upper regions and out of our ken, like one of the wee ghosties of his own inimitable tales.

ARMED with Garden's letter to Masson and Ricou at the Comique, recommending an audition, I went to Paris. They were both very kind and enthusiastic, but I was still unprepared as an actress. They said a contract would be waiting for me any time I felt ready for it, but suggested another year of hard work. Later I returned to the Riviera. Then came an unexpected windfall. One day a check arrived in the mail for several thousand dollars for royalties on the song *Chérie, je t'aime*. Feeling that this was "luck" money, I decided to buy a house with it. The house was small and simple, with a wonderful jasmine-planted garden. Even in the rain and mistral I took one look at it and said, "Here's where my money goes." It was called Casa Lauretta, and as time went on and my career progressed, the villa was built up too. The guest room was added with the bonus from One Night of Love, the terrace was enlarged with royalties from Love Me Forever. Some day, when this war is over, I hope to go back to it again.

Settled in my little villa and deeply involved in my studies, I found myself too busy for social life. However, I do remember meeting Marguerite D'Alvarez, the great Peruvian contralto, who fascinated me with her wit. Mary Garden had once brought her to Chicago to sing Delilah. D'Alvarez, in descending the three little steps which tradition puts in the way of every entering Delilah, had slipped and skidded down on her backsides. Whereupon Garden was heard to exclaim in a loud voice, "My Lord, she's making her entrance into the Chicago Opera like Balaam into Jerusalem!"

In the late winter of 1927 I read in the Paris Tribune that Otto Kahn was in Paris. Wanting him to hear me sing again, I went there. He listened, then gave me the encouragement I hoped to hear. "There has been a remarkable improvement," he said. "I am sure Mr. Gatti will want a third audition, and I shall keep my fingers crossed that this third time will work the charm."

I returned to my little villa with my head in the clouds. There waiting for me was a summons from Mr. Gatti to come to Milan for my third audition for the Metropolitan. So on June 12, at the Teatro Lirico, before Gatti-Casazza and the Italian conductors I sang arias from Manon, Bohème, Louise, and Romeo and Juliet. I shall never

forget the moments of waiting after the audition as I paced up and down backstage. I had seen Gatti smile, but not until Bruno Zirato, formerly Caruso's secretary, rushed up to me with the words, "Come down, for we have good news," did I hope to win the tussle.

The next day I signed a contract for the Metropolitan in Mr. Gatti's Milan office for seventy-five dollars a week. Mr. Gatti cautioned me that it was better to remain in Europe for one more year to sing in small opera houses for the experience, but I told him that if I could have the contract to start that year, I would take my chances on it. The contract itself was in my hands before the two-year wager with Mr. Kahn was up.

I had prepared the roles of Juliet, Micaela, Mimi, and Manon in Europe. It was decided that I should make my debut with the least hazardous role of Mimi in La Bohème on the afternoon of February 7, 1928. The first rehearsal was followed by days of endless practice. Finally we had two stage rehearsals. At the orchestra rehearsal the Sunday before the debut, I suddenly realized that it was the very first time I had ever walked on as a performer on any operatic stage. It was too late now to turn back and take that year off in Europe which Mr. Gatti had suggested. I was terrified.

On the day of the debut Rosa Ponselle was the first person to come to the stage door and wish me luck.

As I stood behind the closed door of Rudolph's studio, ready to knock, I prayed. Finally the knock, Rudolph's "Who is there?" and my first "*Scusi*," as Johnson opened the door. As I heard the first sweep of applause from the filled house, a wave of emotion broke over me and deafened me to the sound of the orchestra. Then, of all things, the archetype of feminine disasters occurred and I had to get behind a chair to pull up my slipping garters. In all the nervousness and excitement of that first act my voice only occasionally rose clear, rich and free—and the last high C was flat. However, the second act was sung with spirit, and from the third act on, I began to forget the outside terrors, lost much of my self-consciousness, and voice and acting took on the real character of Mimi.

We took twelve curtain calls, and Beatrice Lillie, Ethel Osborne, Miriam Hopkins, and Jane Draper threw violets to me from a right-hand box. Mother, Father, family and friends surrounded me with tears and laughter, quite oblivious of the grinding newsreel machines. The next morning I awoke to a kind of fame.

ONE of the funniest and most maddening contretemps I ever got into with another artist was at the Metropolitan. My sparring partner was an eminent foreign tenor who came here in a blast of underground publicity about his vanity and instinctive lack of gallantry. When I was told I had to go into La Bohème with him, I protested loudly. But the rehearsals went off splendidly. At the opening performance, however, while I stood backstage, looking through the little peephole with my candle in hand, and awaiting the opening bars of Mimi's music, I saw him take the chair into which I was supposed to faint and push it backstage, so that I should have to do my fainting upstage! Then when I sang the aria he sat smack in front of me so that I couldn't see the conductor.

"I will never sing with him again," I said flatly. "Once of that sort of thing is enough." But my contract called for another performance with the same tenor, and the management persuaded me that what must be must be.

By the time of the second performance of La Bohème the reputation of the Polish tenor had spread throughout the backstage regions of the Metropolitan. Again I watched, this time with fear and apprehension; but lo and behold, as the tenor stooped down as before to shove the chair out of position, I saw that the chair wouldn't move. The stagehands had nailed down every stick of furniture on the set!

It has always been people, not critics, who have made my career. I've had critical acclaim throughout the country and Canada; and European writers have treated me with serious and warm friendliness from my first appearances. In New York, however, praise had been illiberally scattered until I sang Louise, in the opera of that name, at the Metropolitan in 1939.

But back to the year of my debut. The first thing I

discovered was what terrific box-office appeal there was on a concert tour in the name "Metropolitan." When I went on my first trip to Nashville, Tennessee, where I had once been a student, I found thousands of people at the station. "But," I thought as I saw the crowds, "I want a serious career. I don't want just to be a personality." I was too much of a realist not to sense that floating along on such success might be deadly—and short-lived. I determined to extend my experience.

I finished that first season at the Metropolitan, which included a successful debut as Juliet, then spoke to Mr. Gatti about the future. "I'd like to return now," I said to him, "for that year of touring in European opera houses that you suggested in Milan. I think I could use that further experience."

Mr. Gatti gave me his blessing. Now, once again, I sailed for France—but this time as an opera star with a Metropolitan reputation and a taste of musical fame.

I started my commuting tour of Europe in Deauville, where I sang Juliet. From there I went directly to the Opéra Comique in Paris. This was my big European



debut, one which loomed almost as importantly in my mind as the Metropolitan. *La Bohème*, with which I have made my debut in twelve leading opera houses throughout the world, was chosen as my first vehicle. What a joy it has always been to sing at the Comique! I sang better that night than ever before in my life. After the performance a host of friends and newspaper people all rushed to my dressing room with congratulations and huzzas. The whole hallway was lined with flowers. "It's the most successful American debut since Mary Garden," everyone kept repeating.

My second performance of *Romeo and Juliet* was at the Royal Opera House in Liège and was a great improvement over the first Juliet sung in Deauville. After the performance we went on a gay supper party with M. Gaillard and his family and William Martin, the American tenor who had been such a splendid Romeo to my Juliet. They told stories about the artists in the various opera houses.

One of the funniest concerns the baritone house painter who was signed by the Naples Opera Company and told to learn the role of Escamillo in *Carmen*. It took him five months. The fall season arrived, and the management, deciding they would give no *Carmen* that year, instructed the baritone to learn the part of Germont senior in *Traviata* instead. The poor man worked night and day. Finally came the opening. He walked out onto the stage, handsome and dignified as Germont, and started singing, his voice soaring free and beautiful, when suddenly, through confusion, overwork, and the sad fate that always plagues the little man, he broke into the rousing strains of the Toreador song while the music of *Traviata* played on.

And where but in a provincial house could two rival baritones, who had prepared for the same role, take out their rivalry with grand buffoonery? The one who found his contract had been canceled appeared on the stage anyway the night of the performance and sang the

whole role through along with the other baritone!

After Liège I was scheduled to sing at Rouen. Here I had what might be called my first operatic temperamental row. I still think it was not temperamental, but a justified display of temper. I had arrived from Paris for a rehearsal and asked the stage manager who my tenor was. I was told that so far there was none.

"But I want a rehearsal—we were scheduled for one—and I want a tenor," I insisted, since this was my first *Manon*.

At last they unearthed a sleek-headed "type," purported to sing tenor, and we started the rehearsal. *Mon Dieu*, how his voice shook and rattled! With a few definite French words I stamped off the stage. I went to my hotel, had a hot bath, and got into bed. I was called out of it by the opera manager. "Sorry," I explained, "I can't possibly sing my first *Manon* under such conditions," and hung up.

It was in the enchanting old opera house at Bordeaux that I really did sing my first *Manon*. I had flung all my money into a stupendous entourage and had arrived in Bordeaux complete with Hispano-Suiza, Albert the chauffeur, and a French maid. I found my confreres only moderately cordial. But there was a great change in attitude on the day of the dress rehearsal. Such a bowing and scraping and throwing of bouquets! After the performance, I told Georges Thill about the quick-change attitude on the part of the opera personnel. He laughed. "I can tell you," he said, "now that it's all over. Your French maid, Marie, noticed the reserve of the management and artists, and resented it. Finally she whispered into the manager's ear that he ought to treat you with every special consideration because you were the mistress of the richest man in the world."

"What!" I shrieked at Georges.

He nodded his head. "She said your lover was a certain elderly oil magnate who was known to dole out dimes to his caddies but to whom France had every reason to be most grateful."

I hardly knew whether to be mortified or hysterical.

I sailed back to New York for my second season with the Metropolitan, but returned to Europe immediately afterward to continue my tours of provincial houses—to Monte Carlo and the Cannes operas and back to the Opéra Comique. That season a Frenchwoman, Lily Pons, sang at the Cannes Opera House too. It was in America, though, that Lily and I became friends. She is warm, gay, a good comrade, and she and André Kostelanetz are charming hosts in their lovely Connecticut home.

NO OPERA has ever been written that expresses so definitely the life and spirit of a city as does *Louise*. In it is everything that all people have loved about Paris. It has always been a satisfaction to me that I studied every phrase of the opera with Charpentier. He gave me the score to study, and paid me the compliment of saying I was one of the few people he had ever heard who could color the music with the meaning of the word. That was, in part, because I loved the Paris about which I was singing.

Loving it, and having found such happiness and success there, I decided to rent a house. The irrepressible Charles MacArthur had a mild psychological hand in the matter. He had come to Paris with his brother and decided to look me up. The night he arrived I was giving a serious musicale in my apartment at the Astoria. Came a knock at the door. There stood a man in a black-and-white-checked suit, Stetson hat, high yellow button shoes, who opened his coat and flashed a big tin badge at me. "I'm the house detective," he said. "The manager has asked, since you make so much noise, will you please vacate in an hour."

I was outraged. I argued, and my guests—among them the *soignée* Gloria Swanson, who was the rage of Paris—became so frightened they silently stole away. I remained in my room fuming. Later that night I heard the most horrendous groaning in the next room. I decided I'd play tit for tat on the manager. I called down and insisted that something be done about the people next door. The manager came up and opened the room. Out walked Charlie, followed by the "detective"—his brother Arthur!

I decided then and there that what I needed was a house! Furthermore, singers always need houses. Apartments are too confining, and other tenants always complain of the "noise" of music. Thus every bank balance I have ever had has gone into a house, and I will buy one at the drop of a hat. I found and rented a fourteenth-century *pavillon* in Neuilly-sur-Seine with a little bridge that connected it with the apartment house in front. My own *pied-à-terre* in Paris! This was success.

TO anyone who has never been there, Hollywood is the never-never land—out of reach, out of mind. The very name spells fantasy. When I first went there in 1930, I



was all eyes, all ears, all Jellico, Tennessee. But beneath the excitement was a solid wish. I wanted to help carve a niche for good music in the then-developing field of sound pictures. I did eventually—and Hollywood in turn did much for me.

One of the most wonderful things about the films is that no matter where you go you are never a stranger. Hollywood made my face, my voice, my name completely recognizable here, in Europe, throughout the world. I am as susceptible to human vanity as anyone. I plead guilty to secret delight in the simple act of recognition.

Not to be outdone by the heroines of the tales in fan magazines, I went West in 1930 like the Queen of Sheba, riding in my own private railroad car complete with orchids, banana trees, and Bea Lillie. This was going to make good beauty-parlor reading—or else. When I returned East after a year of it, it was or else, with my hopes out of joint and my exaggerated illusions gone. In between were fun, chaos, and a score of good friends who have remained close to me ever since.

It all started with a bit of accidental hand-holding—with L. B. Mayer. I met him in the corridor of the Metropolitan one night. We were to be in the same party. Mr. Mayer happened to sit next to me. As the evening went on I noticed from the corner of my eye that he was watching me more than the stage. As the evening went on, suddenly I realized that Mr. Mayer and I were holding hands. I had somehow connected Mr. Mayer with Hollywood. And Hollywood!—you know how that is. I continued holding hands. At the end of the opera the silence was broken by Mr. Mayer's query: "Could you be at the Metro Studios in New York tomorrow at noon?"

"No," I answered Mr. Mayer cavalierly, "I can't make it at noon. How about five?"

The date was fixed. I went. There was a conference, and at the end I was asked to make a test, singing an aria from *La Bohème*. That test is undoubtedly the funniest bit of film extant. I was pitilessly revealed as a very plump round-faced girl, with the bewildered look of the catch-all in a custard-pie comedy. There was only one bright spark. The voice was clear and brilliantly recorded. Mr. Mayer trusted the voice, skipped the way I looked, and suggested a contract. I signed—promising to reduce to one chin and a modicum of curves. In that contract I insisted on a private railroad car in which to travel from New York to Hollywood.

Then I introduced my voice teacher, Dr. Marafioti, to Mr. Mayer, who offered him a year's contract with M-G-M. Dr. Marafioti and his family preceded me to Hollywood and he is still there, having served as voice and speech teacher to most of Hollywood's outstanding stars.

When I myself was ready to leave the East, I found to my horror I was the only one to go into that private car. In a panic I invited everyone I knew to go West with me. Fortunately Bea Lillie, who had just signed a contract with Twentieth Century, could accept. The coast-to-coast trek began. Midway I had to fulfill a concert engagement. I was awakened at what seemed an unearthly hour by the porter, who told me that the governor of the state was at the depot to greet me, complete with delegation.

From long experience and earlier woe, I knew how necessary it was for me to keep absolutely quiet on any day I was supposed to sing. What to do? I sent regrets, but with malice aforethought said that Lady Peel of London would make a brilliant substitute. Poor Bea! The rest of that day she was put through the grilling kind of sight-seeing tour which only a proud governor could devise. She returned to the quiet of our private car at six o'clock with a fine thirst for revenge.

When I walked onto the stage that night I saw that the governor was still on hand, extending hospitality from his official box to the irrespressible, vengeful Miss Lillie. I went through my program of songs and encores, but the audience was warm and wanted more. Suddenly I became whimsical. I'd sing a song for my little English cousin. I signaled my accompanist to do one which I had never before sung in public, *Go Down to Kew* in *Lilac-Time*. Off I trilled, soaring away, when I happened to look up at the gubernatorial box. There was Bea Lillie, that inimitable mimic, mocking my every gesture, singing silently in a hilarious parody of me on the stage. I stopped short and watched her, my voice breaking midway, as my mouth hung open; and the audience, following my gaze, joined in the frenzy of laughter I could no longer control.

When I recovered my voice I spoke to the astonished audience. "Let me present Miss Beatrice Lillie," I said. "She has been substituting for me all day and she can't get out of the habit. How would you like to have her continue her act on the stage?"

They did—she did—and it was a terrific success.

BY the time we arrived in Hollywood we were a couple of girls who had done very well, what with horseshoes of orchids, banana trees, crates full of oranges, and other tender souvenirs.

My introduction to the movie press followed closely on my arrival. The press came and looked askance. In spite of the orchids and private car, I certainly looked, in a plain sports dress, unlike a family-album Metropolitan diva. Not glamorous by the movie-capital slide rule, nor an old-time beauty either, I was given a very dubious eye.

The story chosen for my first film was based on the life of Jenny Lind. Sydney Franklin was assigned to direct it and coach me in the art of film acting. Unfortunately Franklin found himself held up by one major difficulty in the story of Lind. She had had no sex life. Letters from the Society for Jenny Lind threatened to burn the studio should any shadow be cast upon the beloved memory. The studio backed down on sex, finally made the picture with Wallace Beery for the character part of P. T. Barnum and Reginald Denny as the persistent hero who never tired of trying to thaw out Jenny's heart. They gave it, of all things, the title *A Lady's Morals*.

Only slightly worse than the horrendous title was my acting. Here in me was lodged the great Hollywood fallacy. A name, Grace Moore, had been bought along with the voice that went with it. No one considered that there was a necessary transition to be made from opera stage to grinding cameras. Basic training exists today for incoming stars. It was unheard of 'way back then.

The picture opened at the Capitol Theater in New York, broke no box-office records either high or low, but in spite of me and the title, was so dignified and appealing that when it reached its European market the reaction was good enough for M-G-M to feel that a French version might be profitable.

"But L. B.," I protested, "I speak so little French, and certainly not fluently enough for a movie."

"Don't worry," he reassured me with the sweeping largesse only Hollywood can display. "I'm sending the Jacques Feyders and Yves Mirande over to Arrowhead Springs to join you. You'll be ready for the French version in two weeks."

Needless to say I did not become a fluent French linguist within that time, but M-G-M did do the French version, and I got through it somehow without shame.

The world was not exactly set afire by the Lind picture, but M-G-M, holding an option for another film, continued hopeful and decided to team me with Lawrence Tibbett in *New Moon*. The cast, in addition, boasted Roland Young and Adolphe Menjou, who lived up to his reputation of being Hollywood's best-dressed man by coming onto the set each day in a new dressing gown.

Then I began running into weight trouble. Often L. B. or Thalberg would wander over to the set, look me over, then complain I was getting too plump, contrary to the contract rules which set 135 pounds as absolute tops.

"It's the lighting," I'd say meekly. But as the pounds continued to sneak up and over the fatal mark, Thalberg refused to blame the lighting. "Come up and see my scales," he'd say. I resisted as coyly as if he'd offered me a look at his etchings.

My Hollywood career came to an abrupt end after *New Moon*. Over at Twentieth Century, Bea Lillie was hitting new lows to equal mine. They had taken this top satirical mimic and tried to turn her into Gaby Deslys with a swish. So, agreeing that it had been a great if not glorious adventure all around, Bea and I took our flop together and decided to go home.

A Hollywood bounce, I soon learned, was a diva's nose dive. My picture failure cut disastrous inroads into my career. It removed the golden sheen from my Metropolitan debut and, what was more far-reaching, it took me out of an established category. On the next concert tour I got only half the price offered before I had gone into pictures, although the name "Grace Moore" itself was better known. I found myself with the heartbreaking job of having to make good all over again.

I tried to put Hollywood out of my system. Neurasthenic over my failure there and suddenly terror-stricken over the black shadow it seemed to cast on my future career, I decided to go to Europe and carry out the doctor's orders for a complete change. On that trip I met my husband.

NEYSA McMEIN once said to me, "What are you interested in outside of singing?"

"Love," I answered.

And who isn't? No life is complete without it. The public usually exaggerates the scope and variety of a prima donna's amours. But the unvarnished truth about my love life is that it has always been perfectly normal, happy, and enormously successful.

Everyone expects in a book of memoirs like this a great parade of episodes. But I think that the more extensive a tale you spread of your love life, the duller it gets. I know only this: that whatever happened to me, however brief, had a remarkable way of coloring my life.

I have always felt that much of the happiness in my marriage comes from the accumulation of experience and tastes harvested from all my friends. From this one an interest in art, from that one some literary insight, from the other a nodding acquaintance with political trends and terminology. When I married Valentin Parera, I married a man who could share this background of experience and add to it. And we avoided the disaster that happens to so many professional marriages because we met when the careers of both had already taken direction. Val was the Valentino of Spain, a star and a director for the UFA, and well known on the Continent. Strangely enough he had even been on the Metro lot at the same time I was there, but we had never met.

When I sailed for a vacation in May, 1931, Constance Hope, who was then my secretary, sailed with me. As I wearily mounted the gangplank I turned and said to her, "This career stuff is all right, but I hope something hap-

pens on this trip to take me away from just living for myself."

"If I were you I shouldn't worry," she answered encouragingly. "Something always happens to you." On the upper deck we started playing some kind of lap game the pieces of which fell to the deck and scattered around us. A tall dark handsome man who had been leaning against the railing turned from his brooding and courteously offered to help. Constance, recognizing the accent, said something to him in Spanish. He picked up the game for us and left. I turned to Hope and said, "That's the man I'm going to marry." Cross my heart and hope to die!

ONE day out I became seasick for the first time in my life, and kept to my cabin. In the ship's paper I saw each day some reference to a man named Parera who was apparently having a huge social success. "Good heavens," I said petulantly to Constance, "do you think it is our young man from the top deck?"

Since I had almost recovered from seasickness when the time came for the ship's concert, I was asked to sing and invited to supper afterward. Yes, I agreed, but I made one request: would the commander invite Mr. Parera, too, to be my escort?

Val knew very little about me, I knew as little about him, but there was no doubt about the future. We decided that dawn, before we said good night, that we would be married.

The *Ile de France* was due at Le Havre the following day. The last day aboard ship was spent in merrymaking and good wishes. All our friends were agape at what they called the suddenness, but they were enchanted with Val, and I was enchanted with everybody. The French version of Jenny Lind had just been launched, and I was met at Le Havre by film colleagues and newspapermen who were promptly told about the romance.

Val left the next day for Spain, where he would make his own announcement to his family and clear up various affairs. We had decided to be married at once in the villa at Cannes, by the mayor. We drove off for a honeymoon in Venice in a shower of rice and old shoes, with the usual corny just-married signs on the car in French, English, and Spanish, and the Hollywood touch of a car with newsreel cameramen aloft trailing us as they ground.

Back in Cannes, Val and I set up house and began to taste the life of the Riviera together. Larry and Jane Tibbett came on their honeymoon to the Riviera, and Val and I decided to give them a dinner party. Jane told how they had stopped off in Paris on the way south and gone to some dimly lit club in Montmartre for supper. When the orchestra started to play, Larry, in a kind of skittish happiness, sang along with it. Whereupon a gentleman at the next table leaned over and said, "You ought to study, young man. You can make opera if you try."

We invited all our friends to the Tibbett dinner, including another famous baritone, Titta Ruffo, whom my husband had known in Spain. Ruffo had retired several years earlier, but the night of our dinner party we were playing some *flamenco* records. Presently he was singing the Spanish songs in a voice of wondrous beauty, only slightly dimmed by age. Soon he and Tibbett began vying with each other, and at Ruffo's insistence Tibbett sang the prologue from *Pagliacci*. After he had finished, Ruffo began it. Tibbett, who was just coming into the full fine use of his vocal powers and had sung the *Pagliacci* magnificently, listened with humble admiration to Ruffo, who even with his time-impaired voice sang with all the command and maturity, the finish and style which had made him so famous.

Frances Alda met Larry and Jane Tibbett at a dinner a few years ago in New York and was somewhat curious as to their reception of her after the unjustifiable sarcasm directed against Tibbett in her book. The Tibbetts were polite, charming, and completely noncommittal. Finally Alda could no longer contain herself. "Mrs. Tibbett," she said, "I'm surprised you speak to me after what I wrote about your husband in my book." Jane looked up and in her most socially adept manner (pretty adept it is, too) said, "But I haven't read your book, Madame Alda."

Toward the end of the summer Val and I decided to visit Spain so that I could meet his family. The little celebrity I had gained through being a Metropolitan Opera star and having acted in a few films was completely dimmed by Val's popularity in his own country. He was its idol. It was a wonderful experience not being Grace Moore. Now I was Señora de Parera, and for the first time in my life, deeply and wholly happy.

All of Val's friends in Madrid were eager to show off their beloved city to us. The sensation of Madrid at the time was the young gypsy dancer, Carmen Amaya. I have never heard such ovations for anyone in any theater. She was like a passionate flame, ageless as she had been at twelve, when she had been discovered dancing in the streets of Seville by Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Ronald Colman, and Rex Smith.

Back in New York after the wedding trip, another Metropolitan season awaited, more concerts, work again. Never did either of us have any thought of one or the other abandoning his work. Instead, my marriage gave me a confidence in the future I had never had before. I wanted to sing more than ever. I wanted to sing my fool head off. I really felt like singing because I had something to sing about.

NOT long after our return from Europe I decided to do an operetta, *The Dubarry*. There were a number of things that led to it. I felt that I was at a standstill at the Metropolitan. So when Leo Michel brought Tillie Leblang and her husband with an operetta they wanted me to do, I saw in it a solution to my problem.

The Dubarry opened in Boston, where it was a great success. But such is the lure of Broadway, we gave up the profitable realities in hand to try for the Main Stem. We crowded ourselves into the Cohan Theater—a great mistake, since the costumes and sets were too magnificent and overpowering for the intimacy of that particular house—and got off to a tremendous opening night.

I, who had never gone in for leg art, found myself doing an act in a thin, lacy negligee with underpinnings pretty well displayed. The transition from the opera to the light-hearted music and gay bawdiness of *The Dubarry* took me directly into a medium with mass appeal.

The Dubarry was a happy experience all around, the gay backstage amity of the cast lasting right through to the end. Just about that time Gracie Allen, the radio comedienne, had started a nation-wide "search" for her brother. One night, very near the last *Dubarry* performance, something snapped and, as they say in the trade, everything went black. Count *Dubarry* had a line, "What are you looking for?" which he threw me as I came on the stage. That night as he spoke I stood abstracted and tired in the entrance. "What are you looking for? I asked," came Count *Dubarry*'s persistent question, trying to force my cue. Without thinking I answered, "Why, Gracie Allen's brother." The curtain came down in a fine frenzy of laughing hysteria and stayed there for fifteen minutes until the mirth died down on both sides of the stage.

After *The Dubarry*, I did a short vaudeville engagement. Then I was asked to come to the Hollywood Bowl to sing. My feelings about a Hollywood comeback were mixed. I had had my baptism but was certain I could carve out some success if given a second chance. I dieted all that summer, bought new clothes, and saved the most knockout dress of all for my Bowl appearance. The bait took.

At a party after the concert, given by Jessica and Dick Barthelmess, Irving Thalberg drew me aside for a long talk. He said nothing about the movies, but he sounded pleased and interested. A Mr. Harry Cohn also wanted to meet me. I had never heard of him, nor of Columbia Pictures, and when he abruptly said, "How would you like to make a picture over at Columbia?" it seemed a long chance. I had one dominating ambition at that moment. I wanted to do *The Merry Widow* at M-G-M. I had heard that Thalberg was going to do it with Maurice Chevalier, but as yet had no widow. How I wanted to do that picture! I used every art of persuasion I knew to convince Thalberg that I was his "widow."

He was kind but firm. "We're probably going to sign another singer," he admitted.

Disconsolately I went over to the Columbia studios and signed what was to be the most fortunate contract of my career. Cohn had got hold of something by Dorothy Speare that he thought might do, since it was the story of a musical career. I went into a huddle with the writers, offering suggestions about my own experience in opera. Little scenes like the one showing the books on the stomach to exercise the diaphragm—which actually happened to me in a studio in Milan—gave the story a verisimilitude which any music student would recognize.

Shooting had started when, after only ten days, I was called into Sam Briskin's office. Briskin was very direct. He was unenthusiastic so far, and suggested unceremoniously that maybe it would be better to buy off my contract.

"You can't buy it off for any amount of money," I said flatly to Briskin.

Briskin was as resolved to get rid of me as I was to stay. In one of my wild gestures of helpless rage and defiance (I was fighting, after all, for the very life of my career), I flung out and shattered the office window. I startled the people on the lot down below, but more important, I startled Mr. Briskin, and since Mr. Cohn was not eager to call off the contract, Briskin agreed to stay out of my way for the duration.

Trouble continued about *One Night of Love*. When I wanted to sing *Ciribiribin*, the rights to which had cost Columbia thirty-five hundred dollars, there was an upheaval, happily this time with all the windows intact. Before the picture was finished, even Harry Cohn almost lost confidence. The stories of the front-office rows began to filter through the Hollywood gossip columns. Without investigating, the reporters made mud of my reputation by the end of the picture.

When the picture was previewed in Glendale and received a small ovation, Harry Cohn looked around in surprise. "Maybe," he said when the lights went up, "we have something here, but I'm not sure yet." Hesitant but hopeful, he felt that perhaps he dared try for a Hollywood preview, with all the usual fanfare.

That Hollywood showing of *One Night of Love* was probably the most hectic night of my whole life. The purely professional and representative Hollywood audience rose at the end of the picture and cheered. There were happy tears shared with friends. There were congratulations and prophecies. As Irving Thalberg approached me at the head of the aisle I couldn't resist a malicious dig. "I bet this will top *The Merry Widow*," I said. He answered cagily, "Try and top it yourself."

So here, overnight, I was a movie success: a species of success unlike any other in the world. I came to New York for the opening at the Music Hall. Val had to remain in Hollywood, so Maurice Chevalier and Condé Nast squired me to the theater.

CONDÉ NAST was giving a great party for me that night, at which one of the guests was Charles MacArthur, back at his old tricks. He locked me in the men's room while Condé and his guests frantically searched for the star who was supposed to be on the receiving line. I was rescued in a state of acute embarrassment.

I wanted to quit Hollywood after *One Night of Love*. I had accomplished my ambition. I had scored a success and put opera music on the screen. But the studio wanted to top this achievement. I was cast in a gangster picture with Leo Carrillo, who listened to records of my singing from an ornate golden bathtub, and presumably was softened. Since most of the first act of *La Bohème* was included I didn't consider it a total washout, but the music was certainly yanked into it with a heavy hand.

I did a few other pictures, one with Cary Grant, the handsomest star in Hollywood, in which I sang *Minnie the Moocher*. It took me two days to get up the courage to "swing it," and with Cary at the piano I found it great fun when I really got going.

The beginning of the end in Hollywood was *The King Steps Out*, a story based on the life of Elizabeth of Austria. The great action scene came when I had to milk a cow, singing at the same time, and I wondered

if Von Sternberg had ever analyzed the difficulties of hitting high Bs and high Cs while trying to hit a milk pail too.

I had to get away from Hollywood after that picture. Movie reporters who had got wind of the cow incident asked what it was all about. I told them I had served my term in Hollywood; that, after all, milking was something a bit out of my line, especially when synchronized with singing.

The story spread so widely among my friends that when I went to Europe for a vacation they sent me, instead of the usual flowers and books, gifts of livestock, including a little pink pig. At the pier to see me off was a movie-star cow, all glamorously made up by Elizabeth Arden. Elsa Maxwell, who sailed with us, was so amused by the story that she announced a barnyard party to get back to the earth.

When the picture was released, all that was left of the cow was the hind end. Imagine—only the swish of a tail after a million dollars' worth of publicity!

LIKE the queen in the story who ate too many tarts, I had had my fill of canned goodies. Val and I had set off on a vacation in the spring of 1936 to have our look at a world that was soon to be no more. My manager advised me, while abroad, to embark on a European concert tour for which, by cable and wire, there had been a great demand.

La Bohème in Budapest was first on the schedule and we arrived in this dream city on the Danube early in May. Then we were off to Denmark. We arrived in Copenhagen at six thirty one morning. Even at that hour there were several hundred people and reporters and photographers on hand to greet us.

I was due to make two appearances in Copenhagen, one a concert at the great Forum Concert Hall, which, my manager told me, had been sold out in four hours; the other a command performance of La Bohème at the Royal Opera, which had been sold out in forty minutes.

The first half of the Forum program was devoted to serious music, the second half to request songs and simple American numbers. As was true everywhere since I had become known through the movies, there was a snapping of audience tension after the first notes were sung, when they discovered I really had a voice that could carry without a microphone.

I had told the press I loved chicken and was writing a cookbook and wanted Danish recipes. To my intense delight I received an enormous carton holding twelve little dressed chickens, their legs tied with pink ribbons and with roses tucked where the necks used to be. Enclosed with them was a recipe for each chicken.

Ruth Bryan Owen decided that the only place they should be cooked was the American Legation. Consequently she arranged a charming dinner party in our honor there. When Madame Minister made a kindly little speech of welcome to Val and me, I remembered a story about her father in Jellico, Tennessee. William Jennings Bryan had come campaigning through the South and had stopped off in Jellico as a guest in our home. Bryan had taken a great fancy to me. I sang two little hymns for him in the family parlor in my small piping eight-year-old voice. He was going up to Williamsburg, Kentucky, and Father decided to go along and take me with him. On the stage with all the dignitaries, I sat in the place of honor—on William Jennings Bryan's knee. Then he asked if I wouldn't like to sing a song for the audience before his speech. I sang the hymn, I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, which Mr. Bryan later told me, in his big jovial way, had been entirely appropriate to his campaign speech.

At the rehearsal for La Bohème I discovered that all the cast were Danish, and I was delighted at the chance to rehearse, because hearing Rudolph sung in Danish was like listening to Chinese. After the second act of the performance, still wearing my costume and black wig wrapped in tulle, I was taken to the royal box to be presented to their majesties, the first time in ten years, I was told, that this had been done. As I curtsied, the King presented me with a bouquet of red and white

roses which he said he had gathered himself from his own greenhouse.

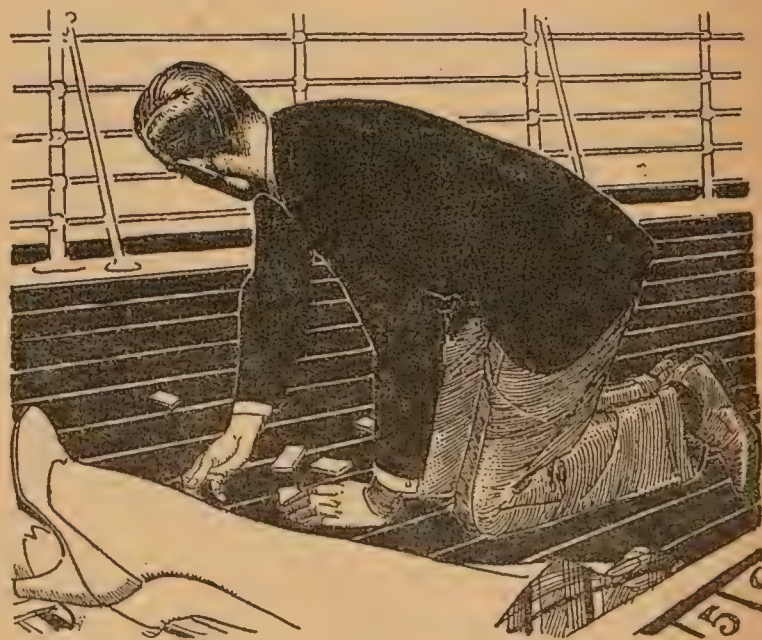
We left for Oslo in the middle of May, traveling through the most beautiful country of pine forests, lakes, little islands and waterfalls.

Recently I heard a story about the Concert Hall in Oslo which brought back my reactions to the firmly steadfast, quietly democratic Norwegian people as I remembered them. The State Opera of Berlin came to Oslo after the German invasion, to give a Wagnerian operatic performance. The public was ordered to buy out the tickets, with which dictum it complied, but when the curtain rose the only people out front were a scant two dozen Germans.

Stockholm next. The manager of the Stockholm concert had written that anticipation was high in that city and asked me if I had any request to make. In jest I wrote, "I hope that the country of Jenny Lind will provide a carriage and four white horses to drive me to the hotel." I never thought further about that romantic nonsense. But when our train arrived we found a carriage waiting at the station with four black horses because, as the manager apologetically (!) explained, there were no white ones to be found.

At the hotel the windows of our apartment opened out on a square which was filled with glee-club singers from the Stockholm colleges. They called "Grace, Grace!" and urged me to come out and sing. There was a tiny roof jutting out from our window. With Val hanging to the tail of my tailored suit, I stood on that little roof, waved to them as they sang their song, and answered with a chorus of One Night of Love. It was about ten o'clock, but they refused to go home, and I stayed out as long as I could.

I had a brief romantic flurry two nights before the last Stockholm concert, at a dinner given by the Swedish-American Society at which Prince Carl, Sr., the King's brother, presided. Prince Carl, Jr., was a very tall, dashing, and romantic blond who was my partner at dinner, and I'm afraid I paid very little attention to the eight hundred other people who were there, although I did make a speech when I was presented with a beautiful Orrefors glass vase inscribed to me from my Swedish friends. The speech made, and the brilliantly decorated ballroom set for dancing, I danced every dance with the



handsome young prince, returning after each one to Val's sotto-voce teasing and joshing. I knew the prince was engaged to a very charming woman, and I certainly was very much married, but I must admit the whole thing had a Cinderella-at-the-ball excitement, and my Jellico, Tennessee, heart went pitapat.

The second concert was held on our last night in Stockholm. The Swedish custom of kicking you from behind onto the stage for good luck was carried out, to my ignorant astonishment of the why and wherefore, by Gertrud Wettergren, Sweden's famous mezzo-soprano. After the performance she and her husband gave a supper for us and the Swedish artists in the basement of the

famous Golden Pheasant Restaurant. It looked like a Gothic vaulted cave. We sat for hours telling lighthearted jokes and exchanging backstage stories, as artists love to do when they get together.

The next concert was scheduled for Amsterdam, where I was to have the good fortune of singing with an orchestra conducted by Mengelberg. I must admit I had grown a little tired of audiences everywhere calling for *One Night of Love* and *Ciribiribin*. It took a great musician like Mengelberg to restore my slant on that little theme song.

He had invited me to drive out to his home in the country the day before the concert, to go over the requests which had come in for the program. *Ciribiribin*, said one. *Ciribiribin*, said another. *Ciribiribin*, over and over again.

Mengelberg looked at me very seriously. "I do not understand," he said. "What master is it that wrote this *Ciribiribin*? I never have come across it."

Rather shamefacedly, I explained it was a little Italian folk song which I had sung in a film. Taking pencil and paper, I indicated the music to him quickly. The requests left no doubt that it would have to be sung if the audience were to be satisfied, and he shrugged resignedly.

"But," I insisted, "I won't sing it with the orchestra. It is much too modest a song to sing with such an imposing array of musicians."

Thus I sang it at first for that Amsterdam audience, with piano alone. The applause was terrific. I looked at Mengelberg. He indicated that I should repeat it. As I did, various members of the orchestra picked it up—first a violin, softly, then a flute, then a cello, until I finished with a rather disjointed but enthusiastic *sinfonietta*. After it was all over Mengelberg said to me, "Regardless of who wrote that little song, where it came from, or whatever qualities it may have as a musical composition, if you in singing it can make an audience so happy, sing it until you die."

THE proposed trip to London's Covent Garden loomed momentarily in my mind. We arrived on a cold dismal day, but there was nothing gloomy about the official welcome. We stepped off the train into a cheering multitude of thousands of people. Suddenly I had a great sensation of real fear. I realized what this one picture had done, was doing, and could further do to my life. I could only hope somehow that the fact that I was an established opera star instead of an overexploited cinema star would be remembered.

Toscanini arrived in London at the same time I did from Dover and slipped into town quietly behind the wave of excitement over the welcome given a Hollywood celebrity. When I saw him later at luncheon, he expressed delight and amusement over the incident. It had given him a chance to go about his business quietly.

The traditions of Covent Garden were hallowed and glorious. Given a fair chance, I felt that I could face them. The nervous strain which gripped me was not frightening. I had been through it before. With the first "*Scusi*," I felt my voice ring clear and strong. There was no applause to interrupt that entrance, for which I was grateful, and I only realized how taut I was as I found it difficult to relax. After the aria there was a handful of scattered applause, which was hissed by the rest of the audience. I was confused, for it had gone well; and surprised, with a sudden feeling of failure.

As soon as the curtain came down I dashed from the stage to my dressing room, locked the door, and burst into tears. I was indisputably a failure. Val finally got me to open the door and literally pulled me out to the stage. I could hardly believe my ears as I listened to the most uproarious ovation I had ever received.

Later in my dressing room Geoffrey Tovey explained that there was never any applause during a performance at Covent Garden, which he thought I had known. After the performance Val and I were pushed into the car and we drove off to a supper party being given at Claridge's. There were place cards at our table for the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Simpson, and the two came in a short time after we arrived.

Mrs. Simpson told me how happy she was that an

American girl should receive such an overwhelming ovation in London. The affection between the prince and Mrs. Simpson was immediately apparent. It was an honest, direct relationship, and one could not help respecting it. My loyalty to them was later to involve me in a contretemps with the American press which I, however, never regretted. Singing at a Saturday-afternoon concert in Cannes in 1937, I was told the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were occupying a box. I walked onto the stage, made my usual curtsy to them and the audience, and heard an unaccountable buzz in the audience which



I overlooked. I sailed for home directly afterward, and not until I found a telegram waiting for me at Quarantine which warned me to prepare for an avalanche of newspapermen "as per Windsor story" did the slightest hint of disturbance occur to me.

Emily Coleman of Newsweek took me aside and explained that the hubbub concerned the curtsy to the duchess. Well, my curtsy was really for the duke, but nobody backstage had told me he was unable to be present. I returned to the stateroom and told them to fire their questions. Why, they all wanted to know, had I curtsied? I replied, "It seems to me the duchess is due the same courtesy any other woman in her position would get. Anyway, she had courage and the ability to make one man happy, which is more than most women can do."

During the summer of 1938, when we dined with the duke and duchess in their Riviera villa, she said, "I want very much to thank you for your gallantry. Always remember that I am very grateful."

There was a happy surprise connected with the last performance of that London engagement. Our friend Noel Coward showed up, having just returned from India, flying all the way so he could arrive on time. In the surprise and delight of seeing him in a stage box, I did a "double-take" and missed a note. He dragged us off to his house in Kent for a perfectly charming, typically English week-end. Noel, in the rural confines of his farm, where fat white sheep grazed contentedly in the meadows, or proudly presiding at the head of the luncheon table, where he dished up vegetables grown in his own gardens and cooked under his own supervision, was a different Noel from the blasé, nimble-witted, brittle young man his public knew, and whom we had taken for granted.

Announcement was made that the King and Queen were to attend my last performance as Mimi that year. Unfortunately King George was taken ill, but I shall always be grateful for the graciousness of Queen Mary, who came to the performance alone. When the last curtain call was taken and the members of her party had retired to the rear of the box, the Queen stood there alone and smiled to me across the footlights. The whole audience stood quietly watching that silent interchange and must have felt as I did about the chivalry of this intrepid woman.

I had felt the sense of rushing climax all the time I was in Europe during 1937 and early 1938. French movie producers were making a film of the opera *Louise* and

I was asked to take the name role. I was delighted. The film was made at Joinville, directly outside of Paris, but because there was no studio at Joinville where the opera could be recorded, we repaired to the Salle Pleyel for that part of the work. It was definitely experimental and we all had to learn to master the peculiarities of the situation. For one thing, we recorded over a system that could give us a playback only over telephone wires, and the sound which seemed impeccable at the Pleyel came back less perfect at the inadequately wired movie houses.

Everyone, from the least touted technical man, knew each note of the music and was completely *au courant* of the story. I had practiced long hours with Madame Cohen, one of the great diction teachers of France, to work up enough speed to give my French the fluency which the other members of the cast came by naturally. Everybody understood the problem and co-operated with me on it. I was so happy and ambitious for this film—the first opera to come to the screen—that nothing seemed too difficult.

The near-tragedy of making that film was that right in the middle of its production war clouds hung heaviest over Europe. Partial mobilization started the very morning we sat in a Montmartre theater, around the corner from Charpentier's house, listening to the sound track. Outside we heard the tramp of feet and the raucous voices of newsboys crying the order of mobilization.

We rushed away from Montmartre to Joinville, driving through the fog and mist that had set over Paris, with great foreboding. At Joinville we called the company together, and I told them that although the American Embassy had suggested that all Americans return home, I was ready to go through with the film if they were. The film went on. Day by day, soundmen, cameramen, story men were called to the colors. We knew that our wish to make Louise into a great film stood little chance of consummation. Too many things were missing, too many technical factors awry.

AFTER the picture was finished Val and I took the express to Poland to fulfill a concert engagement, going through Berlin, where we had our Sunday New York Times taken from us as *verboten* reading. We arrived in Warsaw, where we were met by our ambassador, Tony Biddle. Going to the concert hall, I found the streets lined with people who had come down from the mountains and stood there, in the chilly autumn drizzle, in their high fur hats, sheep-lined coats, heavy boots, looking at me fixedly without a smile, as if I were some strange apparition. It gave me quite a jolt. When I came onto the stage I noticed that the house was packed, all the boxes and pit filled with uniformed men and bejeweled and glittering women, while up in the balcony sat the silent, unsmiling peasantry.

There was trifling applause as I appeared, always disturbing for an American in a foreign country, especially during that particular time, when applause for you was also an expression of how the people of the country felt about your native land and its diplomatic policies. But I was overwhelmed after the *L'Amere* aria from Mozart with a tremendous burst of approval. Making my exit from the stage, I found the manager mopping his brow.

"But I don't understand this audience," I told him. "This kind of applause is usually saved for the end of the entire program."

"Oh," he answered, "I didn't want to tell you before the concert, but these people thought you couldn't sing without a horn. That's how they picture a microphone—as the horn on His Master's Voice. They're applauding you wildly out there because they're relieved they hadn't spent their money for nothing."

In Warsaw I was certain the concert tour would be canceled. Mobilization was going apace everywhere. It seemed as if I were perched on the edge of a volcano. No one, I felt, had any heart for music.

"Not at all. People want and need music," my managers replied. "Your concerts are sold out. You must fulfill them." The night of the concert in Bucharest I faced the most unconventional and implausible audience I had ever encountered. Even after I had started my first

group of songs, people kept filing in and out of the aisles, standing on their seats to peer through opera glasses at me and at friends across the hall, waving frantically and joyously and often audibly to one another. Then, in the middle of one of the loveliest of the Debussy songs, a pretty blonde six-year-old walked directly onto the stage from the audience and calmly handed me a bouquet of orchids. I stopped the song, accepted the flowers, then asked the audience if they minded if I started over again! There was an answering burble—no, no, no one minded, if I didn't.

The second half of the printed program was tossed overboard at the insistent request for the song hits of my films. The photographer wanted a whole series of shots of the audience and me posing together. I was completely baffled. But everybody was so cordial and enthusiastic, and they were so obviously having a good time and wanting me to have a good time too, that I gave up the struggle with tradition and took them as they were. I had a feeling that these voluptuously beautiful women, with their fabulous jewels, and these Graustarkian officers would just as soon have the concert go on forever, it was all so pleasant, and all I had to do was stand up there and sing the songs they like best.

FROM Bucharest, I went to fulfill an engagement to sing Louise at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Mary Garden was there for the performance, and I had several days in which to rehearse with her. It was wonderful rehearsing with Garden, because she never dictated what *she* thought should be done with a role. She permitted you to find out for yourself what the character was all about. Her criticisms were always constructive, rather than destructive. She had a mellow approach to teaching.

This was my first Louise of the winter season at the Comique (up until that time I hadn't yet sung it at the Metropolitan). Because of all the publicity which the French press had given the filming of Louise, the Comique performance took on the air of an event. We had had our dress rehearsal the day before, when M. Thill did not show up because he was indisposed and M. Pernet could not show up because he had a quarrel with his *petite amie*. They put substitutes into the rehearsal, and I was assured that both M. Thill and M. Pernet would have recovered by curtain time the next night.

When the curtain did go up and I looked toward the little window of Julian's studio, it was with a slight sense of shock that I realized they had put in a new tenor, Raoul Jobin, now of the Met. Tenors are always disappearing in Louise. I've learned to sing my passion across an operatic window sill to any face I see there. After the first jolt, everything went off very well. But when the door opened for the music of the father, there walked in a great big fat father whom I had never seen across footlights before. I wondered what would happen trying to get through with two artists with whom I had never rehearsed—but I need not have worried. So well trained are the Comique people, they were able to take this kind of emergency in their stride, and by their very ease produced a parallel ease in me.

Mary Garden had insisted that I sing the third act aria close to Julian as a love song to him, and thus as a love song to Paris too. During this particular performance, I took Mary's rehearsal advice and, coming close to Julian, sang directly to him as I felt. The whole performance had seemed especially intense, like a last desperate reach for comfort in the midst of a war scare. Now the aria was almost like a patriotic song, removed from anything synthetic or operatic.

My feeling must have gone across the footlights, for at the end of it there was a tremendous burst of applause so prolonged that at the insistence of the conductor I did the rare thing—I repeated the aria, again to enthusiastic applause. To me it is one of my lasting gratitudes that as an American in Paris I was part of the fervid farewell to Louise.

When later, out at sea, we all sat around the radio and listened to Chamberlain's declaration of war, I remembered that night,

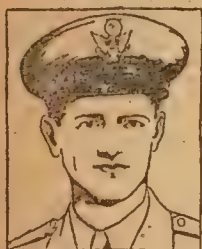
Jusqu'au jour. Louise—au 'voir.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

CAPTAIN ROWAN T. THOMAS, a lad from Mississippi, has written **Born in Battle**, another saga of the American Air Forces, this one being about a bomber command, the one that ended up being the 513th Bombardment Squadron.



Rowan T. Thomas

Captain Thomas is a pilot who began to fly before the war started and who has flown about 200,000 miles since. He has seen action, or at least has flown in just about every theater of war, excepting the Philippines and the East Indies. He is modest, brave, observant and has a knack for writing in the pleasant, leisurely way that good Southern conversationalists talk.

His book reflects all that. It is as neighborly as a chat with the boy next door who has returned home and is willing to talk of his adventures. Plentifully spiced with action, it is a wonderful travelogue about the world at war.

This is what the average young American thinks of being stuck in the heat and dust of a flying field at Karachi, India—of what he thinks of Tel Aviv, of his first look at the Holy Land, of Algiers, of how the speed of his ships has taught him to discount distance.

It is a pretty good look, too, into the minds of the men who have now been fighting for a long time, into what a highly specialized group thinks of war and its own chances after the war.

In the meantime they are doing their best: living, fighting, winning—and their best is reflected here, in a grand book that reads almost like a letter from front to home.

Published by John C. Winston Co., Phila. Price, \$3.

BOOT, by Corporal Gilbert P. Bailey of the U. S. Marine Corps (reserve) is one of the treasures of the war. In prose and picture it tell the story of the ordeal that is known as "boot camp"—the place to which would-be members of the famous corps repair to learn the rudiments of their calling.



Gilbert P. Bailey

Corporal Bailey doesn't pull his punches when he tells you how tough it is. (Why should he? Boot camp never pulled any showing him.) But this turns out to be a streamlined Private Hargrove, a humorous sleeper that I hope gets the play it deserves because it packs both laughs and wallops.

Published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. Price, \$2.50.

FOR the non-bedside book of the year I nominate **Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural**, edited by **Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser**. It contains more than a thousand pages of chill, eerie stories guaranteed to keep you awake far into the night—and dream-troubled if and when you do get to sleep.

The stories range from the fanciful *The Sailor Boy's Tale of Isak Dinesen* to the outright horrible of Faulkner's *A Rose for Emily* (which I consider the prize grisly tale of all time). There are a couple of others, like Hemingway's *The Killers*, which have been around lately in other anthologies, but most of them (two score or more) have been little known for a long time. And the editors have shown both a wide range of knowledge and careful discrimination in their choice. No stories with tricky or "easy" endings are included and none that strain at the climax.

The collection constitutes the world's basic horror reader—the perfect chill book of our times.

Published by Random House, N. Y. Price, \$2.95.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 This spirit is low in the land
- 7 To remove these jungle creatures from trees, shoot their tails off
- 14 Its new motto: Dog of a capitalist, appease him!
- 15 It takes a Hawkshaw to answer this one
- 16 It's me, folks, and I got in the back way
- 17 'Otspot
- 18 Four Yank fliers met four Japs, then there were these
- 19 FBI'ski (abbr.)
- 20 Ashcan sinatra
- 22 Scpranos in pants
- 24 Man with ink in blood
- 25 Lowdown joint
- 27 Food is better under this than over it
- 29 Own, Scotch fashion
- 30 Gives a good licking before closing up
- 32 Lawyer's thingum
- 33 A Hellzapopper
- 35 Ex-toothpaste salesman, now in the gas business
- 37 Dehydratedest
- 38 A bottle of gin, a few noisy people, followed by a lot of headaches (pl.)
- 41 This has more points than rationing
- 42 The first handkerchief
- 43 The force you kiss your wife by
- 44 Upend
- 45 Tearjerker
- 46 Pertaining to the windy Greek god
- 50 Mr. Yutang
- 51 Gave an eye for an eye, etc.
- 54 The number of good Nazis at last count
- 55 Men, Girls! (abbr.)
- 56 This is real summery

- 58 It's sunk once a day in Japanese headquarters (abbr.)
- 59 Inimitable Horse Scents (abbr.)
- 61 What dutiful husbands do to holes in socks
- 62 Aquatic birdshot
- 64 Tain't ain't
- 65 Fancy wages
- 67 Folks steel for a living here
- 69 Glorified goons and loons and gutter Napoleons
- 70 Fly catcher

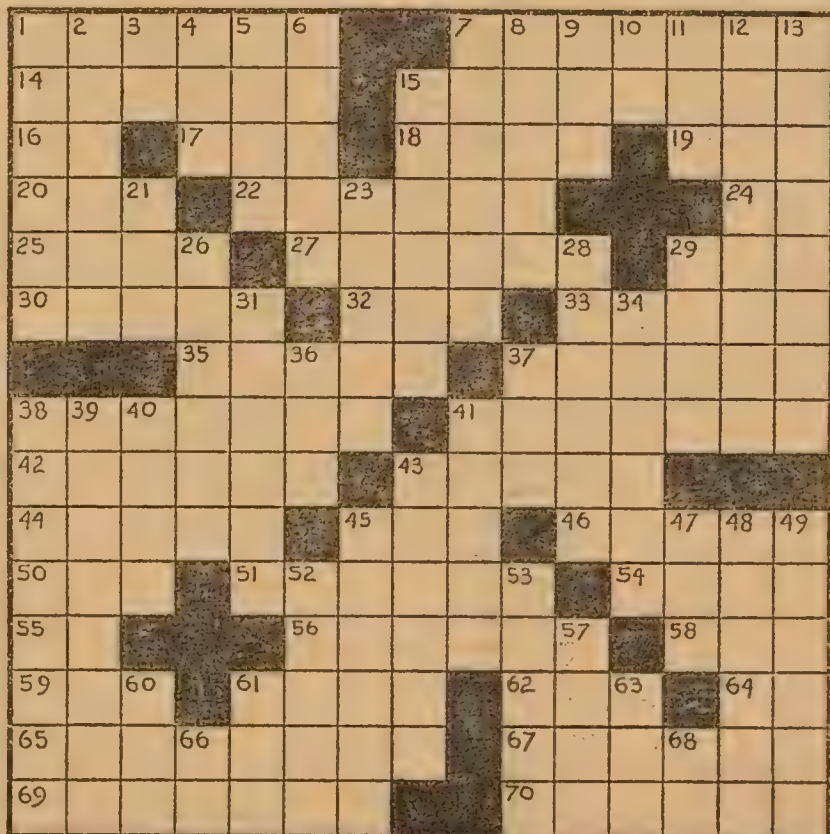
VERTICAL

- 1 Results of irrepressible objects meeting immovable objects
- 2 Unnazified
- 3 Is is
- 4 Non-OPA point (abbr.)
- 5 Airconditioned pants
- 6 The footburly boys in blue
- 7 In the end, they get the gals and reveal all
- 8 A nice tieup for Goebbels
- 9 The two most important words in signing one's Declaration of Dependence
- 10 You'll hold your nose over these letters
- 11 It now looks as if there'll be this, but no Ger. (abbr.)
- 12 When the tomato

- reaches this state, it's ready to garnish the ham
- 13 Kyser Kollege yell (pl.)
- 15 Kind of underwear moths like in August
- 21 Gab juice
- 23 Peekholes into the brain
- 26 Hops up
- 28 Golfer's lie
- 29 Kinda lost
- 31 Charlie McCarthy's a glorified one
- 34 He made a lot of green stuff out of tea
- 36 He won, but they paid off on the other fellow
- 37 Dumb Onion-headed Burpers (abbr.)
- 38 Hymnster
- 39 The constant cry of the 20's flapper (slang)
- 40 Erin (anagram)
- 41 Standard birthplace for politicians
- 43 Saves up for Hitler
- 45 What the wine-buyer does and does and does
- 47 What Dan McGrew's lady was known as
- 48 Best part of a cow to keep milk fresh
- 49 Expert in cutting remarks
- 52 A new baby, first long pants, or anything in Winchell's colym
- 53 Pub Archery
- 57 Round and round it goes, where it ends nobody knows
- 60 What grammaw said when she meant: Watchit, bud!
- 61 A lot of women think they're simply wonderful I think they're quarrelsome
- 63 Almost elite
- 66 He ain't the guy he used to be
- 68 The man in Ted

GAB CLERGYMAN
EYE RADIO ODE
MEADOW PLANET
ROANS IRK
KODAK QUAKERS
EAST PUNT YOP
AT SHEATHS AI
TEN AERO LAST
SNUGGLE HASTE
DOG SLANT
TRIPLE URGENT
AES EDILE RAH
POTASSIUM NEY

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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LIKE IN DAVID'S TIME

Continued from Page 25

I guessed she was thinking of Quent, and smiling. Old Gabe, seeing it, got madder by the minute.

That night Tom Reynolds came. He was a jumpy little man, easy talked into things, then getting scared about them. He said, "It'll rain before tomorrow night, and we got a thousand fleeces yet to take. Can't do a thousand in a day."

"The hell we can't!" rumbled Old Gabe. Even his boys stared at him from their dust-bit eyes. Tom Reynolds exploded, "Th' hell you can't! You made me lose my dates at the shearin' plant when I stepped out of line! You'll have to move on to your schedule! You talked me into this, Gabe! Now you get me out!"

"But *how*?" came another voice. Quent Jumper's. He came down the shed to face Old Gabe, giving as hard a look as he got. "The Weather Bureau says rain for sure tomorrow. When things dry out, you'll already be behind on your schedule, and so will the shearing plant. Who'll shear the leftovers here?"

Old Gabe roared: "There won't be any damned leftovers! My boys are as good as I used to be, and I'm better! We'll start at daybreak and have them done before the blankety-blank rain starts!"

Nobody spoke, not for a long time. I heard Tonnie gasp. She looked ready to cry, but she only lifted her head and laughed.

She said, "That's big talk, Old Gabe, to make before a Jumper. Almost two Jumpers!" She was beside Quent now, putting her arm through his. "Quent and I are getting married when the shearing's done."

Old Gabe choked, his face purple. "You hate Quent because you're afraid his grandfather bettered your record. Well!" She drew a long breath. "We can settle that. Quent's a Jumper and a shearer. He'll shear against you tomorrow, if you're not afraid!"

Quent and Old Gabe both looked at her like she'd gone daft, but Tom Reynolds cried, "'Twould be fair enough! Quent's young, but Old Gabe's experienced! We'll keep true tally and—"

"A tally that'll prove any Jumper a liar who claims he can beat a Brightday!" Old Gabe bellowed out.

Quent nodded to Tom Reynolds, but his eyes were sort of questioning on Tonnie.

WE took to our blankets early, but I couldn't sleep. Once, when I went to get a drink, I passed Tonnie and saw that her eyes were wide open. She smiled, but in a sad way that wasn't like Tonnie.

She was still wistful when we ate breakfast by lantern light. When she poured Old Gabe's coffee, her hand reached out like she wanted to touch him. But she didn't. She just finished breakfast, then walked through the dark with us to the sheds.

There were a lot of shadowy figures about. Word of the contest had got abroad, and folks had left work, as men will everywhere when a fight's on.

To get the shearing done ahead of the rain was vital, so they'd all shear till the sheep were done or the rain came, but my grandfather and Quent Jumper would shear against each other.

The two would take pens next each other. The contest would start at a signal, soon as light enough came.

Then Pop looked at me. "You can tie your grandfather's fleeces, Little Gabe," he said, knowing I'd want to. "And—"

"I'll tie for Quent," Tonnie said in clear tones, and took her place near him.

WHEN I'm an old man I'll still remember that day. The moment when your heart beat in your ears, waiting for the east to brighten. The instant when a voice barked out "Go!"

Old Gabe reached out for a wether, flipped it to its haunches, and started. His fleece fell to the floor before Quent's, as did his second. Boylike, I felt it was settled then. Old Gabe would win. He took thirty-seven fleeces in the first two hours; Quent only thirty-five.

There was another record being made that day, too, for the rest of my family were straining to make good my grandfather's boast that there'd be no leftovers. Uncle Matt and Pop and Uncle Big did four hundred sheep among them. Uncle Little did better than a hundred.

But nobody noticed them. All eyes were on Quent and my grandfather.

The bedlam of blating and the rancid-oil stink of the wool sickened me, for I'd been too shivery to eat a good breakfast. I felt dizzy when I stooped for a fleece, and I wondered how Old Gabe could stand it. But his hand never faltered.

The sun rose. The onlookers wiped their faces, but Old Gabe paid no heed to the sweat that was running from him in

*****★*****

Add Wrong Ideas: That chemical drainpipe cleaners interfere with the proper functioning of septic tanks. The maker of a cleaner conducted exhaustive scientific tests to prove it ain't so.

streams. Neither did Quent, though his hair, its yellowness now grimed to gray, was matted to his head. Both kept on, stopping only to sharpen their shears.

Two hours . . . three hours . . . four. Aunt Rikki brought jugs of cold lemonade. Old Gabe and Quent took time for a drink, and that's the first Old Gabe had bothered to look at the score. Seventy-six for him. Seventy-two for Quent.

"You're takin' him!" I whispered to my grandfather, but he just flexed his right hand and looked at it, queer.

He worked faster after that rest and drink. At the end of five hours he had ninety-four chalked up. When we knocked off to eat, at the end of six hours' work, Old Gabe's score was a hundred and twelve, and he was five ahead of Quent.

"We're lickin' him!" I yelled to Aunt Rikki as we came up for food, but the menfolks were all quiet. I wondered if it was because Tonnie didn't come to eat with us.

STORM clouds were dark when we went back, and the heat was awful. The sheep seemed devil-possessed. The watchers were tenser, too. Watching Old Gabe. Watching Quent Jumper. Watching the score.

I watched the score too, and I didn't want to. For Quent was creeping up. At the end of the first hour past noon—the seventh hour of work—Old Gabe's score had climbed to a hundred and thirty, but Quent was only three behind him. At the half hour, they stood even. Each had done a hundred and forty sheep.

I saw Old Gabe's huge body quiver, and he moved faster. Quent tried harder, too, but he couldn't go ahead of my grandfather—not of Old Gabe! Almost to the split second their fleeces hit the floor. Each sheared five more sheep in that next quarter hour.

Vaguely I heard the rain start outside, spattering big drops that hit the ground and rolled into dust balls, but I didn't care. I didn't care if the wool got so wet it never could be sheared. I didn't care.

For Old Gabe was slowing up. And Quent was keeping right on.

I hated my sister in that moment. It was her fault. Then I saw the awful fear in her eyes as she looked at Old Gabe. Why, she didn't want him to lose, either!

Before I could figure it out, Tom Reynolds yelled, "Lay off, the rest of you! Only seven left! Six in this pen, and the old buck in the next! Leave 'em for the fighters! Yippee!" He yelled like he'd done it himself. "Listen to that rain! Let 'er pelter! My sheep'll be sheared!"

Then I knew the answer. Tonnie had goaded the two into the contest because it was the only way on earth Old Gabe would let Quent help, and he'd needed that help to make good on no leftovers.

I looked at Quent to see did he guess what Tonnie had done, but I couldn't tell. So I turned my gaze back to Old Gabe as the two men moved down to the pen. And I felt sick through and through.

For Old Gabe was scared too. I could see it in his eyes. He was almost through.

But he was game. Oh, but my grandfather was game! He reached in and took a woolly, and I saw the veins knot out purple on his forehead as he tried to force his right hand along with the shears.

Then somebody laughed out, nervous. Quent's sheep had slipped from his grip, and he had to wipe the sweat from his eyes before he stumbled after it. He lost a good minute and Old Gabe used it.

His wether was half sheared when Quent started on his, fumbling. Tiredness seemed to leave Old Gabe, and laughter welled up in a mighty burst when he took the big buck from his pen, just as Quent took the last one from the other.

That laughter gave Old Gabe his final spurt of strength. He set that old ram on his tail, all in a breath. His left arm caught the great head, and his knees took a firm grip as he started the shears over that big tough body.

Twenty-nine pounds that fleece weighed on the scales, but it fell, all in a soft piece, to the floor along with Quent's.

Old Gabe had won! He'd bettered his old record and the one Walt Jumper had claimed. A hundred and fifty-two sheep he had sheared inside a scant eight hours.

I KNEW why Tonnie gave a choked cry and ran out of the shed. I felt like crying too, though the men cheered; for I saw Old Gabe stagger, his muscles clamping down so stiff he couldn't move.

They had to help him straighten his knees from that crouch, and his shoulders and his back. They had to unloose his fingers, one by one, from the shears.

Old Gabe's voice came hard past his throat muscles. "That young Jumper," he croaked, "be a—good shearer—after a few seasons—with—the Brightdays. Where—is he? Want to—shake hands?"

"I'll fetch him!" I yelled and ran past the pens to find Quent. Before I came up to him, he darted outside, and I reached the doorway just in time—to see him vault the corral fence that stood between him and Tonnie! He got to her, picked her up and ran, laughing, through the rain to shelter.

I stood there, staring. Behind me, I heard Uncle Big's voice. "All that ginger left in him after today!" And I knew he was thinking of Old Gabe being straightened from his stiffness.

Pop put it into words, low. "Quent could have taken Old Gabe, the way the Marines took Guadalcanal. He could, but he didn't."

"Reckon he saw Tonnie's face." That was Uncle Matt. Then, "Reckon he'll be good to have in the family."

My uncles loved Old Gabe. Not a one of them, either, would have beat my grandfather's record if he could.

THE END

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"Larry got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning!"

THE POISON VOICE

Continued from Page 17

out of bed, doused my face in some cold water that smelled old and bad, and went downstairs for hot coffee and cold corned beef and biscuits.

Max tightened the strap on his helmet. "They tell me there are still snipers in the town we haven't routed out," he said.

"That's great," I said. "I'll get a candid-camera shot of one of them. What are we going to do? Look down the throat of some Nazi machine-gun nest?"

"There's a story in the seamen who are operating that shuttle run," Max said. "The people back home should know about them. We're going to talk to the overseas representative of the War Shipping Board down the street."

I DON'T quite know how to tell you what the town looked like. It looked largely as if one of those expert New York wrecking crews had been at work on every building in the place. It was a mass of rubble, of shattered buildings still standing erect for some reason. It didn't look to me as if anything had been missed by our bombers or the Nazi artillery.

We saw a few civilians as we walked down the street. They looked shriveled and they had the eyes of beaten spaniels. They seemed as suspicious of us as they ought to have been of the Germans.

"There aren't any young men," Max told me. "The Nazis shipped 'em all off to labor camps." His blue eyes had a pale angry light in them. "God, what a score we've got to settle here, Rod!"

The War Shipping Board guy's name was Murray. He was a nice-looking fellow, about thirty-five. He wore civilian clothes and his office was an openwork room in an old restaurant—openwork from shell holes in the roof and the walls.

Max introduced me. "My assistant, Mr. Buchanan."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Chandler," Murray said. "If you can give us any sort of boost in your broadcast back home, it'll be appreciated."

"You've got a tough job here," Max said. We sat down around an old kitchen table and lit cigarettes.

"Plenty tough," Murray said. "This shuttle run raises hell with personnel. After a couple of months they're no good, from constant bombing, torpedoing, and strafing. They develop an anxiety fixation.

Keep thinking maybe tonight's the night they'll get theirs. Part of my job is to spot these cases when they begin to crack up and send them somewhere else, maybe back to the States, to rest homes. But they're hard to keep track of, what with nearly two hundred ships operating in the shuttle."

"I should think so," Max said.

Murray shook his head. "I just missed up on a guy—fellow named Jackson."

I pricked up my ears. "I got acquainted with Jackson coming over," I said.

"Well, he and six other guys jumped ship," Murray said. "Lord knows where they've gone. Sometimes, after these guys have been bombed a dozen times, with no means of fighting back, they go haywire. They want a crack at the enemy. We find 'em at the front fighting with pistols, belying pins, Lord knows what."

"You won't find Jackson at the front," I said. "He's got one idea in his head. He wants to get Jasper Rowe." I told them Jackson's story.

Max surprised me. His mouth was drawn together in a thin slit. "Why didn't you tell me this before, Rod?"

"I didn't think you'd be interested."

He stood up. He dropped his cigarette and crushed it out under his heel. "We've got to find this guy Jackson," he said.

"Oh, he'll turn up," Murray said, "when he's had a bellyful."

"That may be too late," Max said. "Are there any cafés still operating in town, Murray? Any places where people gather?"

"There's the Métropole about half a mile from here—down what used to be the main avenue. But don't worry about Jackson, Mr. Chandler. He'll turn up."

"I'm not worrying about Jackson," Max said. "Come on, Rod."

Max went striding off down the avenue. He is over six feet and long-legged. I'm five feet six, have red hair, and wear glasses. I had to trot to keep up with him. I was sore at him, too.

"What is all this about?" I said. "Do you have to be so damned secretive?"

"Not with you," Max said. "But I couldn't tell Murray."

"It's wonderful to enjoy your confidence," I said sourly.

"Jasper Rowe is on our team," Max said.

"Sure," I said. Then I did a double-take. "What do you mean—on our team?"

"Just that," Max said. "All heroes don't wear uniforms or work in war plants or sail ships. Rowe's been doing a magnificent job. Prepared the ground for years

while he was Berlin correspondent for the Globe, to make it look as though he was pro-Nazi. They took him into their propaganda machine with open arms when war broke out. Every broadcast he's ever made, Rod, has conveyed information to our side. That's why the colonel was listening to him on the ship. If that cockeyed Jackson knocks him off, we've lost a valuable asset."

All I could say was, "Well, for crying out loud!"

"Furthermore," Max said, "unless he's ducked out, Rowe's transmission set is in the basement of the Métropole."

"How do you know?"

"The colonel decoded the messages Rowe sent while we were crossing."

Max was moving too fast for me to do any more talking, but I tried to get my thinking apparatus adjusted. Rowe in Berlin, snuggling up to Goebbels and his crew, and all the time managing to get through information to us!

What a spot for a guy to put himself in! The whole Allied world hating his guts. And if he ever came out of it after the war, they'd still hate his guts. Nobody would ever forget that poison voice of his that'd been coming over the air waves for nearly four years. Rowe must be a guy who *really* believed in our cause! Then I had another idea.

"Are there others beside Rowe?"

"All over Europe," he said.

What was left of the Métropole was on one corner of what was left of the main square. Some English or American wag had hung a sign on its blasted-in front: "Open for business more than usual." We went into the place.

INSIDE, the Métropole had been put into some kind of order. There was no one behind the bar, but a group of customers sat at a round table in one corner of the room. There were four men and a woman. The woman was fair-haired. She looked English or American, but I suppose she could also have been Dutch or German. She was crying, her face buried in her hands.

The four men were peasant types, all civilians, all men in their late forties or early fifties. One of them spotted us as we came in, and got up from the table. He had a black beard and mustache streaked with gray. He made a sign to one of the other men and then came toward us. The other man also got up from the table and went over to what turned out to be an old-type player piano. He pressed a button and it began to give out with some sort of a jazz piece, but loud. Just before it started I heard voices—laughing voices.

The bearded one reached us. His eyes were black, sunk deep in his head. "You wish for something, gentlemen?" His English was good, if a little stilted.

"We'd like a drink," Max said.

"Unfortunately the proprietor is not here," the bearded man said. "There is the Grand Hotel bar, across the square."

"We'll wait for the proprietor to return," Max said.

"He will not return today," the bearded man said.

The piano played loud as hell. I looked at the woman. She'd uncovered her face and was staring at us, red-eyed.

"We'll rest here a moment," Max said.

"We've been looking for friends of ours."

The bearded man's lips tightened. "I recommend the Grand Hotel for resting."

Max ignored this. "Maybe you have seen our friends," he said. "Some American seamen. Merchant seamen. The leader is a tall dark man with a flattened nose."

The piano came to the end of its piece with a flourish. There was silence except for the sound of the piano's mechanism rewinding the roll.

(Continued on page 52)

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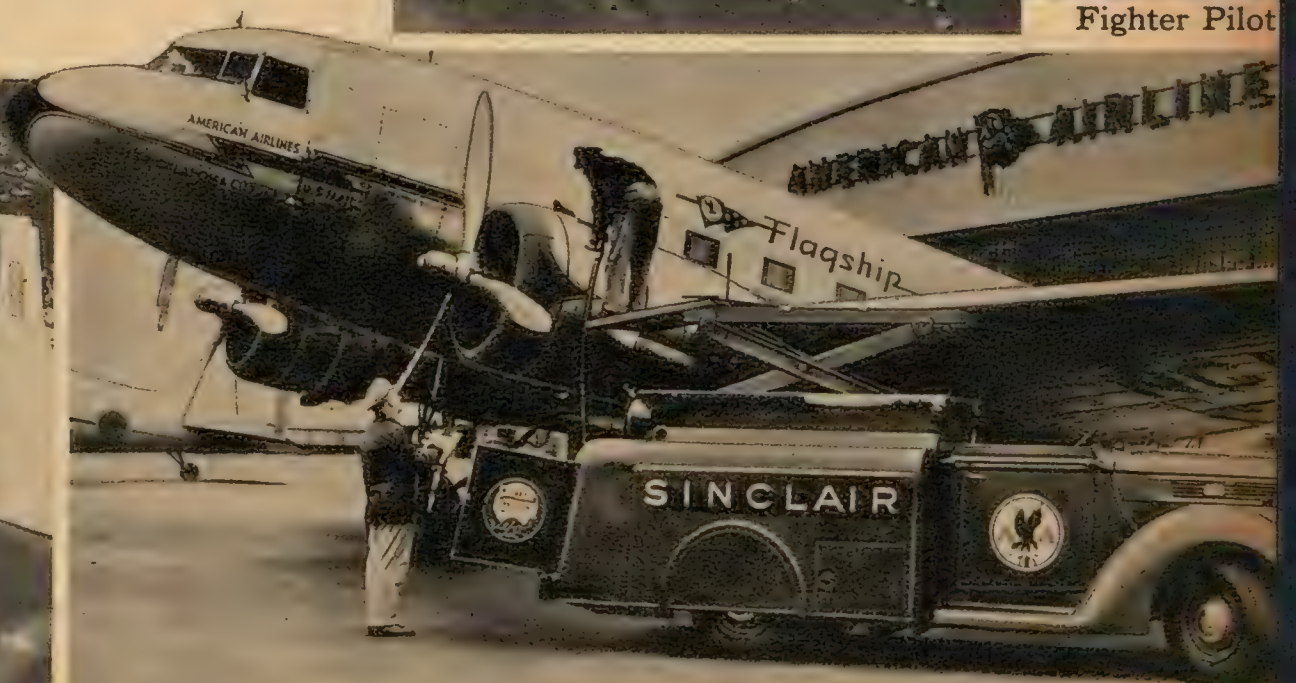
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(Continued from page 50)

"I have not seen your friends," the bearded man said.

There was no longer any sound of laughter from another room. The bearded man stared at us. The three other men and the girl stared at us. I had a feeling the three men at the table were concerned about the girl—worried for fear she might say something.

"We'll wait," Max said. "Meanwhile I'll pour a drink for us. The proprietor won't mind, if we leave the money."

"No!" the bearded man said sharply. He stepped in front of Max, who had made a move toward the bar.

The corners of Max's mouth drew down in a dangerous little smile I knew very well. "Then you pour us a drink," he said. "And while we wait I think a little more music would be pleasant."

The bearded man moistened his lips. Two of the men at the table rose. The third man reached out to close his fingers over the girl's wrist.

"I urge you, sir, to try the Grand Hotel," the bearded man said. His hand was fumbling inside the peasant blouse.

"You're not very friendly," Max said.

"Believe me, sir, we are very friendly," said the bearded man. "We have waited a long time for you Americans to come. The Grand Hotel can offer you the kind of hospitality you deserve."

"I like it here," Max said. "Rod, play us some music while this gentleman pours us a drink."

Lord knows why I always do what he tells me! I started toward the piano. The two men from the table were there first.

"How about a little tune?" I said, as casually as I could.

They shrugged. "No speak," they said.

"They don't want you to play music, Rod," Max said, "because it will be a signal to the men downstairs that we've gone and they can start to work again."

You could have heard a pin drop in the place. I glanced back at the bearded man. There was sweat on his face.

"Shall I pour the drinks?" Max asked him, "or are you afraid I'll trip over the proprietor's body behind the bar?"

"For God's sake, whoever you are, if you know what's going on, stop it!" It was the girl who spoke. "The proprietor is behind the bar, dead!" Her voice rose hysterically. "Your friends are in the basement. They are—" The man at the table clapped his hand over her mouth.

The bearded man had a weapon in his

hand. It looked like a file that had been sharpened to a point on a whetstone.

"I urged you to go, sir," he said to Max.

"So you'll kill me to prevent my going down to the basement," Max said.

"If I must I must."

He evidently passed some signal to the men at the piano because they moved simultaneously to grab me.

From the pocket of his trench coat Max produced a cigarette. He lit it. I knew that deceptive calm. I knew that figuratively he was balanced on the balls of his feet, ready to lash out. He squinted at the bearded man through the smoke.

"I know how you feel," he said. "Jasper Rowe is the voice of the enemy. You would like to pay him back for a thousand lies he's told you. So would my friends like to pay him back. But it can't be."

"It can be," the bearded man said.

I REALIZED Max couldn't tell this bearded patriot the truth. He couldn't trust anyone with Rowe's secret. If it became known, others who were doing the same kind of work would be trapped.

"You realize," Max said, "that Rowe has information important to our cause. He could be made to talk by the proper authorities. Neither you nor my friends have the right to take action. Rowe must face trial for treason after he's arrested. A public example must be made of him."

"We care for revenge, not examples, sir," said the bearded man.

God help me, I didn't blame him. I had seen his town. I had seen its people. I didn't blame him one damn bit. And Max couldn't tell him the truth.

"The girl?" Max asked.

"The girl will be judged in time—fairly," the bearded man said. "She was Rowe's mistress, sir. She has lived in luxury and in comfort while we bled and died or rotted alive. But there was some spark of truth and honor left in her heart, for today she betrayed Rowe to your friends. This will be taken into account when she faces trial, sir."

Max turned toward the girl. The other man had removed his hand from her mouth.

"I loved him," she said, in a shaken voice. "I still love him. But he is evil. When we came to this town I saw my people. It was like dying and still living on. When your friends came here half an hour ago, asking for him, I told them where he could be found. No one else knew except the proprietor."

"I thought they would take him to the proper authorities. They haven't. They are torturing him—killing him!"

"He is a traitor," the bearded man said. "Traitors die."

"But first they must talk," Max said. It was ridiculous how simple he made it look. He just reached out, took the bearded man's wrist and gave it a sharp twist. The file-like dagger clattered to the floor. Max put his foot on it. Then he had the flat little automatic he always carries in his coat pocket leveled at the whole group.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It is important Rowe should talk to our Military Intelligence." He gestured to the two men holding me and they moved away. "Music, if you please, Rod."

My fingers weren't any too steady as I hooked the roll into place and started the piano going. It was crazy, standing there while it played. Finally it stopped, wound back, flapped, and was still. No one moved. Then we heard the voices underneath the floor—jeering, angry voices.

"How do we get down?" Max asked.

No one answered. Not even the girl.

"Rod! Look behind the bar."

I went over to the bar and behind it. I nearly up-chucked. A guy was stretched out on the floor. . . . Well, he'd been a Quisling. He'd had it coming to him. Just behind his body was a trap door in the floor. I pulled it up. The voices from below were clear. I could even identify Jackson's.

"This way," I said to Max.

He came around to the end of the bar, keeping the four men and the girl covered. "I'm sorry," he said to the bearded man, "but you'll have to come down with us. I don't like rear-guard actions."

THERE is something about Max that makes people know he isn't fooling. The four men and the girl came reluctantly over behind the bar. I noticed the girl kept her eyes turned away from the proprietor.

The four men and the girl preceded us down the steep ladder to the basement. We found ourselves in some sort of tunnel, evidently leading to a wine cellar.

We saw the others before they saw us. There were six of them, including Jackson. They were in a circle around a battered figure who was pinioned to an upright in the center of the room.

The man tied to the upright was Jasper Rowe. I had seen pictures of him, a tall stoop-shouldered fellow with a Vandyke beard and a mustache that gave him a sort of Mephistopheles look. He was a sorry picture now, clothes torn, face bleeding, one eye swollen shut.

"O. K., Jackson, you've had your fun," Max said from the doorway.

Jackson swung around. His eyes were feverish. "What the hell do you want here, Chandler? This is my party."

"No longer," Max said. "Untie him."

"The hell with you! Take him, boys!"

The others turned and started toward us. Then they saw Max's gun.

"I'll use it," Max said quietly.

"You dirty louse! I've waited two years to catch up with this baboon. You're not going to cheat me out of it now." As Jackson spoke, he swung backhanded and caught Jasper Rowe across the mouth. Blood trickled from Rowe's pale lips.

"Untie him, Rod," Max said.

I always get the dirty jobs.

"If that shrimp comes here I'll break his neck," Jackson said, and meant it.

"You'll stand back or you won't break any necks for a long time," Max said.

"Oh, yeah?" Jackson laughed. "I'm sorry, Buchanan. I got nothing against you personally." He reached for me.

I thought for a minute the roof fell in, but it was only the crack of Max's gun. Jackson stopped, a surprised look in his



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

HARE-EM: Peter Rabbit's wives.

DISSKIRTEOUS: Telling a woman her petticoat is hanging down.

EXERSIGHS: The fat man in the gymnasium.

BARGLAR: A thief in a saloon.

MORFIEND: A drug addict.

TCMOTTO: Catchup manufacturer's slogan.

SEDOCTRESS: She's after a young doctor.

LOWFER: A guy who hangs around subways.

HARNASS: A bridle for a donkey.

FLYNNOLEUM: Floor covering in Errol's kitchen.

eyes. A bright red stain appeared near his right shoulder and spread rapidly.

"Hurry, Rod," Max said.

I got around behind Jasper Rowe and undid the ropes. His wrists were raw.

"Get back to your ship," Max said to the seamen. "You, Jackson, report to Murray at the WSB headquarters and have that shoulder looked to. I'm sorry, but this isn't a kidding matter. Military Intelligence wants Rowe, and in one piece. I'll see you get credit for his capture. All right, Rowe, march!"

If Jasper Rowe recognized Max he certainly didn't show it by so much as the batting of an eyelash. He walked unsteadily to the door of the wine cellar, where he came face to face with the girl, huddled there with the four peasants.

Rowe looked at the girl, snarled in German, and spat straight in her face. Max hit him a cuff alongside the head that knocked him to his knees. Rowe staggered to his feet and followed the seamen up the ladder.

Out on the street, Max sent Jackson to find Murray. He ordered the other seamen to locate an Army car and send it here for us. Max and Jasper Rowe and I stood alone, Max's gun stuck into Rowe's ribs. The four peasants and the girl were watching us from inside the Métropole. I was mixed up. If Max was right I couldn't see why Rowe had spit in the girl's face. It was a hell of a note if she had been his mistress, even if she'd betrayed him. I said so.

Jasper Rowe spoke, looking straight ahead of him. "The fact that I seem to hate her may save her life," he said.

"She doesn't know?" Max asked.

"Of course not," Rowe sounded beaten.

"You know what this means, Jasper. Trial, prison. You'll serve until the war ends and the story can be told."

"I know," Rowe said. The corner of his bleeding mouth twitched. "Tell me, Max, how are we really doing?"

I looked at Max. His eyes were suspiciously bright. "We're doing swell, Jasper," he said, "thanks largely to you and the rest of our friends in your kind of job. God, Jasper, but I'm proud of you."

Later we were driven along the streets in an Army jeep. People seemed to appear out of holes in the ground to shake their fists at Jasper Rowe and jeer. I looked at his battered face. He kept his eyes straight ahead, but he was smiling.

THE END

LOW LIGHT ON HEIGHT

(The taller women are, the more kittenish they act.—E. V. Durling.)

Divinely tall, divinely fair—
But kindly skip the baby stare.

In regal stateliness you walk—
So please omit the baby talk.

Don't overdo the cherub curls—
Remember now you're great big girls.

Don't perch on tables that may capsize—

And it's been years since you've been lap size.

Divinely fair, divinely tall—
I'm glad I'm not divine at all.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

BEWARE THE NAZI PEACE BAIT

Continued from Page 21

But if, as is generally assumed, we are fighting to render it impossible for an aggressor to plunge mankind into slaughter at his own volition—if, in other words, we are fighting for a fairly stable world in which to heal our wounds and those of others—then a compromise such as is envisaged in the prospective German terms should be scrutinized minutely from all angles.

There is, first, the alluring proposal of a European federation of equals in which each member would be free to choose its own political form of government. This makes very fine reading indeed. To those only vaguely familiar with European conditions, it may even look like the self-determination-of-peoples clause in the Atlantic Charter. It means, or at least implies, that the various European governments in exile would be free to return to their respective countries and there organize a political system in conformity with their own ideas.

Just how far would they get with such an attempt? During four years of occupation the Germans have maintained and strengthened their chosen puppet regimes. These quisling Nazis have centralized all economic and political power in their hands. They control the police, the national militia, the labor front, the youth movement, the financial institutions, and the industrial enterprises. Through these multiple means they are in a position to exercise control over the voting machinery, and they unquestionably will.

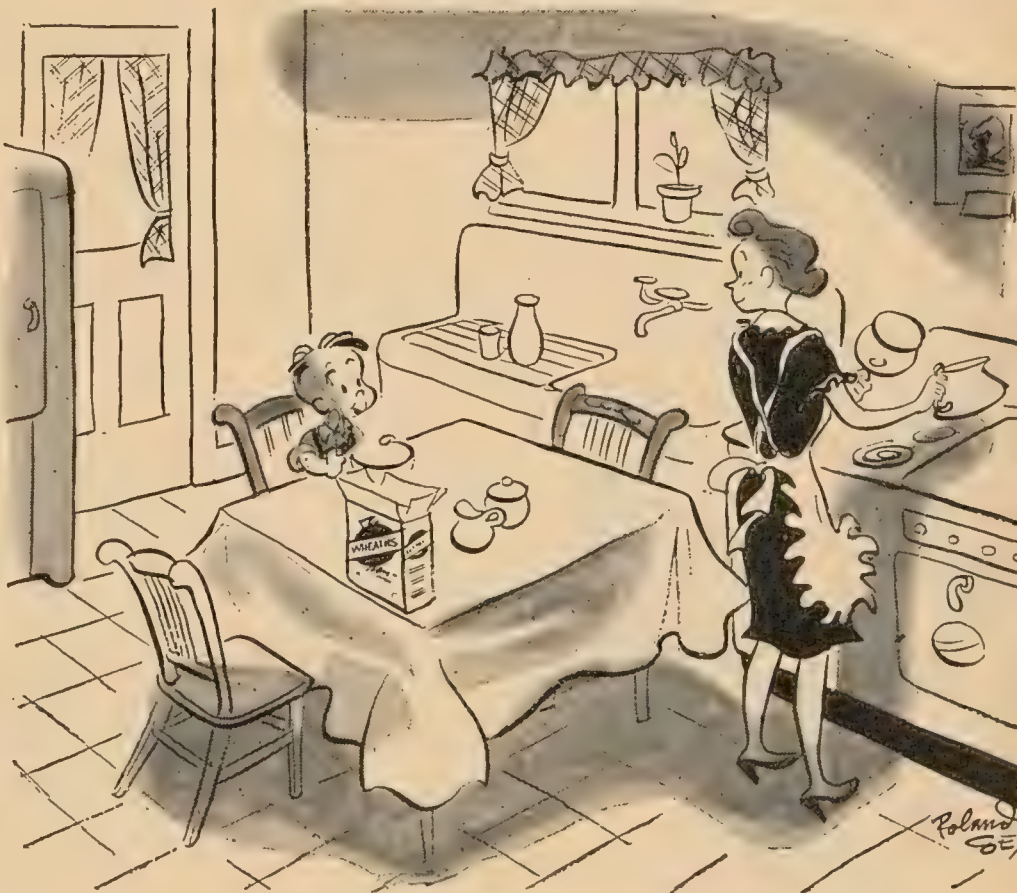
The governments in exile, if they accepted the German terms, would have two

ways open to them. They could resort to democratic methods, in which case they would run a heavy risk of finding themselves hopelessly outvoted or, at any rate, outcounted. Or they could attempt to impose their will by force, in which event the quisling Nazis would rise in insurrection. Then the Germans would have a welcome pretext for moving in again for the purpose of restoring order—their brand of order. In short, if the government in exile should return under such German terms, they would quickly find themselves either submerged or Nazified.

The terms also contain a provision for the removal of all economic and trade barriers within the federation. To the British, who have made preferential trade within the Empire one of their economic mainstays, and to Americans, who from the very inception of their nation have practiced free trade domestically, this may seem an excellent idea. Which is precisely what the Nazis intend it to seem. But, applied to the European scene under existing conditions, how would this proposed economic Utopia work out in practice?

DURING four years of German domination all trade and industry in the occupied countries have worked for the Nazi war effort exclusively. To some extent this may apply even to such isolated neutrals as Sweden and Switzerland. Through the shrewd manipulation of occupation costs, and the purchase of stock in industrial concerns with occupation money, the Nazis have managed to bring the great majority of European enterprises under German control. In fact, the whole industrial and financial structure of occupied Europe today is manipulated from Berlin. An internationally legalized removal of economic and trade barriers in

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"Better gimme a second helping of Wheaties, Mom! We're havin' a scrap drive t'day and I'll have t' toss around a lot of heavy iron and stuff!"

Extra work suggests double helpings of Wheaties—and so does Wheaties delicious "second helping" flavor. When that famous toasted taste gets

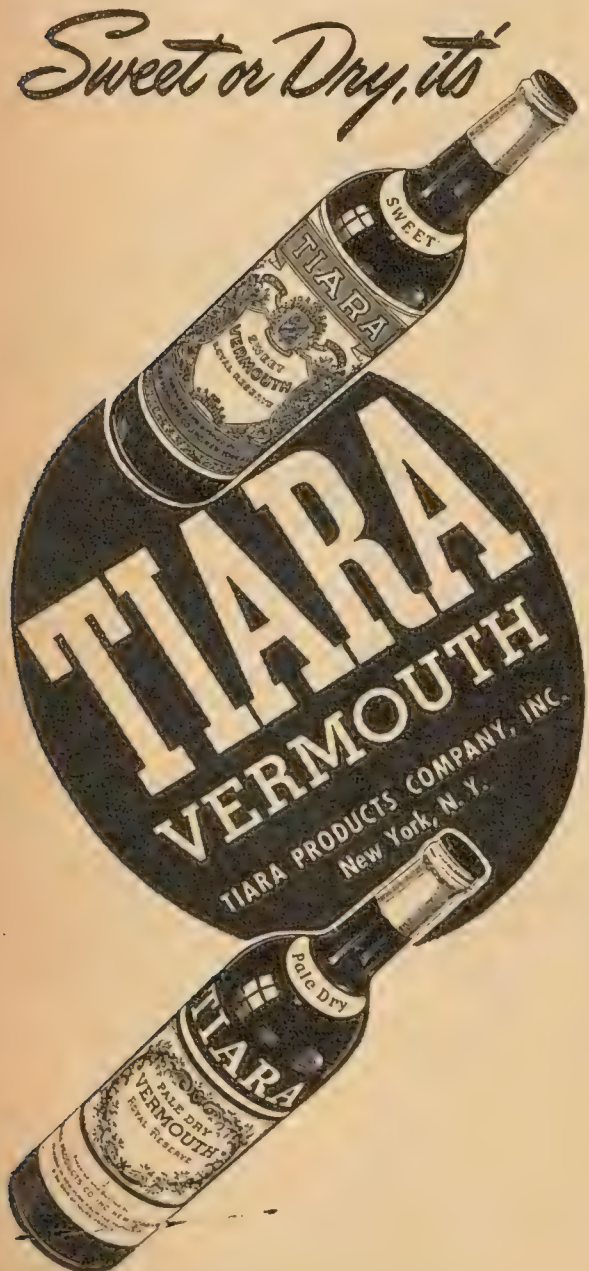
to work on your appetite, you want more. So have some more. Have lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."



"Rugged enough to stand what we do"...

"Another trooper and I are looking for a pipe rugged enough to stand the same punishment as we and a Kirsten pipe is the only solution," writes a paratrooper. "Can't you send us two?" It's hard to say "no" to our fighters, but the time is getting nearer when we can again make the Kirsten—a pipe for action and a pipe to relax with when nerves need soothing.

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Europe would only perpetuate the existing order of things. It most definitely would not represent any actual concession on the part of Germany.

Moreover, the prospective German terms also suggest the entry of the remaining European neutrals into the federation. If acceded to, this would mean nothing less than a further increase of German power—indirectly, at least. For, with Germany the controlling economic factor of the Continent by virtue of an international treaty, what chance would these countries have to escape the German influence even under conditions of deepest peace?

The terms furthermore propose a free hand for the United States in the Western Hemisphere, and American security requirements in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. To some Americans this may seem very appropriate. Actually, it is nothing short of a trap.

Under the German conception of things such a free hand entails our undisputed privilege of wielding the big stick throughout the Americas. In fact, this is an open invitation to us to go ahead and do it. Considering the large war investments of the United States in Latin America, the

*****★*****

Larry Leseur, CBS European correspondent, recently passed along this report from Berlin: "The optimists in Germany are studying English; the pessimists are trying to master Russian."

*****★*****

invitation may look tempting. But the Germans know well that Latin-Americans would bitterly resent any such practice. What they actually have in mind is to hand us a very hot potato.

As for the establishment of American security measures in the Atlantic Ocean, this is shrewdly intended to lead to an eventual embroilment between us and our British allies. Let us always beware of the (German) Greeks bearing gifts!

Viewed from a world-wide plane, this is what the German peace terms aim to accomplish:

Germany would quickly emerge as the dominating economic factor of the proposed European federation. She would dictate the markets of Europe and would grant the British and us such a trickle of the European trade as would suit her own purposes.

Russia would be pushed toward a penetration of China and a quick embroilment with Japan over this issue, which would most definitely suit the German interest.

Russian economic orientation toward China under an international agreement would leave very little trade for Great Britain and the United States in that part of the world. Great Britain would find herself more and more confined to trade within the Empire, which would still further limit the American trade outlook.

In the net result, the United States would be more or less restricted to Western Hemisphere trade. We would find ourselves imposing our trade terms on our Latin-American neighbors who, in all likelihood, would not want to trade with us except on terms of their own.

And while the rest of the world would thus become involved in ever-increasing economic difficulties, Germany, as the core of a largely self-contained European economy, would be feathering her nest.

The upshot of it is, if such German compromise terms were accepted, or even seriously weighed for acceptance, by the Allies, Germany would emerge stronger from such a settlement than she was in the heyday of her military conquests.

THE END

CRUSADERS AGAINST CANCER

Continued from Page 27

hormones. This was a lead well worth investigation, since scientists had long known that glandular upsets in the human body resulting in oversupplies of certain hormones are frequent. The known endocrine glands are the pituitary, thyroid, parathyroids, adrenals, pancreas, sex glands, and possibly the thymus, which is a gland of childhood and disappears with maturity. There may be others, but science as yet has not discovered them. So far, the glands which have been directly connected with cancerous growth and the causes thereof are the adrenals, pituitary, and sex glands.

Science discovered some time ago that certain types of cancer could be induced chemically. Occupational statistics gave the first hint. A hundred years ago an English doctor noted, for example, that skin cancer was most common among chimney sweeps. Today skin cancer is induced at will in mice simply by an external application of coal tar, and more than forty-five different chemicals are known to be cancer-engendering.

What set cancer researchers on a new trail was the recent discovery that there is a great similarity between certain of those chemicals and the hormones secreted by the endocrine glands. From these discoveries a theory has evolved which it is hoped will lead to the final solution of the cancer problem. It is believed that it will some day be possible for science to identify the oversupplied or the deficient products of the glands. When this is accomplished medical science will attempt to find means of regulating and balancing the human system in such a way as to preclude the disease. The first experimental steps in this direction are being made. Results so far are impressive.

Until a short while ago the only two known weapons against cancer were surgery and the use of radium and X rays. These at best are treatments that sometimes cure. But the ultimate aim of science is to prevent cancer. The new weapon now being forged to combat it is known as "replacement therapy."

The doctors can determine by the metabolism test whether the thyroid gland

(Continued on page 56)



"Maybe you ought to go back to cigarettes."

LIBERTY



*Somewhere in Great Britain
February 9, 1944*

*Dear Friends:
Keep up the good work
that you are all doing. The
machine guns and Sperry sights
are really helping us along. Let's
win this war for '44.
I worked in Dept. 355. Was
hurt December 6, 1943. Still
in hospital.*

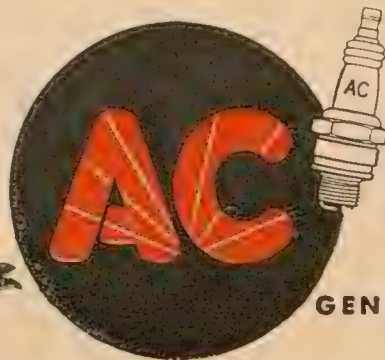
A FORMER AC EMPLOYEE

NOW WE'RE WORKING FOR HIM

Not all of us are privileged to serve as fighting men. Not all of us can give so much. The men and women of the AC Spark Plug factories know this. So, through steadily rising production of war products, they are trying to be good "team-mates" to the men and women at the front. As this is written, those AC people have produced more than 200,000 caliber .50 Browning machine guns... more than 10,000 bombsights... millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for bombers and fighters. They have turned out more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots for bombing planes,—and hundreds

of thousands of fuel pumps, oil filters, engine instruments, and spark plugs for tanks, "Ducks," jeeps, trucks, landing barges, and boats. The total number of articles AC people are making exceeds four hundred. And the work continues. AC men and women are determined to do their best, so that our fighters will more quickly win—and more quickly come back home.

Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network



**BACK YOUR FIGHTING
MAN! BUY MORE
WAR BONDS**

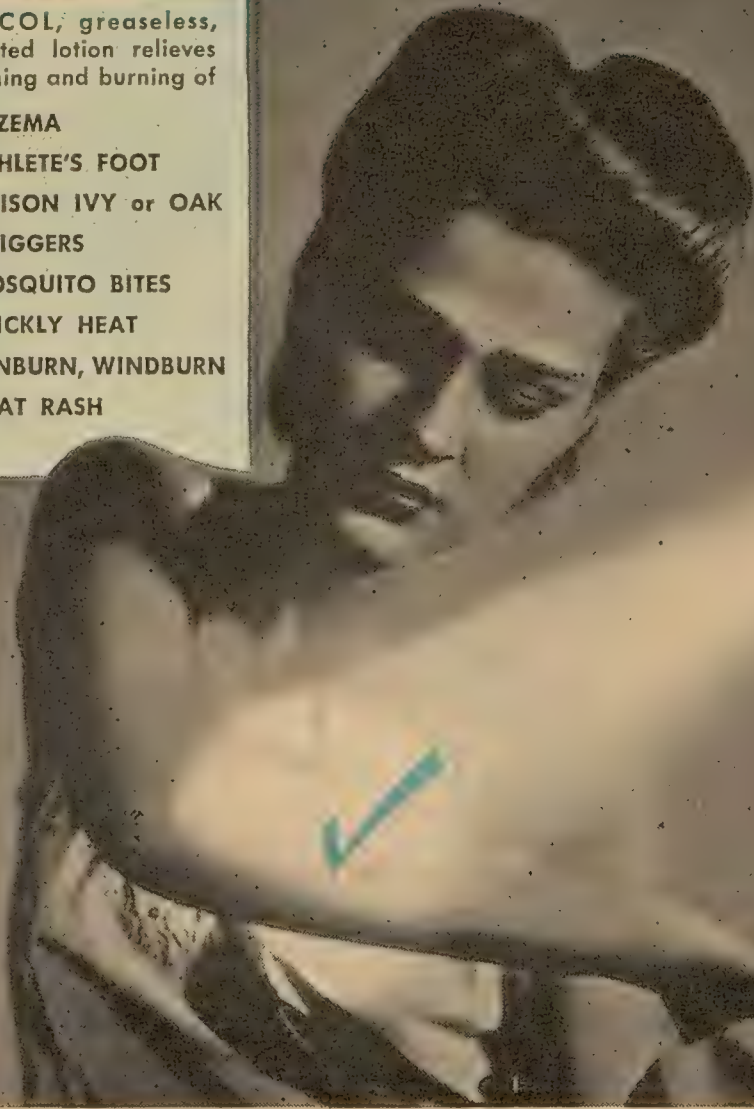
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SKIN SUFFERERS!

ZEMACOL, greaseless,
medicated lotion relieves
the itching and burning of

- ✓ ECZEMA
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT
- ✓ POISON IVY or OAK
- ✓ CHIGGERS
- ✓ MOSQUITO BITES
- ✓ PRICKLY HEAT
- ✓ SUNBURN, WINDBURN
- ✓ HEAT RASH



She wears an invisible bandage

There's no need to call attention to unsightly irritated skin.
Wear an invisible bandage! ZEMACOL covers the affected
parts with a medicated film that protects but doesn't show.

- ✓ ZEMACOL is antiseptic— *fights development of infection.*
- ✓ ZEMACOL is germicidal— *it kills germs and bacteria on contact.*
- ✓ ZEMACOL is fungicidal— *it kills fungi on contact, including those found in so many cases of Athlete's Foot.*

And ZEMACOL is greaseless—doesn't mess up your clothes or interfere with your work. Try a bottle of ZEMACOL to-night. 50¢ at all drug stores. *Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.*

Zemacol*

RELIEVES ITCHING AND BURNING

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Makers of Ungentine* and Pepto-Bismol*



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"He's the most talented pupil in my class."

(Continued from page 54)

is working overtime or is sluggish, and any excess or deficiency can usually be regulated with extracts from animal thyroid glands. Doctors also have methods for determining the action of the ovaries. But as yet there is no way to determine exactly the extent of the functioning of the other endocrines. If all the actions of all the glands could be measured and any unbalance among them could be regulated, a tremendous point would be gained.

Science hopes that some day, perhaps in our time, the balance of the human body can be established and maintained in such a way that this strange, uncontrolled growth known as cancer can be prevented. This, in a broad sense, is what is known as "replacement therapy." The evidence already established that a hormone unbalance may cause cancer clearly indicates it can be held in check by a fine regulation of the hormone balance.

There is still much controversy in regard to these new theories. The conservative medical mind is always careful not to acknowledge new advances prematurely. But in this case, though the end is not yet in view, there is great hope that the path toward victory is being blazed.

Dr. James B. Murphy, chief of cancer research at Rockefeller Institute, summed up the situation in a recent statement: "There is evidence regarding the nature of cancer as revealed by research findings which has opened avenues of study heretofore unexplored. These new trends in research justify an encouraging outlook on the cancer picture."

Some changes and improvements in the treatment of cancer have already resulted from the recent experiments. Even the tried-and-true methods of surgery have been influenced. Important examples are the present-day treatments of cancer of the prostate and cancer of the breast.

Prostatic cancer is one of the most common forms of the disease in men over fifty. Removal is an extremely difficult and hazardous operation. So far, the new endocrine treatment evolved by Dr. Charles Huggins, professor of surgery of the University of Chicago, has had most gratifying results, even in advanced cases. In fact, some nonscientific publications have announced it as "an absolute cure" for this type of the disease. But, while medical science considers the new treatment "the most promising line of attack in the therapy of cancer," it is not as yet willing to make any unqualified claim.

In the treatment of breast cancer there have also been some new developments. Statistics had shown that in many cases another breast cancer develops after surgical removal of the initial one. It is now common practice to remove the ovaries in cases of cancer of the breast in comparatively young women. It is believed by some that the removal considerably reduces the likelihood of a recurrence.

These forward strides in research and in treatment of cancer have been directly responsible for prolonging and saving innumerable lives. The battle against cancer is unrelenting and incessant; science has turned the tide, but there are still many obstacles to be overcome. It is up to us, the people of all walks of life, to aid in the achievement of final victory.

Cancer experts say that even today half of those doomed to die of cancer could be saved by applying the knowledge and techniques now available. If adequate funds are provided to continue research on the necessary scale, the complete conquest of the disease will be assured.

But to save this 50 per cent who could be saved with today's skills, we first must find them while the disease is in its early stages. We must then have the equipment and facilities for treating them.

All of this takes money. The more money available, the quicker the conquest. Yet, despite the tremendous threat this killer is to every family in the land, the funds provided for cancer research and treatment are infinitesimal compared to those provided for less dangerous diseases.

Infantile paralysis and tuberculosis are serious enough menaces, heaven knows, and need every dollar contributed to their conquest. Annually, about \$9,000,000 is spent fighting t. b. About \$6,000,000 is spent on infantile paralysis. Yet cancer, a more deadly killer by far, has only some \$600,000 annually ranged against it.

Money contributed to the fight against any disease saves lives, but money contributed to the fight against cancer may well save *your own* life. One out of every six men over forty and one out of five women past thirty-five will die of cancer. This brings the menace close enough home to make each of us really sit up and take notice.

The health of our nation is of primary importance to every one of us. To help maintain it is our common obligation; to share its benefits, our common reward.

THE END



"I forgot my shoes!"



DEPENDABLE PERFORMERS

PAUL WHITEMAN, Blue Network's talented director of music is universally acclaimed as conductor.. musician... dependable performer!



*Never before so dependable a pen
at so low a price*

The new Stratford Conqueror Pen is popular with everyone. Servicemen like it. So do their kid brothers and sisters. And their busy, executive dads. The Stratford Conqueror is sleek... streamlined... smart. But more than handsome, it's dependable. The velvety-smooth point writes instantly, glides over paper effortlessly. It's a fine pen, modern in every phase of design and construction, with handy push-button filler. Only Stratford's mass production economies make possible its remarkably low price.

SALZ BROTHERS, INC. Salz Building, New York 1, N.Y.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

ROMANCE follows the flag in war, so let's consider G. I. Joe's foreign war bride. The subject has been brought up by an indignant American girl who writes me that, in her eyes, the gals our servicemen are wedding overseas are designing females who've taken advantage of a lot of lads far from home, mother, and the girl next door.

Before presenting her letter let's review the situation. Our early troop landings had hardly taken place in Ulster, when a song—one of the most mournful tunes ever to assail these hardened ears—started telling us Johnny Doughboy had found a Rose in Ireland. Soon he was finding 'em in England, Iceland, Australia, and assorted way points.

More recently he made the discovery in Italy. Then the big push across the Channel began—with half of Europe ahead.

And now for that letter:

"Sarge, maybe I'm just troubled with more brains than beauty, but I can't help wondering where a lot of us less pulchritudinous ladies are going to find husbands after the war.

"Girls outnumbered men here even in peace, and now many prospective husbands of my generation are becoming casualties in battle. That can't be helped. But

what puts fire in my eye is the machinations of a lot of foreign cuties who are grabbing off homesick Americans and leading them double-quick to the altar.

"All over the world that sort of piracy is going on. I've heard about the French war brides some of our impressionable young men brought back from World War I. That handful of mademoiselles won't be a circumstance to the legion of foreign ladies who'll converge on us this time.

"Why doesn't our government wake up and do something to preserve the rights of thousands of American girls?"

The writer signs herself "Plain Jane."

I don't think Jane's individual problem is insoluble. I can't imagine a girl with her determination going husbandless, though the prospect may be less bright for some others facing increased competition.

And I want to correct any idea that romance is running rampant without any brakes being applied by the armed services abroad. Army regulations state that permission to marry while in a foreign country must be obtained from the serviceman's commanding officer, and that application for such permission must be made at least three months in advance of the contemplated union.

Those three months serve as a "cooling

off" period, allowing time for a change of mind by either party. They also permit the C. O. to investigate closely the backgrounds of both persons and weigh the chances of a successful marriage. It is his duty to present the situation in its most discouraging terms. But if no cause for denial is found and if both parties persist, consent usually follows.

Let's not prejudice the crop of war brides from outside the U. S. Some already have reached their husbands' homes and are reflecting credit on the boys' choices. There will be failures, but an uncomfort-



Size 13C

ably large percentage of our domestic marriages also turn out to be duds.

How about it, readers? Am I right in saying, hold off and give Mrs. G. I. Joe from overseas a break? Or do you side with Plain Jane?

OLD (CUPID) SARGE.

* * *

While in Northern Ireland I fell in love with an Irish girl. We planned to marry, but before we could fulfill the requirements I had to sail with my division to take part in the North African campaign. Later I was wounded and sent back to the States. I've sent my girl an affidavit (evidence of support) that the American consul requires. Must she wait her turn as a quota immigrant, or will she be given priority? I think she should be admitted right away.

S/Sgt. E. J. P., Washington, D. C.

I sympathize with your impatience, but the girl, not being your wife, will have to get clearance through the American consulate as a quota immigrant. In addition to the affidavit you sent, she will have to present her birth certificate, medical certificate, a statement from police, and other data. Fortunately, the British Isles quota is not full, so clearance should not be delayed on that account.

* * *

How about some of us strongly based Navy men who need shoes larger than are carried in small stores' stocks? In the States I've been able to get shoes by special order, but when overseas I've been out of luck. My size, you see, is 13C!

T. L. D., MM 1/C,
Naval Hospital, Long Beach, Cal.

Inform the Supply Officer of your ship or your overseas station. It's up to him to requisition the extra-sized shoes—at whatever cost to the Navy's leather reserves.

* * *

Sarge, we sent our two-year-old police dog to war. My husband is 4F and I have two children to look after, so Blitzen was the only one we could contribute. Blitzen was gentle as a lamb with the youngsters,

LIBERTY



"I can't help it, Jane. Whenever I get constipated, I feel miserable. I just want to be left alone."

BELIEVE ME, I SAW RED!

when my best friend called me a
"Crabby Old Maid"

"You'll be left alone all right... For Keeps, if you don't snap out of it. Why don't you take INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE? It's wonderful for simple constipation."



Simple constipation sure can make you feel like life just isn't worth living. The misery and discomfort of simple constipation can poison your whole disposition... sour you on the world. When you feel that way... take INNERCLEAN Herbal Laxative.* It's a pleasantly different sort of laxative... made from nature's herbs in their natural state. INNERCLEAN Herbal Laxative encourages an easy, natural-like movement, without severe griping or purging when taken according to directions. If you want that exuberant health that makes you feel like licking your weight in wildcats... keep regular. And for that occasional attack of simple constipation... take INNERCLEAN Herbal Laxative. You'll like it! 30c—50c—\$1 at all druggists.

*Caution: Use only as directed on label.

Only $\frac{1}{3}$ TEASPOONFUL
IS USUALLY ENOUGH

Mail penny postcard for
FREE GENEROUS TRIAL
Supply, Innerclean Company,
Los Angeles, 21, California.

INNERCLEAN Herbal LAXATIVE

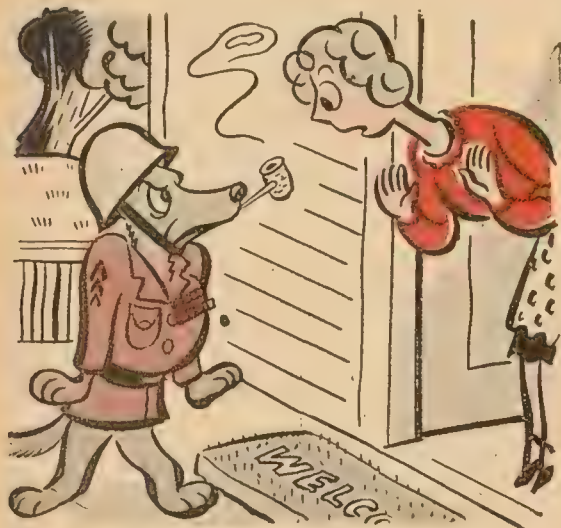
but I'm wondering if I'll ever feel safe with him around them again after all the training he's had as a ferocious war dog. Should we accept him back if he survives, or should we notify the K9 Corps they'll have to find another home for him?

Mrs. J. K., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Don't slam the door in poor old Blitz's face, Mrs. J. K. He may be a little tough now, because of the training he's had to fit him for patrol work, pulling down enemy prowlers for his G. I. handler, and the like. But before being demobilized he'll be re-trained—a sort of reverse course. He'll be petted, babied and made so friendly he probably won't even care to go after a nice, juicy tramp.

* * *

If a soldier is on guard and the Officer



Toughened?

of the Day comes around and asks to see his gun, is it proper for the sentry to turn over his firearm? Answer that one, and you'll stop a lot of the boys here from beating their gums over this argument.

S/Sgt. A. L. R., South Pacific.

A sentry will surrender his piece only on explicit orders from a person lawfully entitled to give orders, says paragraph 27 (f-2) of FM. 26-5. The O. D. has such authority.

* * *

Is it possible for the Army to court-martial a man who refuses an operation for a trouble he had when inducted?

Mrs. L. F., Marine City, Mich.

Yes. Refusal to submit to a medical or dental operation in time of war, after competent medical authority has held the operation is necessary for the soldier to perform properly his military duties, may subject the stubborn patient to a court-martial. See AR 600-10 (2-e-9). If the soldier questions the judgment of the examining medical officer, the matter may be referred to a three-man medical board. If the board says operate and the soldier still says no, a court-martial is in order.

* * *

Sarge, here's a question about which I've heard endless controversy among the regulars, both in the U. S. and overseas, from where I've recently returned after twenty-six months. The question: When mustered out of the Army after the war's end, will those of us who served more than a full three-year hitch, due to being retained because of the war emergency, be able to collect the old re-enlistment bonus, or has it been discontinued?

Pvt. G. L.,

Santa Ana Army Air Base, Calif.

The re-enlistment bonus is still alive and accumulating at the pre-war rate, \$25 per year for the four lower-pay grades and \$50 a year

CHECK YOURSELF for symptoms of ATHLETE'S FOOT

- ☐ Peeling between toes
- ☐ Cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching



HAVE YOU GOT IT?

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are you have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT



1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.
2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings.



IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Cal.

for the three top grades. If you serve the three years for which you enlisted and, say, an extra two years under the war emergency clause, you will have a potential \$125 coming to you. But to collect it you will have to re-enlist within ninety days after your discharge. If you're wondering whether, under the hypothetical term of service I have outlined above, you would be entitled to a three-year bonus of \$75 without re-enlisting, because of a two-year detention beyond your regular enlistment period, the answer is no. Emergency extension of service doesn't constitute a re-enlistment.

* * *

Please settle an argument over prisoner-of-war pay. A first lieutenant (pilot), single, on overseas duty, draws about \$348 a month. If he is captured, does the pay accumulating to his credit continue at that rate or does it drop to base pay of \$166 a month?

Pvt. R. H., Columbia, S. C.

AR 35-1320 says any officer or EM made prisoner is entitled to the base pay and extra allowances, such as overseas pay and flight pay, he was receiving at the time of capture.

* * *

Recently I met a marine officer whom I had known when I was in the Marine Corps. He asked me why I wasn't wearing the Haitian Occupation ribbon, since I had served in Haiti from October, 1932, to March, 1933. I replied that I didn't believe I was entitled to it. Which of us was right?

M/Sgt. E. A. K., Fort Benning, Ga.

You were right. The Haitian Occupation ribbon is authorized only for those who served on the island between July 9, 1915, and December 6, 1915, and for service there between April 1, 1919, and June 15, 1920. The Marine Expeditionary ribbon is authorized for those

who served in Haiti in a later emergency, between December 4, 1929, and August 5, 1931.

* * *

My nephew was inducted into the Army, served five days, and was discharged as medically unfit. The same thing happened again when he was inducted into the Navy, only he served thirty days then. Is he entitled to mustering-out pay from both services or only one? If just one, which?

W. L. W., Long Beach, Calif.

Your nephew is entitled to one mustering-out payment of \$100 for a term of service of less than sixty days within the United States. I'd suggest that he submit an application and his honorable discharge to the Army, because of prior service there. He can't collect from both Army and Navy. Congress stipulated no member of the armed forces may receive mustering-out pay more than once.

* * *

My son in the Navy made an allotment from his monthly pay for War Bonds, which were supposed to be sent to me. I should have received several by now, but have seen none. Where can I write for information about the bonds due?

Mrs. R. T. S., Hudson Falls, N. Y.

Write the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Bond Issuing Division, U. S. Navy, Cleveland, Ohio. This is the Navy field branch for the issuance of War Bonds.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



IF YOU'VE READ

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, you don't need us to tell you not to miss Glide Into the Unknown by Bob Considine in this issue. If you haven't, we recommend that you read both. Bob was born in Washington, D. C., thirty-seven years ago. He went to George Washington University and was Middle Atlantic sector tennis champ. Specializing as a sports writer, he became a newspaper man. Covered Eighth Air Force in England last year. "And I'm going back," says he. At present, Bob is jointly employed by the INS and the New York Daily Mirror.

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR

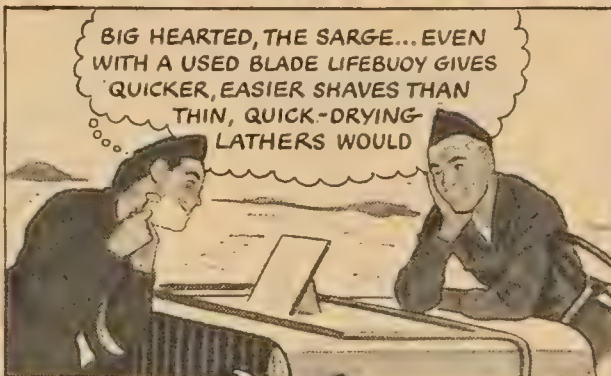
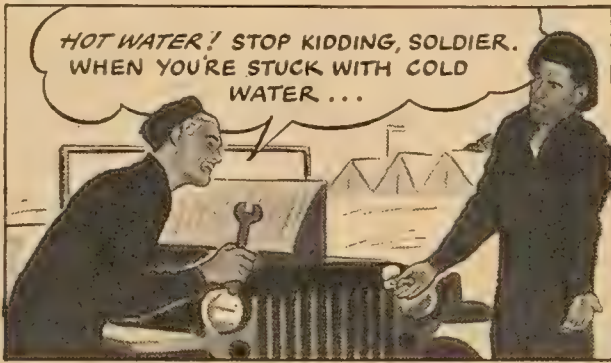
we've been running On the Beam, and it's about time we introduced you to Wayne Parrish, who does such a fine job with that department. Like Bob Considine, he's thirty-seven, but he first saw the light of day in Decatur, Illinois. He won the Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship at Columbia University in 1930, which gave him a year in Europe. He became a newspaper correspondent, but in 1937 founded American Aviation Associates to publish American Aviation, a twice-monthly news magazine, of which he was editor and publisher. Since then, the subject of aviation has occupied all his attention and energy. He has flown 100,000 miles in everything from a light plane to the Superfortress, from seaplane to giant clipper.

THE CO-AUTHORS

of The Menace of the "Moth-ers," Russell Whelan and Thomas M. Johnson, have won wide recognition as men who see clearly and write with a punch. Johnson is a veteran at the game, and has a long list of books to his credit—books on war and military. An authority in his field. Whelan wrote The Flying Tigers and now produces motion pictures and radio programs for the United China Relief.

THE EDITORS.

"RING FOR THE HOT WATER, SARGE!"



Continued from Page 15

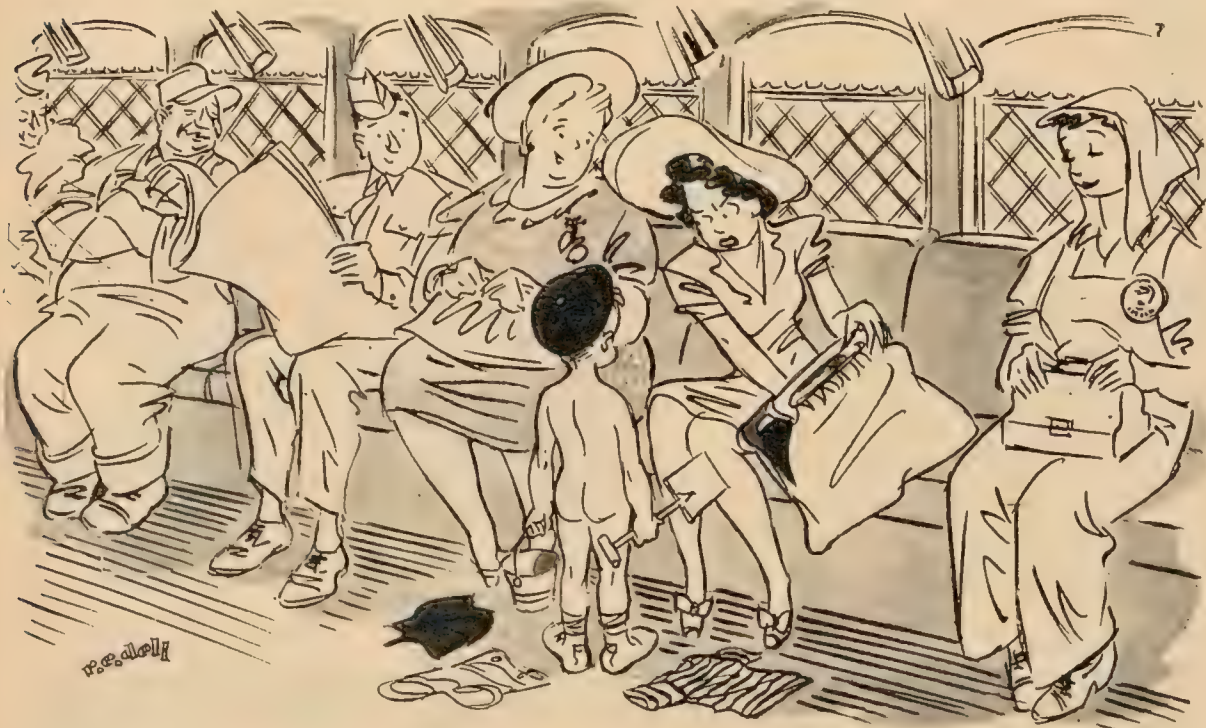
And in the center the air-borne army gnawed aggressively at the heart of the enemy's resistance, forging a pattern which will be widely followed in the future prosecution of the war. It brought dismay to the Jap war lords and grim warning to Germany's.

Wingate flew to the Quebec Conference

Using a Washington hotel suite for headquarters, the two colonels began signing up equally devil-may-care buddies in the Air Forces, and arranging for their transfers to the new Commando unit. They put in orders for Grasshopper planes by the scores—little fabric jobs capable of landing and taking off in an absolute minimum of space. In addition, they ordered Mitchell bombers, a fleet of C-47s—that plodding work horse of the

"We can do it," Cochran replied with great emphasis. At the moment, he confessed later, he wasn't quite sure just how he'd do it. But that decision came to him soon enough. He'd drop his work crew in there, have them build some airfields in a hurry, drop enough armed men with them to hold off the Japs for a time, supply the men with tools, food, and ammunition from the air, and then, when the fields were ready, fly in Wingate's men. Simple.

Wingate's men trained with our airborne Engineers. Our gliders were assembled, practice landings were made at night, and the transport of mules and even bullocks—three of these vast beasts to a



"Couldn't you have waited till we got to the beach, dear?"

glider—was rehearsed. With borrowed equipment, pictures were taken of likely-looking openings in the jungles and mountains behind the Jap lines.

Late in February, General Wingate selected two sites for secret landing grounds. They were promptly named Broadway and Piccadilly. On March 1, Cochran ordered an all-out air attack against all enemy airdromes in the general area. Reconnaissance planes stopped flying over Broadway and Piccadilly and ostentatiously made pictures and studies of distant glades in which the Allies had no interest.

D Day was March 5. The men were briefed by Lieutenant General W. J. Slim, head of the British Army unit; General Wingate, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, and the Troop Carrier Command's Brigadier General William D. Old.

IT was Sunday, clear and hot. A wary eye was kept for Jap patrol planes, for it was almost impossible to conceal the fact that a vast air-borne adventure was under way. The big C-47s—called DC-3s in times of peace—lined up at one end of runways at several R. A. F. fields. Across these fields rested the big gliders. Glider troops formed their units in nearby woods. Yards and yards of thick nylon towropes lay about the fields.

General Wingate gave the order to load the gliders, but the plans called for one more precautionary step, a last-minute reconnaissance. Cochran had to have a final look at Broadway and Piccadilly.

He dispatched one of his most trusted cameramen over enemy lines in a B-25 to bring back last-minute pictures of the selected glades. It was getting late in the afternoon and the first take-off was scheduled for 5.40 P. M. But Cochran had to know. After all, he was the boss of the

American part of the show. That fact had been brought home to him early that day when he told Alison that he, Cochran, would lead the gliders to their rugged roost. There had been a little argument immediately. Then it had got louder. The upshot was that Alison convinced his pal



"I suppose these campaign promises don't mean a thing!"

that he, Cochran, must remain behind and direct the whole undertaking, whereas Alison had to go along with the boys, to report to the chief.

The men stirred restlessly in their hot

gliders, while Cochran impatiently awaited the return of the B-25. At last the plane raced out of the sky and landed. The photographic plates were rushed to an improvised darkroom. Cochran fretted, but at last he had his enlargements—and stunning testimony of the wisdom of the precaution. Piccadilly, where half of the gliders were to land, had been turned into a site for a grisly ambush. The Japs had obstructed the field hopelessly. Large tree trunks had been dragged to all parts of the field, except one section, which looked mined.

Cochran called a quick rebriefing. Photographs of Broadway showed that that glade was as smooth-looking as ever, and he ordered all gliders to land there. It was six o'clock now, twenty minutes past the scheduled take-off of the first plane. But twelve minutes later the improbable drama began.

THE first C-47 waddled out. Ground crewmen attached long nylon ropes from its tail to the noses of the first two gliders. Inside the gliders, behind the pilot and co-pilot, who sat up in the hinged plexi-glass nose of each craft, the tense men sat and waited. These were mainly fighting men, ordered to land and overcome any Jap resistance at the glade. They were loaded to the teeth with carbines, tommy guns, pistols, grenades, knives, medical kits, a little food, and the like. They wore mottled camouflaged suits, mottled jungle hats, and many chins were covered with scraggy beards.

The C-47 moved forward slowly until it had stiffened the towlines. Then its engines poured forth a stern symphony of power. The two gliders rumbled awkwardly forward. They jerked, swayed, shuddered, disappeared now and then in the fierce dust cloud thrown back by the

**For bang-up shaves—good-looking, quick,
These Thin Gillette blades do the trick!
Day after day they save you dough
And deal tough beards a knockout blow!**



New kind of edges
hard enough to cut glass

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade



"Look, Bing—it's Sinatra!"

C-47's propellers. Then they followed the struggling plane into the sky, slowly, hesitantly, clearing the trees at the end of the field.

And so it went for a long time with other C-47s and other gliders. Darkness came over Burma as the men were dragged across the black dome of night.

"There was a three-quarter moon shining that night," Colonel Alison recounted in his eventual report, "and although this was good light for night flying, the haze was bad over the mountains and over Burma. That made it difficult to see the planes from the gliders. Most of the time we could see only the blue exhaust flames ahead of us.

"We picked for this operation the most difficult glider tow that probably will ever be undertaken. The C-47 had to climb 8,500 feet to cross the mountains through turbulent air on a flight into enemy territory that lasted three hours and fifteen minutes. The gliders were overloaded with men and machinery. Parachutes were not worn.

"Every glider pilot knew that, no matter what the outcome of this venture, he was going to be deposited 200 miles behind the enemy lines, and that if everything did not go right, 200 miles was an awfully long way to walk through jungle country."

THE C-47s dragged their twin burdens over the mountains and safely past the Japanese airdromes near the Irrawaddy River. That was tense flying, for Jap night fighters would have found the gliders as helpless as sitting ducks. But no Jap fighters came up, nor was there any Jap flak. The weird procession boomed on.

It was nine thirty at night when Captain William H. Taylor, who had trained the glider pilots for months for this operation, cut his own glider loose from the C-47 ahead of him and began the dizzy spiral into the hellish black glade below.

Taylor landed his glider with rare skill, and needed every ounce of it. The Japs had not obstructed Broadway because it would have been a case of gilding the lily. Aerial photographs had shown the glade to be flat and grassy. It was grassy, but far from flat. For countless years the Burmese had logged teak in this area. In the rainy seasons they dragged the great tree trunks across this glade, wearing trenches into the field. The grass grew over these trenches and gave a deceptive view of flatness from above. There were overgrown buffalo wallows, too.

But Taylor made it, and he and his men

set off green flares to guide the other gliders into the jagged haven, while troops poured out of his glider's opened nose and charged those sections of the adjoining jungle where the Japs—if any—were most likely to set up their defenses. But the only things that came were the gliders, and they were perhaps more awe-inspiring than a red rattle of machine-gun fire. They came down with irresistible regularity. There was no stopping them, no way of warning them, often no way of getting out of their way, as they ripped off their landing wheels and careened crazily and at terrifying speeds across the field at helpless men.

Alison, who says he landed safely by using the "close-your-eyes-and-pray method" took charge of the glider landings. The officer who had been assigned that difficult and highly specialized task never got to Broadway. He was in one of the nine gliders which had to land in enemy territory.

How Alison kept from being killed that night will never be known, for he himself cannot explain it. He was all over the glade, carrying lights, marking off emergency landing places, ducking gliders, falling down, until he lost all of his firearms except a carbine (whose barrel was half filled with mud, organizing fifty-man wrecking squads to muscle wrecked gliders out of the path of oncoming ones, calling for doctors for dying men, dispatching search parties to find the gliders which splintered into the near-by jungle, and rigging up his radio in time to get Cochran to call back the second flight of gliders headed toward the Broadway graveyard.

Wet with sweat, Alison threw himself down on the ground to rest, not long before dawn. But before he could close his eyes, another terrifying crash caused him to bolt to his feet. A glider, far behind schedule, had just plunged into the jungle with a sickening collision.

"I sat down again, sick over the thought that we had lost another whole glider load of boys," the beribboned little flyer told us later. "But pretty soon two of our kids came walking out of the night and reported to me. They said, 'Hi, colonel, we had a little smash-up.'"

"'Little smash-up!' I yelled. 'Good Lord, you don't mean to say you were in that last glider?'"

"'Sure,' they said.

"I was sick. 'Everybody killed? I mean, everybody but you two?'"

"'Naw. Nobody killed,' one of them

said. 'But we sure as hell made a mess out of that bulldozer. She came out the front a-hellin' and cut a streak right through the jungle.'

"I thought my mind had snapped, or something. But then the boys explained how a bulldozer that was practically breathing on their necks could burst through the front of the glider without touching either the pilot or co-pilot, though they were sitting shoulder to shoulder in front of it.

"You see, just before the boys took off they stretched a cable from the nose of their glider back over the roof of the craft and brought it in the back and tied it to the rear of the bulldozer. Now, as you know, the whole glass front of a glider of this type is hinged at the top. That's to help load the craft. The whole front, including the pilot's seat and the co-pilot's seat, lifts up and rests on the top of the glider during the loading process. If you're loading a bulldozer, you simply drive it up a little ramp into the big opening that was the nose of the glider, and when it is in place you swing down the nose of the glider and you're ready to take off.

"Well, these two kids came down fast that night at Broadway. They missed the clearing and crashed into the jungle. By a million-to-one chance, the nose of the plane streaked between two very heavy tree trunks. The trunks snapped off the wings of the glider. The big bulldozer broke loose from its moorings and shot forward. But that pulled the cable the boys had attached to the rear of the bulldozer, and the cable pulled open and jerked up the whole pilot's compartment, just in time for the bulldozer to catapult out the front without touching the two boys—who by now were on their heads, but unhurt, on top of the glider's back."

BROADWAY stirred at dawn that morning of March 6. Returning patrols said there were no Japs to be found. The jackals continued to howl by daylight. The dead were buried, regardless of rank and nationality, in a common grave, while a Catholic chaplain—Father John Michael Matthew—led the 500 survivors of the epic adventure in saying the Lord's Prayer.

"Can you make an airfield in this place?" Alison asked an engineer named Hackett, as he surveyed the tangled glade in the dawn. The three bulldozers which had been safely landed were already chugging, mules working.

"Yes, sir, I think I can," Hackett said.

"Well, how long will it take you?" the young colonel asked.

Hackett thought a moment. "If I have it done by this afternoon, will that be too late?"

At seven twenty that evening the first of many transports, filled with Wingate's Raiders, supplies, food, medicine, landed on the brand-new Broadway airfield. That night, sixty-five of the big C-47s landed. Broadway had an army, well equipped and ready to go. Hospital planes flew out the injured.

Another glade, not far distant, underwent the same miraculous transformation. It was called Chowringhee, after Calcutta's main street. From the night of March 6 through March 11, thousands of men, more than 500,000 pounds of stores, 1,183 mules, and 175 ponies were landed at the two fields, right in the heart of Jap-held territory.

The tide of battle has turned in Burma. India breathes easily again, and the Jap knows that whichever way he turns to face a foe, he can still be kicked in the pants by the kind of air-borne invasion American audacity produced.

THE END

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from Page 29

shortly before three o'clock, and Gates, watch in hand, stood by the transmitter. At five seconds before the hour he turned the power full on and placed the needle of the pick-up arm on the revolving record which bore his last message. When the record ran out, he cut off the power and stopped the turntable.

"Let's not waste time. Jess, you disconnect the transmitter. Lorenzo, you pack parts as I hand them to you, and be careful to wrap everything well. I don't want any breakage."

Lorenzo stood up. "Pack them yourself," he said distinctly. "I'm through with you, Gates."

He turned on his heel and walked toward the door.

He was out of the room before Gates got to the submachine gun, but he did not run and Gates had plenty of time. As Lorenzo reached the outer entrance, Gates stepped through the doorway of the inner room and lifted the gun. It roared and backed against his shoulder. Lorenzo, knocked off balance by the heavy slugs, fell through the door and died on the weather-beaten planks of the church steps.

It was then one minute after three o'clock. The sheriff, watching from the crest of the slope across the river, heard the shots and saw the light coming from the church. It was his cue. The car's motor was warm and started immediately. The sheriff switched on headlights and spotlight and drove over the brow of the hill, careening down the slope with one hand on the wheel and the other busy with the spotlight.

Sammy Kohler was keeping a lookout from the roof of the railroad station when things began to happen. He had heard the shots in the church and was peering nervously in that direction as the lights came on across the river. When he whirled and stared directly into the glare, his instinct led him to start shooting. The shots did not come close to the car on the far river bank, but they gave Sammy's position away. John Masilikos, who was then not more than thirty yards from the railroad station, emptied half a clip of shells from his tommy gun, and Sammy's body slid off the roof.

By that time Gates and Jess Caldwell were shooting at gun flashes through cracks in the boarded windows of the church. Casey, who had worked his way almost to the church when Lorenzo's body tumbled down the steps, held his fire and dropped back to the point from which John was giving the church short bursts from the tommy gun, to keep its occupants busy. Casey whispered instructions to John and made his way upstream to see why Jackson had suddenly stopped shooting.

Up on the bluff, Whit and Larson were still panting from their dash to get into position as the battle started. They threw themselves down on the hill crest while the car across the river wobbled down the slope with its lights glaring into the ghost town.

"Somebody doesn't like the lights," Whit said, as Sammy fired his three or four shots.

"Yeh. I wonder who is—wow! Somebody doesn't like whoever it is that doesn't like the lights!"

A stream of fire had spewed up from the river bank toward the roof of the railroad station. The shooting from the roof stopped immediately.

Larson said, "That guy has one of those choppers you're lugging around. See what they'll do if you treat them right?"

"Uh-huh." Whit wiped his sweaty hands and took a new grip on the tommy gun. "I wonder if we'll get any action."

"Take it easy," Larson said placidly, examining his own automatic. "We'll get in our licks before it's over."

THE sheriff, waiting near the bridgehead with his scatter gun, very nearly shot Kitty as she came stumbling down the hill in the darkness, but he held his fire long enough to see who was coming. He stopped her at the bridge.

"Hold on, ma'am. Where do you think you're going?"

"Where's—Whit?" Kitty was out of breath. "Is he—all—right?"

"Shore he's all right." The sheriff pointed. "Up on the hill there, safer than a babe in arms."

"I—was—scared." Kitty leaned against the sheriff for support, panting. He patted her shoulder, but swung around immediately to lift the riot gun as pebbles clicked. "Who's this coming?"

"Gladys."

"Who's Gladys?"

A burst of firing across the river interrupted him. They both turned.

John Masilikos had been the first to see the two dark figures escaping in the shadow cast by the church. It had been Jackson's job to close in from the rear, but Casey had found Jackson bleeding badly and half-conscious from the shock of a bullet which had ripped his arm almost as soon as the fight started. Casey was busy with a tourniquet when he heard John's tommy gun hammering in a sustained burst, and looked up to see the stream of fire directed at a spot a hundred yards back of the church. Casey picked up his own weapon and ran to head off the fugitives.

The sheriff was cursing the additional responsibility Kitty's presence brought him. As Gladys came running down the road to the bridge, he thrust Kitty at her and ran for the automobile on the river bank. The two girls watched from the bridgehead as he reached the car and swung the beam of the spotlight to the hill slope across the river.

Crouching on the bluff, Whit and Larson waited tensely as the fight came their way. Larson whispered over and over again, "Take it easy. Take it easy. Wait until they come up over the hump. Take it easy."

Whit, clutching the tommy gun, answered mechanically, "O. K., O. K., O. K., O. K." His entire body was tight with strain.

John and Casey were both shooting up the hill now. The twin streaks of flame from the flat played back and forth across the slope beneath the shoulder of the bluff where Larson and Whit waited, but no answering fire came from the brush to give away the position of the fugitives. They were above the lights now. If they could work their way up the hill in the shadow for another few moments, only Whit and Larson stood between them and escape.

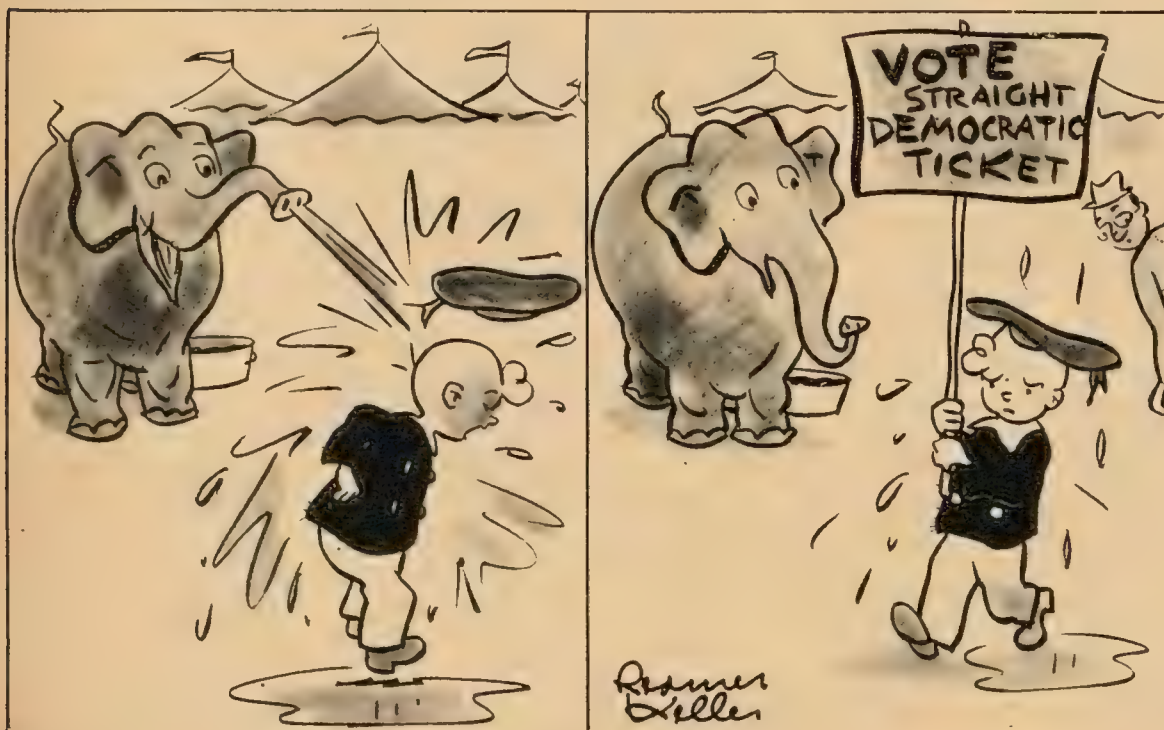
The sheriff's alertness with the spotlight precipitated the final action. John and Casey had exhausted their ammunition clips and were hurriedly fumbling with loose cartridges when the bright beam swept up the hill and picked out the two men in the brush. They were near the top, but not near enough to run for it. Gates lifted his submachine gun and sent a stream of bullets down the path of light.

The sheriff winced as Gates' first burst slammed into the car, but he stuck to his post at the spotlight, ready to follow the targets when Casey and John began shooting again. Gates' second burst thudded through the engine hood and sewed a spangle of stars in the windshield, still without finding the light. The air filled with the strong odor of gasoline pouring from a broken feed line. The sheriff dropped his ineffectual riot gun and yanked a long-barreled revolver from his belt, but Gates' next shots caught him in the arm and shoulder before he could fire. He fell against the running board as a spark flickered in the wreckage of the battered engine and blossomed immediately into a roaring flame of gasoline. The spotlight continued to send its steady beam across the river.

THE automobile was blazing by the time Kitty and Gladys reached it. The fabric car top had ignited immediately, and flames shot high into the air, lighting the whole river bank. The two girls were dragging at the sheriff's body when Gates, still trying for the light, emptied his gun at the burning wreck. Kitty gasped, staggered, and collapsed. Gladys, her skin blistering and her eyebrows and eyelashes already gone, tugged and hauled the sheriff clear of the flames.

When the two girls appeared in the circle of light cast by the burning car, Whit had dropped his unfamiliar weapon and was bellowing inarticulately. He was running along the crest of the hill, shout-

HARDTACK



ing at them to get back, when the final stream of fire sprang across the river from Gates' gun and Kitty went down. Larson caught up with Whit then, but could not hold him. Whit brushed him to one side and plunged barehanded over the shoulder of the hill that hid him from the men below. Larson cursed him and followed.

The first aimed shots from the flat had finished Gates. He was on the ground with half a dozen bullets in his chest when Whit came plunging down the slope. Gates struggled to raise his empty gun to meet the attack, but Larson, taking no chances, shot him between the eyes, and Whit found the body dead in his hands when he seized it by the throat. Caldwell, badly wounded but still on his feet, had plenty of time to aim as Whit leaped toward him. The men in the flat could not fire safely from their positions, and Larson missed his risky snap shot over Whit's shoulder. Caldwell's first bullet hit Whit in the belly. Whit stumbled, recovered his balance, and kept coming. Caldwell took aim again.

ALEX HOTALING, making his way through the tunnel beneath the bluff, had been blocked by fallen timbers. He broke through only in time to see the last act played out in the circle of light on the hillside above. Until Whit came charging down the hill to spring at Gates, Alex did not know which of the actors was friend and which enemy, and he was not quick enough to beat Caldwell's first shot. But he had Caldwell's white shirt front clear in his rifle sights when Caldwell aimed the second time. Alex muttered, "Hoss killer!" and squeezed the trigger.

Up on the hill, Whit stared stupidly as Caldwell's body fell at his feet. He heard Larson say something from a long way off, and then his knees buckled and he toppled loosely forward on his face as the spotlight

in the burning automobile failed at last. Everything went black on the hillside.

A LONG time later, when Whit opened his eyes and looked around, he was in bed in a room with pale green walls. A bright patch of sunlight came in beneath the lowered blind of the window at his bedside, and there was a vase of flowers across the room. It was very nice and peaceful.

He rested while his memory came back. There had been a hell of a fight. Kitty was hit—

His belly muscles screamed as he tried to sit up. He fell back and waited until the pain stopped before he carefully lifted his head to look around.

Kitty slept in a chair at the bedside. She had leaned forward so that her dark head rested on his knee, and she held his hand in both of her own. He closed his fingers gently. Kitty stirred and opened her eyes.

"You look terrible," he said. The hair over her forehead had been singed away, and dark circles shadowed her eyes.

Kitty smiled and moved her head so she could put his hand to her cheek.

"So do you. How do you feel?"

"Pretty good. I had a bad time for a while. I thought you were shot."

Kitty said nothing.

"You were shot."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the leg."

"I want to see."

Kitty stood up, hiked her skirt, and showed him the prettiest pair of gams west of the Mississippi. One smooth thigh was marred with a patch of gauze and adhesive tape.

"It isn't anything, really," she said. "But I'd never been shot before and I thought

I was killed. Gladys had to pull the sheriff out of the fire by herself. She burned herself badly."

"Serious?"

"No. Blisters on her face and arms mostly, and some hair gone. Worse than mine." Kitty touched the short hair at her forehead. "The sheriff has a broken arm, but Gladys kept him from burning to death."

"Anyone else hurt? How's the Swede?"

"He wasn't hit. Jackson, the dice man, was shot in the arm. Every one else is all right."

"WHAT about Walter Gates and the others?"

"They're all dead, and I'm not supposed to talk about them. The doctor says you have to lie still and not worry."

"I'll worry if I feel like it. How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"I must be in a bad way."

"Not now. The danger is over. But you bled so much before we could get you here—" Kitty swallowed and shook her head. "I thought you were going to die."

"Serve you right if I had. What were you and Gladys doing across the river? You scared me silly."

"I couldn't stand waiting. I had to be where you were." Kitty shuddered. "Oh, my! I hope I never have to go through anything like that again."

"You and me both." Whit put his hand on the coverlet and felt the thick pad of bandage under the blanket. Even his own gentle touch hurt.

The door opened and Swede Larson cautiously put his head through the doorway. He grinned when he saw that Whit was awake. "Hi! Can I come in?"

"Hello, Swede. Is everything under control?"

"Sure." Larson came into the room.

he didn't take a vacation...yet he has

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"Casey and Pete are out salvaging the radio equipment. Pete caught the message, and Casey—I mean Gates—is going back on the air in two weeks. John is in San Francisco, Strong is playing sheriff while his boss is laid up, Gladys is in bed down the hill growing eyebrows, and Alex is back with his hosses. Did you know he saved your life, Whit?"

"I thought you did."

"I shot Gates. Alex picked Caldwell off from the tunnel before he could plug you a second time, or you would of been a dead duck. It sure took plenty of guts to go down the hill after those guys."

"I went off my head when Kitty was hit," Whit said. "It didn't take guts."

"That's what you think." Larson held his hands up, two feet apart. "They cut a piece out of you that was—"

"Swede!"

Kitty glared at him. He shut up.

Whit said faintly, "I thought I felt a little empty. But I'm still alive, and it wasn't only Alex that kept me that way, Swede. As far as I'm concerned, you're still on my payroll as long as you want to stay."

"The lieutenant said I could stick around until you get out, but never mind about the payroll. I want to spend some time with that blonde G-girl, as soon as she gets her eyebrows back."

"You big dummy," Kitty said. "Go buy her some flowers and hold her hand while she's laid up."

"Say, thanks. That's an idea. See you later."

Larson hurried out of the room to buy flowers for his G-girl.

KITTY left her chair and lay down on the bed alongside of Whit. He didn't have enough strength to get his arm around her by himself, but she helped him and they were comfortably settled at last, cheek to cheek. They lay quietly that way for several minutes.

Whit said, "This is a hell of a way to spend a honeymoon."

"I'm satisfied."

"With your husband in this shape?"

"At least I've got a husband. The draft board won't even let you in the door now."

"I hadn't thought of that. I wonder if I ought to let them know."

"I already wrote to them."

"What did you say?"

Kitty turned to put her face in the hollow of his shoulder, where it fitted best, and put her arm around his neck.

"I said you weren't going to be good for anything for a long time, but you'd do as a husband before you'd be good enough for a soldier. Now go to sleep and start getting your strength back. The honeymoon isn't over yet."

THE END

*****★*****

Desperately in need of fifty cents, a fellow we know finally got up enough courage to open his pay envelope before taking it home to his exacting wife. Somewhat mystified at what he found therein, he hurried back to the cashier who had given him the envelope.

"You've given me ten dollars too much, I'm afraid," he stammered.

The cashier counted the bills and coins, then replied impatiently: "It's quite correct. I suppose you've forgotten that you got a ten-dollar raise last month."

He placed his hand across his eyes, shrank farther into his collar, and said faintly: "My wife never told me."

*****★*****

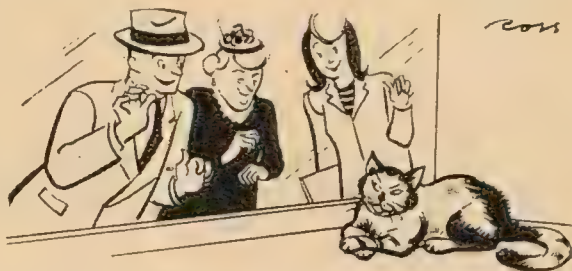
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK



WINDOW SHOPPER'S REWARDS:

Usually, anyone who uses some rationed shoe leather to stroll New York's streets is well rewarded. For instance: The Third Avenue butcher shop that protects the siestas of its well-upholstered cat with a window sign reading: "THE CAT IS COMFORTABLE. PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB BY TAPPING WINDOW," has added the ominous warning: "IF YOU LOVE DOGS, LEAVE YOUR DOG OUTSIDE. OUR CAT DOES NOT LOVE DOGS." . . . At Thirty-sixth Street and Third Avenue there is a secondhand store known as Ye Olde Viennese Thrift Shoppe.



For many weeks its window has been graced by a china plate bearing the portrait of William Howard Taft. When I asked the proprietor how much he wanted for it, his surprising reply was he wouldn't sell it, because he planned to send it to the ex-President's son, when he could get around to packing it. Didn't know Robert; just admired him. Among the swarms of other flora and fauna in the same window is a huge tarnished loving cup, its metal façade inscribed: "1931 SECOND PRIZE DREAMLAND PARK NEWARK N. J. MARATHON DANCE WON BY ALICE KRUG—HOURS DANCED 2,496." And where might Alice be today? The proprietor could throw no light on the subject—he had bought the cup, along with a load of stuff, from a man who was giving up his twenty-two-room boarding-house.

BOUQUET:

An American pilot writes: "By the way, another thing the Red Cross does is have coffee and real American doughnuts waiting for us after every mission. And two real live American women pass them out. The first American woman I see upon my return is going to have to run like hell. There's nothing like them, just nothing like them." Let's hope we women measure up when our men come back to us. We look so beautiful, so understanding, so tender to them when they are far away and lonely.

GENIUS ON THE DOORSTEP:

Kay Leroy tells of a gifted but wicked young woman who is engaged in customer research. It is her job to ring doorbells and ply the lady of the house with questions as to where she buys her clothes, how often, and so on. When rebuffed by someone who doesn't care to be bothered, she unobtrusively snaps a thread which breaks her necklace and sends her fake pearls in a torrent to the floor. Impulsively her quarry stops in the very act of slamming the door in her face, and helps the career girl retrieve her pearls. By the time they finish, they are bosom friends,

and Modom has given out with all the answers our heroine asked, plus a lot more.

SWEETS TO THE SOLDIERS:

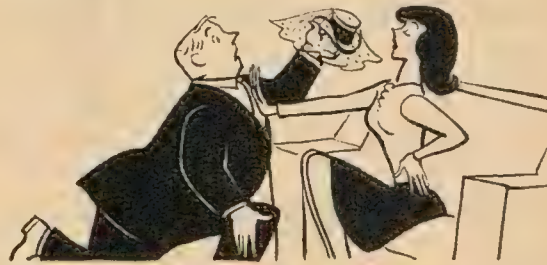
Candy manufacturers came through when confronted with the Army request for candy that would be edible for one year and retain its nutritiousness and palatability in temperatures from 120 above to 20 below zero. Candy is included in both combat and emergency rations. Says Major General Edmund Gregory, Quartermaster General, U. S. Army, "Whether in camp, in the field, or on active combat duty, the Army nutrition experts find that the American soldier is a better fighting man when candy is a part of his diet. Candy is also a real morale builder."

MAMMOTH PUFF:

Dandy gift to take a week-end hostess is a great box of dusting powder, very fragrant and cooling, with a puff so huge, one swat between the shoulder blades should spray powder over the whole back. The box itself is charming; labeled Friendship's Garden, it imparts such tips as "Pink betokens pure love. Jasmine betokens amiability. Rose betokens majesty and love."

REJECTED:

Recently I encountered a philosophical patriot who did not allow herself to be dejected over being rejected by the WAC. She was only too happy that the captain, who had written on her application, "Ineligible because of over-



growth of white hairs," had begged the sixty-five-year-old rejectee to help recruit younger women by igniting them with her youthful enthusiasm and determination to get the war over as fast as possible. The present authorized establishment of the WAC is 200,000, but on June 1 only 70,000 were enrolled. Requisitions for WACs by the Army at home and overseas total about 600,000.

MAD HATTERS:

"Although asserting that the millinery industry at present enjoys unprecedented prosperity, the convention of United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union declared in a resolution that the 'menace of hatlessness still is far from removed.' Hat stores were urged to join in a campaign to combat hatlessness."—News item.

I like the sunshine on my hair,
But hatters do not like it there.
They think just one thing should go on it,
And that, by golly, is a bonnet.
In fact, they feel the hatless dome
Should never stray outside the home.

BROADWAY'S DOUBLE-PLAY BOYS

Continued from Page 30

prisoned in the framework, her posterior drooping to the floor. As everybody turned to stare, Adams added to her confusion by remarking, "I've told you a hundred times, Beatrice, that's not funny!" Today Mrs. K. takes things like that in her stride.

Not long ago, Mrs. Kaufman met so many relatives and friends from her home town in a walk up Fifth Avenue that she reported, "All Rochester seems to be in New York this week." "What an excellent time," commented George, "to visit Rochester!" When his daughter Anne informed him that a friend of hers at Vassar had eloped, George remarked, "Ah! She put the heart before the course!"

From column-writing, Kaufman drifted into the drama department of the New York Times; he clung to his well-loved job of dramatic editor long after his plays were netting him a fortune on Broadway. His first smash hit, *Dulcy*, was written with Marc Connelly; so were *To the Ladies and Merton of the Movies*. Before Kaufman met Hart, he also collaborated with Edna Ferber, Katherine Dayton, Ring Lardner, Alexander Woollcott, Morrie Ryskind, and Herman Mankiewicz.

On the side, he became one of the best directors of our time, and turned many an indifferent entry into a solid success by adroit doctoring during the out-of-town tryouts. In all his spectacular career he has written only one play alone: *The Butter and Egg Man*, produced in 1925.

After Kaufman's success was assured, he was plagued by the usual swarm of salesmen and insurance agents. One gold mine promoter told him his stake was so rich that it was unnecessary to dig for the gold; it lay around right on the surface. "What?" grumbled Kaufman. "You mean I'd have to stoop over to pick it up?"

Moss Hart has discovered that, when Kaufman is in the throes of composition, the slow and careful picking of lint from the carpet generally foretells the emergence of a particularly effective line. Sometimes Kaufman removes his shoes and stretches full length on the floor. Then he performs gymnastics that would make *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* turn green with envy.

He is afraid of genuine satire, which he defines as "something that closes Saturday night," and does not welcome suggestions from outsiders. "Possibly you don't realize who I am?" grumbled one self-appointed critic when he was brushed aside. "That's only part of it," Kaufman assured him.

On an opening night, Kaufman broods in the rear of the orchestra, and glares at the limelight-hoggers who purposely arrive late so that everybody may see them parade to their seats. He says that his farewell to the theater will be a production of *Noah's Ark* in modern dress. The curtain won't go up until the last straggler is in his seat. Then Noah will appear and say, "Now it's going to rain for forty days." At this point the audience will be drenched with water from the ceiling of the theater. Kaufman promises to stand at the door with a hose to catch any stray who may have escaped the general inundation.

ANOTHER of his whimsical notions is *A Othello* in blackface. Every character will be black except Othello himself, who will be played by somebody like Clifton Webb or Frank Sinatra. George's will, he swears, provides that he be cremated and his ashes thrown in the face of a certain Hollywood producer.

Ruth Gordon once described a new play to Kaufman. "There's no scenery at all," she explained. "In the first scene, I'm on the left side of the stage, and the audience has to imagine I'm eating dinner in a restaurant. Then in scene two I run over to the right side of the stage, and the audience imagines I'm home in my own drawing room." "And the second night," nodded Kaufman, "you have to imagine there's an audience out front."

During the abbreviated run of *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, an unsuccessful sequel to *Of Thee I Sing*, a disappointed backer spied Kaufman in the lobby and mistook him for George Gershwin. "How could you let a thing like this happen, Mr. Gershwin?" he complained. "My score is perfect," answered Kaufman, suddenly restored to high good humor. "The whole trouble is with that blank blank Kaufman's libretto!"

G. S. K. keeps a close check on his productions, lest the actors let down, as they do so frequently in long-run successes. Late in the run of *Of Thee I Sing*, he sent a wire to one of the stars, William Gaxton, which read, "Am watching show from rear of orchestra. Wish you were with me." In

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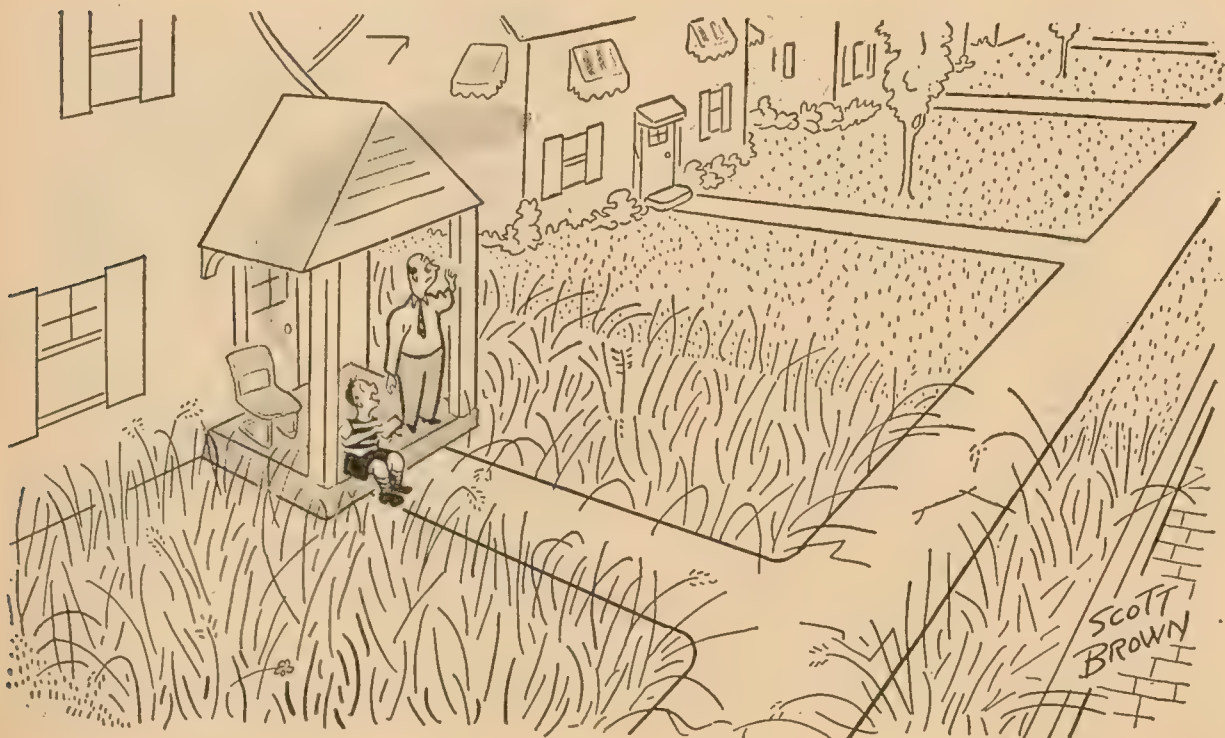
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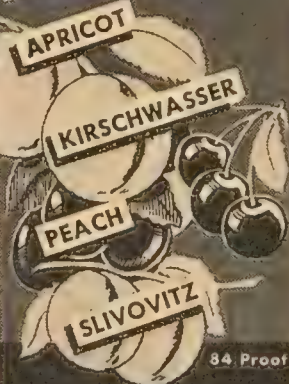
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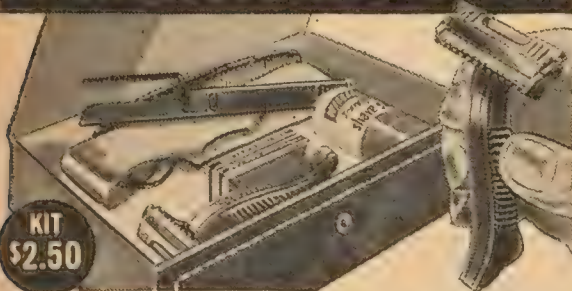
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another hit, the leading actor began to
change his part to suit himself. Kaufman
brought him back to scratch with a note
that began, "Your performance grows
more scintillating every evening. Sorry I
can't say the same about the lines."

Brooks Atkinson sums up George Kauf-
man's contribution to the theater: "He has
done the best work he could on every
occasion; he is master of the destructive
jest; he has made the wisecrack part of
our language; he has given something dis-
tinctive, compact in form, dynamic in
tempo, to American drama."

Furthermore, George Kaufman is one
of the few important figures in the theater
who have resisted the blandishments of
Hollywood. Except for the briefest of in-
tervals, he has eschewed fantastic offers
from picture studios in order to stay in the
legitimate theater where he belongs. He
has helped to keep the American drama
on its course when it was foundering des-
perately and a few more desertions might
have destroyed it beyond repair.

MOSS HART says grandly, "I was born
on Fifth Avenue," but adds in a whis-
per, "at the wrong end." It was 107th
Street, as a matter of fact, and the whole
family was desperately poor.

Moss went to public school in the
Bronx. At the pinnacle of success he
couldn't resist going back to impress his
old principal, who had not regarded him
too highly as a scholar. The principal
looked him over coldly. "Moss Hart?" he
mused. "Oh, yes, I'm sorry, my good
fellow, but I can't do a thing for you!"
"This prodigal son business," concluded
Hart, "is strictly bunk!"

Hart got his first look at Broadway one
November day in 1918. People were dancing
in the streets and embracing each other
indiscriminately; ticker tape was cascading
from every window. Young Hart decided
then and there that Broadway was his
oyster, a conviction that remained un-
shaken even after he learned that what
he had witnessed was the Armistice cele-
bration.

The Astor Hotel looked to Hart like a
palace in fairyland. He spent the night
there after the opening of *Once in a Life-*

time; it was a dream come true. So many
other of his boyish dreams have come
true that you'd think Moss Hart would be
the happiest man in the world. He isn't.
Vague and undefined fears dog his waking
hours, a result, possibly, of early priva-
tions and inhibitions.

Psychoanalysis is gradually ironing out
the kinks in his unconscious. Such treat-
ment costs most men a fortune; it's char-
acteristic of Hart that he turned it to a
handsome profit. He can patronize psycho-
analysts to his heart's content for the rest
of his life on the royalties from *Lady in
the Dark*.

From the Bronx, the Hart family drifted
to Brooklyn, then to Sea Gate on the
fringe of Coney Island. Moss became a
director of amateur theatricals, and a host
at summer resorts on the "Borscht Cir-
cuit." It was his job to keep the guests
happy. This involved whipping up enter-
tainments, strumming guitars, crooning
ballads, and donning the grease paint him-
self. It soon became plain that he was a
willing donner. A half inch beneath the
suave Hart exterior is a layer of pure ham.
To this day he is ready to dash on-stage
at the drop of an understudy.

When he wrote the first draft of *Once
in a Lifetime*, the Hart exchequer was in
its usual state of nonexistence. Irving
Berlin read the script and suggested that
it be made into a musical with music and
lyrics by himself. Ninety-nine out of a
hundred struggling young writers would
have swooned at an opportunity like this.
But not Moss Hart. "Nothing doing," he
declared. Berlin was flabbergasted but im-
pressed. He told George Kaufman of the
miracle. A meeting was arranged. Kauf-
man and Hart became a going concern.

At first Moss was scared to death by his
famous collaborator. His terror increased
when Kaufman visibly shuddered every
time he entered the room. Later Moss
found that it was because of the aroma
of his five-cent cigars. Today he smokes
a pipe so regularly that several people
have mistaken him for a book publisher.

Once in a Lifetime opened at the Music
Box Theater on September 24, 1930. George
Kaufman was a member of the cast, so he
couldn't moan around the back of the

IT PAYS TO BE AVERAGE

Meet G. I. Joe—Private Charles William
Peers of Louisville, Kentucky, winner of
Eddie Cantor's contest to find the man in
the armed forces who is typical of all the
others. Private Peers is 22 years old, 5
feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has
gray eyes and light brown hair. He also
has \$5,000 in prize money.

Cantor began his search for G. I. Joe last
March, over his NBC network program
and in the pages of *Liberty*. As the
nominating letters poured in (a quarter
million of them in all), the soldiers, sailors,
coastguardsmen, airmen, and marines
were matched up against an intricate list
of "average" requirements.

Among the letters was one from a young
wife which read: "He is a clean, hard-
fighting American who trusts in God. He
does not want to die, but is willing to
fight for what he thinks is right. I am
proud to call him my husband." That
letter, written by slender, dark-haired
Iris Peers, won the contest.

Iris and Charles had been married ten
months when he was drafted. Since he
has been overseas—somewhere in the
European theater—Iris has had a baby
girl. When she was asked what her typical



G. I. Joe husband would do with his
\$5,000 nest egg, Mrs. Peers had a typical
reply. "We'll buy a farm," she said happily.



"Fill 'er up."

theater, convincing himself and Hart that the show was a failure. It was so evidently a smash hit, in fact, that after his ecstatic night at the Astor Hotel, Moss taxied out to Sea Gate, rounded up his family, and moved them en masse into a suite in the Ansonia Hotel on upper Broadway. The furniture and everything else were left behind in Sea Gate; for all Hart knows, they are still there.

LIFE began anew for the Harts, with no leftovers from the seedy days. Papa Hart, who, for no apparent reason, came to be known as the Commodore decided he was a song writer. He has written a song for every one of Moss' plays, The Man Who Came to Dinner being his favorite. Irving Berlin, uncowed by his previous rebuff at the hands of an impetuous Hart, ventured to suggest a variation in one of the Commodore's melodies. "You stick to your song writing," spluttered the Commodore, "and let me stick to mine."

Last winter, Papa Hart phoned Moss from Florida to sing his latest composition, Carrie from Toledo, Ohio. Moss told him it wasn't up to his usual standard. "Don't forget," said the undaunted Commodore, "I'm singing it without my teeth!"

With Moss' theatrical star steadily in the ascendant, his brother Bernie became a Broadway fixture too. At the moment Bernie is stage manager of The Dough-girls and one of the best in the business. Moss' mother, until her death, gloried in her son's success, and couldn't keep up with the gifts he showered upon her.

Moss at last was fully embarked upon what he terms his "gold-garter period." All the things he had dreamed of owning when he was a penniless kid he bought—usually in triplicate. His wardrobe became so authentic that his impeccable butler patronized the Hart tailor and bootmaker. Edna Ferber remarked that Hart was "monogrammed in the most improbable places."

Probably Hart's greatest extravagance—but one that gave him the most genuine happiness—was the remodeling of an old brick house on a tract he purchased in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. With a prodigal hand he turned a run-down old farm into a model estate. Whole forests were uprooted and replanted with gay abandon. "Look," he said to Wolcott Gibbs. "I've moved this oak so that it shades my library." "It just goes to show you," muttered Gibbs, "what God could do if He only had money."

Bucks County merchants are accustomed to bargaining over their transactions; when they quoted Moss a price

of ten dollars on an article, they fully expected to be beaten down to five. Moss usually confounded them, however, by exclaiming, "Only ten dollars! How can you afford to sell a thing like that for so little!"

A landscape artist gave Hart an \$11,000 estimate for one particular job. Moss would have O. K.'d it without question, but fortunately, Beatrice Kaufman was on the premises that day. "Mr. Hart will give you exactly \$7,000 for this job," she said firmly. "Done," agreed the landscape man without a second's hesitation.

Hart had a beautiful swimming pool constructed on the grounds; it was quite finished before he discovered there wasn't enough water to fill it. His guests that first summer dodged enough drilling equipment to supply a Texas oil field; water was finally uncovered about three hundred feet down.

All these didoes confounded the simple Bucks County folk for a while, but Moss soon won their hearts with his unfailing friendliness and kindness. Now they stand and gape at the steady succession of Hollywood stars and Broadway celebrities who come to visit him. A typical bowling expedition to the near-by alleys at Lambertville will include Moss, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Darryl Zanuck, Gertrude Lawrence, Hart's butler Charles, and his general supervisor Raymond. They're all one happy family.

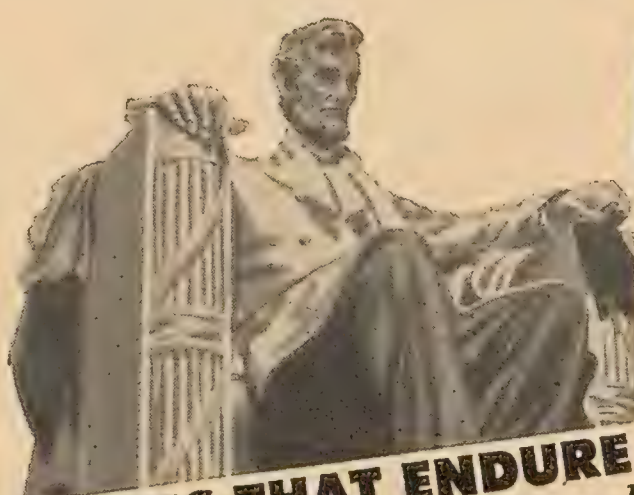
"What's your score?" Moss asked Taylor at the end of four frames one evening. "Forty-seven," said Taylor. "Hah!" exulted Hart. "I'm sixty-three." "You look it," said Taylor. The neighbors rocked with delight.

In fourteen years of successful playwriting, Moss Hart has earned over a million dollars. In the same period he has spent over a million dollars. His Winged Victory, written as a noble contribution to the Army Air Force Fund after a 28,000-mile air tour of the country's training centers, has netted him untold glory but left him strapped.

Nobody—least of all himself—doubts that his next effort will put him right back in the big money. About him is the ineffable aura of success. He does everything in a big way. When he goes to the dentist, he stays in the chair fifteen hours, with three experts tinkering with his molars. He has their signed affidavit to prove it.

At the moment, happier than he has ever been, he is the spiritual guide of the boys in the cast of Winged Victory. When he goes to a party he takes sixty or seventy of them with him. They sing Army air songs, eat and drink everything in sight, go their way with the blessings of their startled, unprepared hosts. Kaufman calls Hart "Forked Lightning." Broadway is waiting for him to strike again.

THE END



NAMES THAT ENDURE
Abraham Lincoln... The Immortal

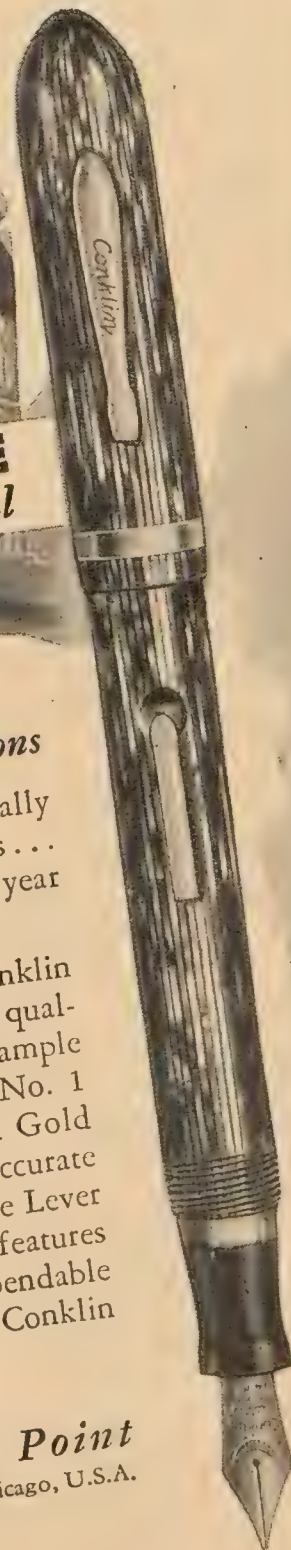
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THE WAR

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



BATHING BEAUTY

(M-G-M)
Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Basil Rathbone, guest stars

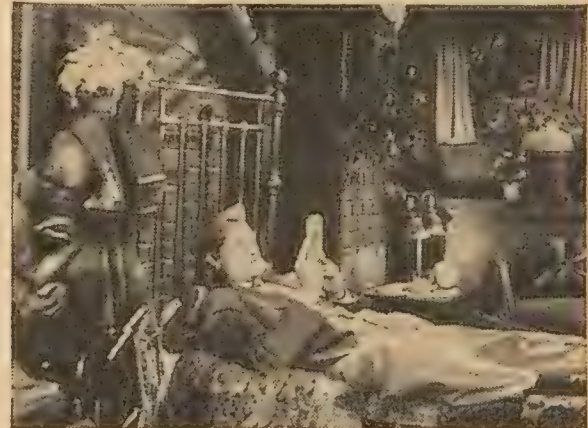
THIS well-watered Technicolor musical has lots of just about everything but sense—but it does such a nonstop job of filling the eye and ear that you may not notice it. Anyhow, the lingering fondness with which the camera dwells on the sterling merits of Esther Williams (in a cerise bathing suit and other luscious items) is not to be sniffed at. And then there are Red Skelton and Basil Rathbone, music-making Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Ethel Smith, and—well, just something going on all the time.



1 Well, what is there for Red to say when three little redheads turn up on his wedding day—and call him Papa?



3 You guessed it. It's a girls' school. Red, enrolled on a technicality, has to carry a full course—including ballet.



2 When Esther leaves him to go back to her college job, Red enrolls as a freshman. He rooms in the basement because—



4 Maybe you could call this homework. Anyhow, Red's concentrating. Plans for a little home seem to interest Esther too.

LIBERTY



ROGER TOUHY, GANGSTER

THIS picture is a mixture of two familiar flavors—one, modern documentary; the other, old-fashioned gangster melodrama. It's an interesting treatment of the conviction, imprisonment, escape, and recapture of the real gangster Roger Touhy and his gang, and combines regulation underworld thrills with authenticity. The penitentiary scenes are unusual in that they were actually shot at Stateville Prison, Joliet, Illinois, and there's even a crime-doesn't-pay epilogue, thrown right at you, newsreel style, by Warden Ragen. Preston Foster makes a strong, credible



(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Preston Foster, Victor McLaglen

Touhy (though he doesn't resemble the real hombre), and Victor McLaglen neatly takes on a cultural veneer for his portrayal of "the Owl," an educated tough guy. The story comprises the usual sequence of sordid violence. This is the first gangster picture of any account in more than five years and may be regarded in one of two ways—either as out of date, or as pointing up the dangers of another possible era of lawlessness. But it's simpler to take the whole thing just as it is—an action picture whose middling quality is pulled up by a clever connection with real events.



CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA

(British Lion-Twentieth Century-Fox)
James Mason, Carla Lehmann

BRITANNIA extends a neighborly hand in this English-made picture—a well-acted and rather diverting tale of espionage and international tenterhooks immediately preceding the Allied invasion of Africa. Carla Lehmann gives a charmingly English portrayal of an American girl (doggedly called "Kansas" throughout), and James Mason proves active and attractive enough to fill all romantic spy specifications. Anglo-Franco-American complications with the Axis don't quite obscure that old Pepe le Moko atmosphere in spots; but the excellence of detail and uniformly good cast lend vitality to the involved proceedings.



SENSATIONS OF 1945

(United Artists)
Eleanor Powell, Dennis O'Keefe, guest stars

ANYTHING can happen in this heavily laden musical baggage train, even to dropping a whole year off the calendar. Eleanor Powell briskly attacks the gargantuan job of pulling the whole thing along—and what with functioning as a lady press agent by day, dancing and singing at night, meanwhile making show-biz history and browbeating kindly Dennis O'Keefe, she doesn't get much time for the inner life. As the acts pile on, the story thins out, with the result that the whole unwieldy caravan leaves the track in mid-route, unwittingly projecting itself straight into the realm of satiric fantasy.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HAIRY APE (United Artists). William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

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San Jose, California

THE MENACE OF THE "MOTHERS"

Continued from Page 19

"direct connection with at least three of the twenty-nine sedition trial defendants."

These ladies openly acclaim the defendants as "victims of a conspiracy to stamp out free speech in America" and "to perpetuate the rule of Roosevelt and the Jew Communists" in America. But Mrs. Stephenson was being conservative in attributing political designs to only four groups. She might have added these: The American Mothers, of Detroit; the Coughlinite Legion of Mothers in Boston; the Defenders of George Washington's Principles, of Pittsburgh; the National Blue Star Mothers of Pennsylvania, with headquarters in Philadelphia; and the Pistol Packin' Mammias, of Illinois.

In Cleveland the United Mothers seem to have an especial detestation for labor unions. According to the president, Mrs. Frieda Stanley, labor unions are Communistic. The United Mothers on April 3 presented Gerald L. K. Smith, leading isolationist and head of the America First Party, to a mass meeting of 600 persons in a Lutheran church hall. In a free-will collection they took up \$1,200 for Smith.

AS a result of local newspaper publicity exposing the hyperthyroid propaganda of the United Mothers, their landlord evicted them, but Mrs. Stanley attributed the ouster to "the Jews, who are also to blame for getting us into this war." The United Mothers advocate a separate peace between the United States and Germany, "leaving England and Russia to fight their own war." They predict and strive for the end of that "silly delusion," democracy, and applaud the idea of a "nationalistic" government for the U. S. A.

Mrs. Lucinda Bengel heads the Mothers of Sons Forum of Cincinnati. She feeds them tasty morsels about the Jews, the Negroes, the Communists, and other victims of the Super Race. Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling and Gerald L. K. Smith have been speakers before her group.

Mrs. John H. Brown and Miss Lillian Parks are the leaders of the National Blue Star Mothers of Philadelphia. The organization was known as the Crusading Mothers of Pennsylvania until war gave the words "Blue Star" their especial significance. However, the patriotic, non-political mothers' groups elsewhere, notably the Blue Star Mothers of Flint, Michigan, have spurned any connection with the Philadelphians and reject their claims to be truly "national" or "Blue Star."

Mrs. Brown and Miss Parks work closely with Herbert L. Smith, a pioneer "exposer" of Jewish "plots." A frequent speaker at their meetings is Mrs. Agnes Waters of Washington, whose published plans include the impeachment of President Roosevelt, the suppression of the Jews, and the inauguration of Agnes Waters as first woman President of the United States. She once made the front page by trying to kick down the door of a Congressional committee session.

The Philadelphians are not a big group numerically, but they are adroit organizers. At one of their meetings to heap hosannas on Gerald L. K. Smith, the audience numbered nearly one thousand people. They showed their fervor by purchasing five hundred copies of Smith's magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*, and signing for hundreds of annual subscriptions. Other literature distributed at their meetings includes the edicts of "President" Agnes Waters, former Congressman Mc-



"They're so darn inconsiderate—always extra work!"

Fadden's speeches against the Jews, and a foul anti-Semitic parody of the Marine Hymn. They rent the ballrooms of leading hotels and bring expensive speakers from all over the country. They have their headquarters in the Harrison Building at 4 South Fifteenth Street in Philadelphia.

In Detroit we find three distinct "mothers" groups. When Father Coughlin was shattering the air waves a few years ago, Mrs. Rose N. Farber and her Mothers of the U. S. A. were the chosen vestals of his shrine. But today Mrs. Farber's group has been practically submerged by the American Mothers, who meet at the handsome residence of Mrs. Beatrice Knowles at 15500 Piedmont Avenue. Mrs. Knowles is a devout acolyte of Gerald L. K. Smith and also of Father Coughlin. The sedition prosecutions have made her discreet. According to information gathered by the New York Post, she said, "I never permit any general anti-Semitic talk, and I discourage any attempts by the members to take any specific action against Jews as a race. While we all know that Frankfurter, Rosenman, Baruch, and Morgenthau dominate the government and are responsible for the mess we're in, I tell the women to denounce them by name and not as Jews. Any violence against Jews at this time would give them an excuse to clamp down and send us all to jail for life."

THE Post also reports on Mrs. Blanche Winters of East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit. Mrs. Winters, leader of what she calls "a foxy little group named simply, The Mothers," claims to have a mailing list "in the hundreds of thousands." Her mansion along Detroit's Gold Coast has thirty-two rooms and sixteen baths, and facilities are taxed to the limit when she plays hostess to her sixty-odd "key" women for three-day week-ends. Mrs. Winters is a wholesale distributor of that old phony of the anti-Semites, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and is an eloquent admirer of Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hynning, dynamic leader of We, the Mothers, Mobilize for America, Inc. She has said that it is time for the nation to have a woman President, and that she will spend \$100,000 to back up such a campaign.

Mrs. Winters discontinued her former organization, the League of the Blue Cross, when America entered the war, "because we all could have gone to jail for life if we had kept on." Now, she says, "we meet at my home supposedly to read letters

LIBERTY

from sons in service. We always read a couple so no one can say that isn't our purpose, and then we really discuss things." The "things" include what to do about Negroes, Jews, and unions.

Marie Ballum, a spinster of forty, is the leader of Boston "mothers" and is in complete sympathy with other groups following the anti-Semitic, Coughlinite line. She was local circulation boss of Social Justice in its great days and still speaks reverently of "Father." Miss Ballum has rounded up impressive delegations of "mothers" on several occasions, even though many of them are not mothers or even married.

THE American Women Against Communism, one of the four groups considered suspect by the C. I. O. Women's Auxiliary, is headed by Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison and has an office at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue in Manhattan. "We have all we can do to handle the Communist threat to America," Mrs. Morrison told us, "without bothering with other organizations with different aims. I do not even know Mrs. Van Hyning and her group, or what they stand for."

Five minutes later, however, she and her secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Charles C. Ransom, were telling us about Women's Voice, the house organ of Mrs. Van Hyning's We, the Mothers, Mobilize for America, Inc., and about the anti-British viewpoints expressed therein.

Mrs. Morrison is currently advising her membership that the Communists have promised the Negroes complete sovereignty over Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and "parts of Florida," and that consequently it is time "to take action."

She said that she considered the mass sedition trials in Washington a "conspiracy against courageous patriots who placed American interests above those of any foreign 'ism.'" However, she said that her organization frowned on talk of a "negotiated peace" and believed that the war must be fought to a decisive conclusion.

"It is our America that we should look out for, first of all," she continued. "Communism is the danger. It is running things in Washington, using the same tactics of 'divide and conquer' that served Nazi Germany so well. I cannot understand why our people are so blind as not to see that everything the word America stands for is in terrible danger."

Pittsburgh has its Defenders of George Washington's Principles, Inc., under Mrs. Marie Lohle. It is a "mothers" group in everything but name. Out in Illinois are

the newly organized Pistol Packin' Mamas, whose pronouncements qualify them for Gerald Smith's accolade.

"All these girls are tough," Smith told us in Washington recently. "They're not afraid of action. They've all seen plenty and they're ready for plenty more."

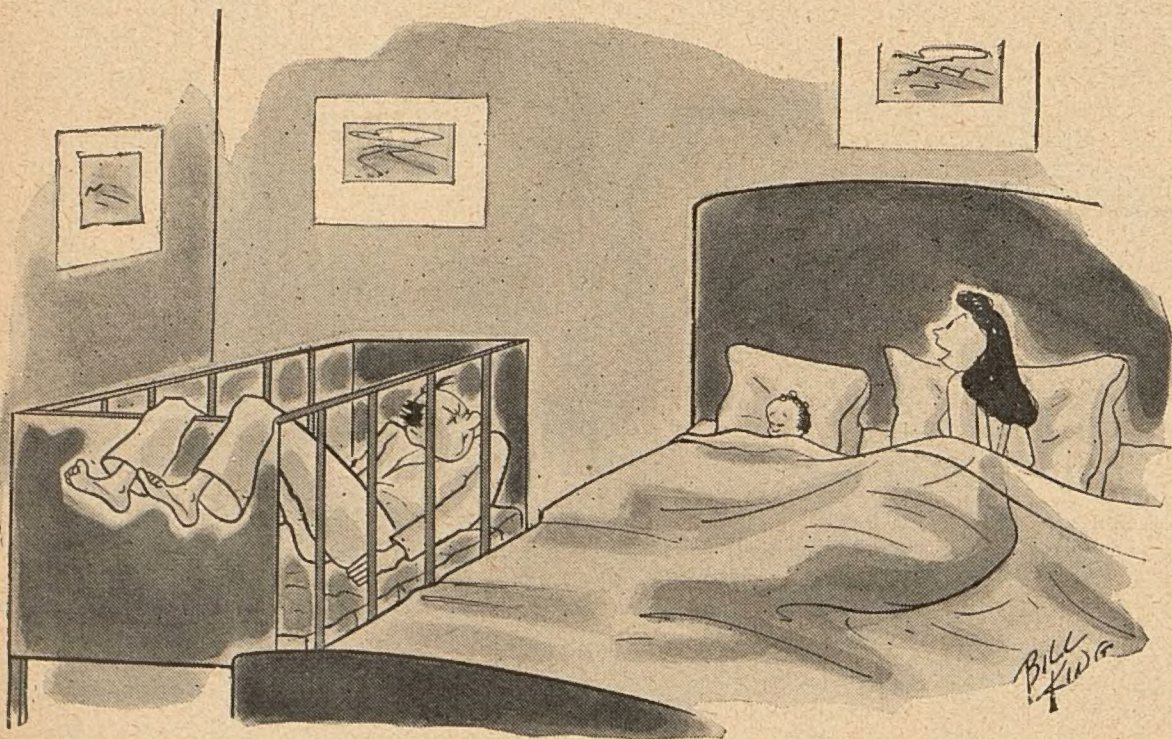
And there lies the menace. As long as these groups remained local in character, federal officials found surveillance a fairly simple task. Their influence for ill wasn't sufficient to warrant the ticklish job of prosecuting "mothers" in wartime. Their weakness lay in the lack of a national organization and of a national leader.

Last month, on June 12 and 13, We, the Mothers, Mobilize for America, Inc., sponsored a "National Peace Convention" at Chicago. The sessions, held behind closed doors, were attended by one hundred and twenty-five women and twelve men representing "mothers" groups from twenty states. Mrs. Van Hyning, president of We, the Mothers, was permanent chairman. The turnout proved to be something of a fizzle, but the convention outlined a nation-wide door-to-door campaign to enlist the women of America in a drive for immediate cessation of hostilities and a negotiated peace with Germany. A resolution was passed asking Congress for a suspension of immigration for ten years. The convention endorsed Governor Bricker of Ohio for President—provided he espouses nationalism as opposed to internationalism.

The announcement of the convention, addressed to "Mothers of America" and signed by Mrs. Van Hyning, said: "Policing the world means that you will never again have your boy at home—that is what a dictated peace means, what unconditional surrender means."

IT is easy to understand the effect of such a line on genuine mothers gripped by worry, fear, and grief. Perhaps the challenge of these "mothers groups" will be answered by organizations of intelligent and loyal women like the Gold Star Mothers and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The courage and good sense of the vast majority of American women can render a patriotic service by repudiating the claim that America will be satisfied with anything less than a world made safe from Berlin and Tokyo, anything less than a world order that will guarantee to prevent a recurrence of cataclysmic war.

THE END



"There, you see, dear! All she wanted was to sleep in the big bed!"

LY 29, 1944

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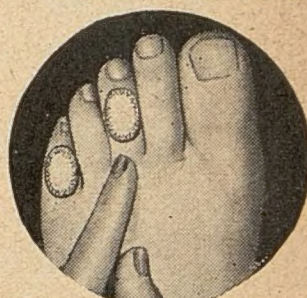
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Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

JULY 29, 1944

PAUL HUNTER

Publisher

EDWARD MAHER

Editor



Master Sergeant Pitorri and his daughter Joan.

STORY WITH A MORAL FOR STATESMEN

IT is to be hoped the statesmen of the world, when they gather round to carry out their responsibility for setting up a permanent peace, will be motivated more by human considerations and less by considerations of astute statecraft.

The peoples of the world want peace above all else. Yet they are so helpless to help themselves. They must trust in leaders and pray these leaders will not let them down.

An instance of the helplessness of the people is shown in a news item which appeared in the papers awhile back. This item, one of those known in the trade as a human-interest story, well deserves the attention of the world's statesmen. It told of how Master Sergeant John Pitorri of the American Army entered Rome with the Allied forces and rushed to the home of relatives in order to be reunited with a daughter, Joan, whom he had not seen in eight years.

It seems that Sergeant John and his wife had migrated to America in 1936, leaving their child behind with Mrs. Pitorri's sister because they did not have enough money to bring her to this country. She was then six years old, and war broke out before they could send for her.

On the same day that Sergeant Pitorri was reunited with his daughter, his wife received a letter from her nephew, son of the sister in Rome who had been caring for Joan. This nephew, who is, of course, Joan's cousin and grew up with her, is now a prisoner of war taken by the invading American Army and confined at Fort Meade, Maryland.

Thus we see how the errors of statesmen are visited on the little folks. Sergeant John and his daughter's playmate might well have met in battle and one have died at the other's hand. What consideration of statecraft could make clear to either how this could be?

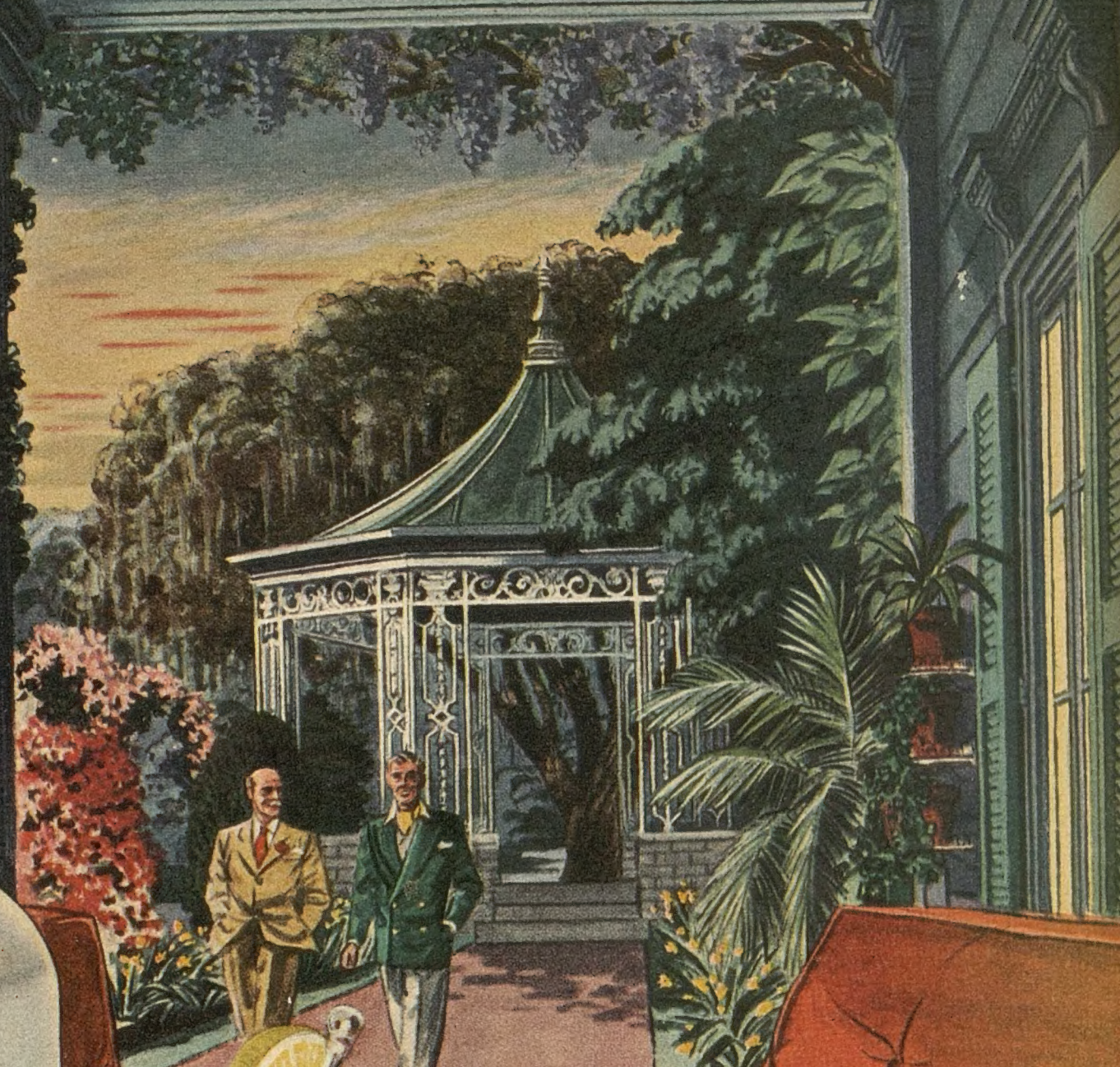
There is a moral for statesmen in this story. The breakdowns of human relations which culminate in war seldom arise spontaneously among peoples. Their leaders get them into trouble by prattle of *Lebensraum*, race supremacy, glory of empire, and national honor. The nations of the world would seldom fight with one another if the peoples of those nations could make their collective will felt. People ask only to work hard and earn for themselves the good things of life to which their energies and abilities entitle them. But people are easily moved, as many sinister men have discovered in the past and will discover in the future. People may be aroused and influenced into acts of violence against their neighbors which leave indelible scars and call for vengeance.

By the time this war is over, the people of the world will have had their bellyful of war. If the full expression of their will to peace could carry through to the delegates who sit around the peace table, there would be no doubt at all about settling the world's affairs to prevent any recurrence of conflict. But already there are signs the world's statesmen intend to bring to their deliberations the same jockeying for advantages, the same shrewd bargaining tricks, the same touchy notions of national honor which have always messed things up in the past.

Some day it is to be hoped the people's leaders will realize, as the people do, how heavily even victors lose by war. The fancied gains obtained around a peace table are seldom worth their cost or the cost of defending them in the future.

Paul Hunter

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